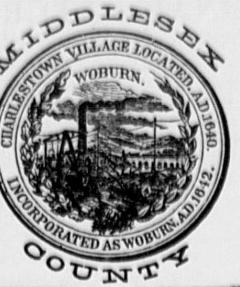


# WOBURN



# JOURNAL.

VOL. XXIII.

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other times when not engaged on other work.



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THOMAS S. BANKS,



Things," with Sanatory Address, by Abbie Caroline Underwood; Declamation, "Judicial Tribunals;" George Bliss Rogers; Duet, "Fairies of the Sea;" Misses Damon and Plumer; Composition, "Action and Enjoyment;" Sarah Eddy Holmes; Dissertation, "Fashion vs Reason;" John Michael Donovan; Singing, "Herdsmen's Home;" School Essay, "Geology and Psychology;" by Caroline Augusta Bacon; Oration, "Civil Rights Bills;" Everett Marshall Mulliken; Duet, "Minute Gun at Sea;" Misses Underwood and Butterfield; Essay, "Spectacles;" Maria Adelaide Buterfield; Essay, "Ferns;" Grace Herbert Plumer; Quartette, "Greeting to Spring;" arranged from Strauss; Misses Damon, Underwood, Butterfield, and Plumer; with Valedictory Address, Florence Maria Damon; Graduates' Farewell, written for the occasion, was sung by the Class of '74; awarding diplomas, by the Chairman of the School Committee; "Auld Lang Syne at School," by all. The essays were very creditable, giving evidence of careful thought and study, and the singing both by the school and members of the class was remarkably good. The following are the names of the graduates:—Caroline Augusta Bacon, Maria Damon, Sarah Eddy Holmes, Grace Herbert Plumer, Abby Caroline Underwood, John Michael Donovan, Everett Marshall Mulliken, George Bliss Rogers.

On Friday evening an entertainment was given in the High School Room. On this occasion the classes of '75 and '77 took part in the literary exercises which were as follows:—Choral, School; Declamation, "Rienzi's Address;" Choruses, A. Adams; Singing, "Wake the Lassie;" School; Dialogue, "Behind the Times;" Masters Bryant, Davis and Somer; Singing, "Sweet Repose is Reigning Now;" School; Dialogue, "A Fashionable Cut;" Misses Hubbard and M. Plumer; Declamation, "Dying Speech of Marmont Fatero;" E. Inman, W. Russell; Instrumental duet, "Waves of the Ocean;" Misses Adair and Wentworth; Singing Solo, "Esmeralda;" S. Augusta Adams; Dialogue, "Tobias Turniptop in General Court;" Miss Denett, Masters F. W. Ringers, Pierce, Nunn, Underwood, Reed and Fitch; Singing, "O Vales with sunlight Smiling;" School; Dialogue,—"School Committee," Misses Mulliken, Choate, Parker, Alderman, White, Nunn, Kendrick, Lunt, Monroe; Singing,—"Wake, Gentle Zephyr, your softest Spell;" School Recitation, "Mary Marvin;" Edith J. Robinson; Singing, "The Bird-le-loose;" The selections were well rendered, and two hours passed quickly in the prettily decorated school room.

At 10 o'clock the graduating class held their reception in the recitation room. Having made the somewhat perilous ascent to that usually gloomy apartment, it was found bright with flowers, festoons of evergreen, flags and other adornments. Here were tastefully arranged tables, at which about 150 persons were soon seated. A blessing was asked by Rev. Dr. Paylor. When the dainties prepared had received justice, the principal called upon some of the guests for remarks, introducing each with a few pleasant words. Mr. Damon was the first speaker. He urged the parents of the graduating class to see that the advantages enjoyed by their children were preserved for the benefit of those who should follow them. He thought the people owed to the teachers a debt of gratitude, which would never be paid. Mr. Plumer was next called upon, and spoke of the mesmeric influence exerted by some teachers upon their scholars, whereby the highest success was achieved. Dr. Holmes made some remarks upon the proposed reforms in the present educational system. Rev. Mr. Prior next spoke, having some kind words to say of the character of the literary exercises of the evening, which gave evidence of excellent training in elocution. Rev. Mr. E. followed, speaking especially to the graduating class, whom he warned of the danger of thinking their education finished, urging them to strive to enlarge and develop their minds through life. Rev. Mr. Weston's remarks were exceedingly happy, and put his hearers in excellent humor. Rev. Mr. Porter followed, with some kind, earnest words of advice to the graduating class. Mr. Scott, chairman of the school committee, improved the opportunity to state the immediate necessities of the school, dwelling on the imperative need of an addition to the ground floor of the school building, which should sustain reputation, apparatus and dressing rooms. Mr. Wellington spoke briefly, fully endorsing the statements made by Mr. Scott. Mr. Todd was unable to be present, but left a kind message for the trustees. The exercises were adjourned, and arrived a stanza of "Auld Lang Syne at School." This ended one of the pleasantest entertainments ever given by the High School. The universal expression on the part of the public was that the two evenings' exercises reflected great credit upon teachers and scholars, and were a source of pride to parents and friends.

#### New Publications,

CURE FOR LIGHT TAKING, By Geo. Macomber, Warren and Wynn, N. Y.

This is a little pocket tract, from "annals of a quiet neighborhood," and "sea board parish." It is a stirring little pocket companion, and the mental answer of every one will be "what are we to take thought about?" and upon our correct appreciation of the same much of the happiness of our life depends.

Waiting Hours, By Anna Shipton, N. Y.

This is a little neat work of some six chapters or stories, and are all written in a clear and comprehensive, and at the same time pleasant style. We give the contents so that our readers may judge for themselves of the rare value of this new candidate for popular favor. It is every way adapted to do good as a Sabbath School reformatory book. Every one who reads this work will find some thought that flings an assent in his own mind. Contents:—Waiting for a season; Waiting for Daily Guidance; Waiting and Watching; Waiting to Service;—Waiting after Failure;—Waiting for Deliverance."

NEW HOUSE, THE HOME OF THE DATES, PORTS, N. Y. WARREN & CO.,

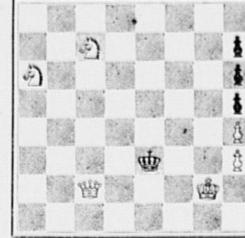
In two vols.—charter we have the remarkable history of the Davenport

family beginning with "Isabel's work," and carrying the family through very interesting changes and episodes, to the chapter twenty second, and our younger readers, in this transcript of a life, of one or a motherless family, striving after good, attempting to walk a devious way, and finally the end attained, will give every casual reader a new impulse in the right direction. In chapter three who will not call to mind if not the "lost sons," at least something akin to this very point illustrated? And after reading this single escapade of the lost successors, will not purchase for the use of others as well as himself this highly interesting first class book for our Sabbath school readers in particular. It is one of the best books of the times.

#### Chess Department.

##### CHESS PROBLEM, No. 10.

Black.



White to play and mate in three moves.

WOBURN, July 1, 1874.

#### THE FIFTH GIFT CONCERT,

which is positively THE LAST WHICH WILL EVER BE GIVEN UNDER THIS CHARTER, will come in the Public Library Hall, at Louisville, Ky.

**Friday, July 31, 1874.**

**\$2,500,000**

divided into twenty thousand gifts, will be distributed among the ticket-holders.

##### LIST OF GIFTS.

One Grand Cash Gift	\$225,000
One Grand Cash Gift	22,500
One Grand Cash Gift	2,250
One Grand Cash Gift	225
And 19,905 gifts, ranging in value from \$20,000 to \$500. Grand Total, 20,000 gifts, all cash.	\$2,500,000

For tickets and information apply to

THOS. E. BRAMLETTE, Agent Public Library, Public Library Building, Louisville, Ky.

113 Broadway, New York.

White to play and mate in three moves.

WOBURN, July 1, 1874.

On looking at Problem No. 9 of your paper, which you recollect, was wh to play and mate in three moves, it very soon became apparent to me that white could force a mate in two moves in two different ways:

(1) White to K3 to KB6 (ch). 1. Kt interposes.

(2) White to K3 to KB6 (ch). 1. Kt interposes.

I do not see how that can be called a three move problem. There is a way by which white could delay the mate until making his third move, but black cannot, and certainly no chess player would prolong a game three or four moves when it might as well be finished in two. Tell your contributors to give me something a little more difficult in future.

W.

The solution of No. 9 in three moves is as follows:—

Kt to KB6 K3 to KB6 (ch). 1. Kt interposes.

1. Kt to KB6 X P (ch). 1. Kt interposes.

Prepared expressly for the Leipzig Conservatory, it is a complete and reliable Grammar of Composition.

Price, \$1.35, or \$1.20 per dozen.

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By L. C. EMERSON AND W. B. MATTHEWS \$2.50

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GUIDE IN THE ART OF SINGING.

By Geo. L. Osgood, \$1.00.

New and very superior book for Voice Training.

Richter's Manual of Harmony.

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OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

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##### WANTED.

U. S. Coins, dated 1795-1845, 1845, 1850, 1855, 1860, 1865, 1870.

If your collection they will command the highest cash price. Address "Numismatist," Box 222, Woburn, Mass.

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## THE HISTORY OF A PENNY.

A FABLE FROM THE GERMANS.

In the mint where all the pounds, shillings and pence are made, there were once a gold ducat and a penny just coined. There they lay, shining and clean, close together on a table, and the bright rays of the sun danced and sparkled on them. Then said the sovereign to the penny, "You jump—get away from me! You are only made of common copper, and are not worthy of the sunlight that shines on you. You will soon be lying all black and dirty on the ground, and no one will take the trouble of picking you up. I am made of costly gold. I shall travel about the world with great lords and princes; I shall do great things, and perhaps some day shine in the Emperor's crown."

In the same room there lay by the fire an old gray cat. When he heard this, he licked his paws thoughtfully, turned himself around on the other side, and said— "Some things go by the rule of contrary."

And so it proved with the pieces of money. It turned the very contrary of what the gold ducat expected.

It fell into the possession of an old miser who locked it up in a great chest, where it lay idle and useless, with hundreds of others like itself. But when the old miser found that he should not live much longer, he buried all his money in the ground that no one might get it, and there lies the proud ducat to this day, dirty and black, and no one will ever find it.

But the penny travelled far about in the world, and it came to high honor. And this is how it happened—

First, one of the poor boys at the mint received it in his wages. He carried it home, and his little sister was so delighted with the clean, shining penny, he gave it to her.

The child ran out into the garden to show it to her mother, and saw a poor lame beggar passing by, who begged for a piece of bread.

"I have not got any," answered the child.

"Then give me a penny to buy some," said the beggar, and the child gave him her new penny.

The beggar limped off to the baker's. Just as he came to the shop an old friend of his passed by, dressed as a pilgrim, with mantle, staff and scip. He gave to some children who were standing round the baker's door, pictures of good and holy men, and the children in return put some money into the little box he had in his hand. The beggar asked, "Where are you travelling to?"

"Many hundred miles away to the city of Jerusalem, where the holy Christ dwelt and died. I wish to offer up my prayers at his grave, and release my brother, who is a prisoner in the hands of the Turks; it is for this purpose that I beg for money."

"Then take a mite towards it from me," said the beggar, and he gave his penny to the pilgrim, and would have gone away as hungry as he came, had not the baker who saw all that had passed, given him the loaf which he wished to buy.

And now the pilgrim wandered through many lands, and went in a ship over the sea to the holy city of Jerusalem. When he arrived here he first offered up his prayer at the sepulchre of the Holy Christ, and then went Friday, when the door bell rang. His wife who had been leaning out of the window talking "servant girl" to the lady next door, rushed down stairs and into the parlor to tell him company was coming. Papa was resting both heels at that moment against the wall, and in the hurry and agitation of recovering himself his legs flew about so thoughtlessly that one boot struck his wife in the mouth and knocked out seven or eight front teeth. She immediately fainted, and in falling, overthrew the youngest boy and broke three of his ribs. A large mastiff in the front yard, hearing the commotion, naturally attributed it—in his blind, irrational canine way—to the strangers at the door, upon whom he at once made a violent attack, mangling a silk dress in a most shocking manner, and extracting several choice tendons from the gentleman's legs. The bills for a new stock of teeth and setting the ribs will probably amount to \$200; but the total losses cannot be ascertained until the jury decides how much it costs for a mastiff to lunch on tendons.—*Maz Adler.*

The pilgrim said: "I have nothing more to offer you but this copper penny, which was given to me by a poor, hungry, beggar out of compassion. May also you have pity as he had, and this copper penny will secure you a reward."

Then the Sultan took compassion on him, and set his brother free, and he received the penny from the pilgrim.

The Sultan put the copper penny into his pocket, and after a little while forgot all about it. Now it happened that after a time the Emperor of Germany came to Jerusalem to fight against the Sultan. So the Sultan fought bravely at the head of his army, and was never wounded. But one day an arrow was aimed at his right breast; it struck him, indeed, but glanced off from his clothes without wounding him. The Sultan was very much surprised, and when his clothes were examined after the battle, the penny was found in the pocket, and this had caused the arrow to glance off. So the Sultan prized the penny very much and had it fastened with a golden chain to the hilt of his curved sword. Some time after the Sultan was made prisoner by the Emperor, and had to yield up his sword to the conqueror. So the penny came into the possession of the Emperor.

One day when the Emperor was sitting at the table, and was just in the act of raising his goblet to his lips, the Empress said she was anxious to see the curved Turkish sword. So it was brought in, and as the Emperor was showing it to the Empress the penny became unfastened, and fell in the goblet of wine. The Emperor saw it, and before drinking the wine he took out the penny. But when he looked at it he perceived that the penny had turned quite green. This showed everybody that there was poison in the goblet. A wicked servant had mixed the poison, hoping to kill the Emperor. The servant was ordered to execution, but the Sultan sneezed him dead. That sneeze, too, was his last, for in the penitentiary he is denied snuff.

Another dreadful warning to the small takers comes from Columbus, Ohio, where may be seen the man whom snuff sent to the penitentiary. One night, when robbing a bank, yielding to depraved appetite he took a pinch, and the salt sneezed him dead. That sneeze, too, was his last, for in the penitentiary he is denied snuff.

A Mr. Thomas Pearce ran for the office of justice at Eota, Oregon, two years ago, and being tied with his opponent, gained the victory by a throw of dice, the law directing that in case of a tie at such elections, the contestants shall draw lots for the position. Mr. Pearce has just been through another contest, resulting as before in a tie, and it is expected that the gambling process will be repeated.

"Why," asks the "Scientific American," "should not a child be taught to write with both hands indifferently?" We don't know, unless it be that indifferent writing is hardly looked upon as a desirable accomplishment. We could point out a number of people who write so indifferently with one hand, that it is a matter for congratulation that they cannot use both.

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A correspondent says, "There are many things about spiritualism which I eagerly embrace, chief among which are mediums."

A prophetic editor having written an ice famine is coming!" was shocked when a sentimental compostr set it up, "a nice famine is coming."

WASHINGTON'S STRENGTH.—Gen. Wilson relates an account of a conversation with Mr. Custis, from which he obtained some interesting personal reminiscences of Washington. During a visit at Arlington House, Virginia, in 1854, the writer asked Mr. Custis if Washington could, like Marshal Saxe, break a horse shoe, and received for reply that he had no doubt he could had he tried, for his hands were the largest and most powerful he had ever seen. Mr. Custis then gave several instances of the General's strength, of which I recall the following: When Washington was a young man, he was present on one occasion, as looker on at wrestling games, then the fashion in Virginia. Tired of the sport, he had retired to the shade of a tree, where he sat perusing a pamphlet, till challenged to a bout by the hero of the day and the strongest wrestler in the State. Washington declined, till taunted with the remark that he feared to try conclusions with the gladiator, calmly came forward, and without removing his coat, grappled with his antagonist. There was a fierce struggle for a brief space of time, when the champion was hurled to the ground with such tremendous force as to jar the very marrow in his bones. Another instance of his prodigious power was his throwing the stone across the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg—a fact that it is quite safe to say has never been performed since. Later in life a number of young gentlemen were contending at Mount Vernon in the exercise of throwing the bar. Washington, after looking on for some time, walked forward saying, "Allow me to try," and grasping the bar sent the iron flying through the air twenty feet beyond its former limits. Still later in his career, Washington, whose eye was like a lusty winter frost, yet kindly, observed three of his workmen Mowen Vernon valiantly endeavoring to raise a large stone, when, tired of witnessing their unsuccessful attempts, he put them aside, and taking it in his iron grasp, lifted it to its place, remounted his horse and rode on.

A BROOKLYN ROMANCE.—Prudence and love don't go hand in hand as many have found to their cost. The following is condensed, but tells how a young lady might have made a wreck of herself: Young lady in Brooklyn. Acquainted with a young man just two days. Parents, stating that young man is a consummate scoundrel, and doesn't own even the clothes he has on. Young lady declares, of course that the letter is a base forgery, emanating from some rival for her hand, and will never desert William. William appealed to, to establish his respectability by affidavits. William quite prompt to do so, and while stern father looks over the documents, stands aside with a book on his fine countenance of wounded pride, not unmindful with an expression of triumph. Suddenly, however, William discovers among the papers one, at the sight of which he turns pale. Stern papa holds on it, and William seizes his hat and disappears from the mansion. Letter opened and found to be from William's wife, upbraiding him for his heartless desertion of her and her two children, leaving them in a state of utter destruction. True story. Facts found in Brooklyn Times.

CASE OF CONSEQUENTIAL DAMAGE.—When a father stands on his head in the corner to please the children, he cannot be too careful. An Astoria parent was amusing his little ones that way last Friday, when the door bell rang. His wife who had been leaning out of the window talking "servant girl" to the lady next door, rushed down stairs and into the parlor to tell him company was coming. Papa was resting both heels at that moment against the wall, and in the hurry and agitation of recovering himself his legs flew about so thoughtlessly that one boot struck his wife in the mouth and knocked out seven or eight front teeth. She immediately fainted, and in falling, overthrew the youngest boy and broke three of his ribs. A large mastiff in the front yard, hearing the commotion, naturally attributed it—in his blind, irrational canine way—to the strangers at the door, upon whom he at once made a violent attack, mangling a silk dress in a most shocking manner, and extracting several choice tendons from the gentleman's legs. The bills for a new stock of teeth and setting the ribs will probably amount to \$200; but the total losses cannot be ascertained until the jury decides how much it costs for a mastiff to lunch on tendons.—*Maz Adler.*

Then the Sultan took compassion on him, and set his brother free, and he received the penny from the pilgrim.

The Sultan put the copper penny into his pocket, and after a little while forgot all about it. Now it happened that after a time the Emperor of Germany came to Jerusalem to fight against the Sultan. So the Sultan fought bravely at the head of his army, and was never wounded. But one day an arrow was aimed at his right breast; it struck him, indeed, but glanced off from his clothes without wounding him. The Sultan was very much surprised, and when his clothes were examined after the battle, the penny was found in the pocket, and this had caused the arrow to glance off. So the Sultan prized the penny very much and had it fastened with a golden chain to the hilt of his curved sword. Some time after the Sultan was made prisoner by the Emperor, and had to yield up his sword to the conqueror. So the penny came into the possession of the Emperor.

One day when the Emperor was sitting at the table, and was just in the act of raising his goblet to his lips, the Empress said she was anxious to see the curved Turkish sword. So it was brought in, and as the Emperor was showing it to the Empress the penny became unfastened, and fell in the goblet of wine. The Emperor saw it, and before drinking the wine he took out the penny. But when he looked at it he perceived that the penny had turned quite green. This showed everybody that there was poison in the goblet. A wicked servant had mixed the poison, hoping to kill the Emperor. The servant was ordered to execution, but the Sultan sneezed him dead. That sneeze, too, was his last, for in the penitentiary he is denied snuff.

Another dreadful warning to the small takers comes from Columbus, Ohio, where may be seen the man whom snuff sent to the penitentiary. One night, when robbing a bank, yielding to depraved appetite he took a pinch, and the salt sneezed him dead. That sneeze, too, was his last, for in the penitentiary he is denied snuff.

A Mr. Thomas Pearce ran for the office of justice at Eota, Oregon, two years ago, and being tied with his opponent, gained the victory by a throw of dice, the law directing that in case of a tie at such elections, the contestants shall draw lots for the position. Mr. Pearce has just been through another contest, resulting as before in a tie, and it is expected that the gambling process will be repeated.

"Why," asks the "Scientific American," "should not a child be taught to write with both hands indifferently?" We don't know, unless it be that indifferent writing is hardly looked upon as a desirable accomplishment. We could point out a number of people who write so indifferently with one hand, that it is a matter for congratulation that they cannot use both.

Another dreadful warning to the small takers comes from Columbus, Ohio, where may be seen the man whom snuff sent to the penitentiary. One night, when robbing a bank, yielding to depraved appetite he took a pinch, and the salt sneezed him dead. That sneeze, too, was his last, for in the penitentiary he is denied snuff.

A correspondent says, "There are many things about spiritualism which I eagerly embrace, chief among which are mediums."

A prophetic editor having written an ice famine is coming!" was shocked when a sentimental compostr set it up, "a nice famine is coming."

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever," ED. 8,700,000 PACKAGES SOLD IN 1872 & 1873.  
**THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH**  
For Beauty of Polish, Saving of Labor, Freshness from Dust, Durability and Cheapness, it is truly Unrivaled.  
MORSE BROS., Proprietors, Canton, Mass.

**Morris & Ireland,**  
64  
**Sudbury Street,**  
Boston, Mass.

**SAFES.**

**Champion Record**

IN THE  
Great Boston Fire.

Orcutt's Reliable LIGHTNING RODS.

These rods have, for upwards of thirty years been extensively used to protect the valuable and expensive buildings of the United States and foreign countries, including powder magazines and shell houses, for public buildings and private residences, and are considered the best insurance houses in New England, as all classes of buildings.

NEVER PAID FOR THE ONLY ROAD WHICH HAVE NEVER PAID.

To those who have never been forced upon us, the rods have never been forced upon us.

Orders from any part of the country, by mail or at office, No. 63 Cornhill, Boston.

WM. A. ORCUTT.

G. R. Gage & Co.

Are showing

**SPRING**

**STYLES**

in great variety.

**Coatings,**

**Pants Goods,**

**Vestings,**

AND

**GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS!**

171 Main Street,

43 WOBURN.

FOR THE  
Summer, 1874

At the OLD CORNER,  
DOCK & SQUARE & BOSTON.

Our large and elegant assortment of wearing apparel for this present season, for

**MEN AND BOYS,**

of all the new fashions, and of the latest styles, may be selected from by the most economical dispensed buyers.

There is no such extensive assortment in Boston, and no house is this year selling at such

**LOW FIGURES**

as we are clearing off our Stock at.

Over 5,000 Boys' Suits!

Over 3,000 Men's Suits!

Over 2,000 Youth's Suits!!!

which must be sold in the next

30 or 40 DAYS,

PROFIT, OR NO PROFIT

CALL AND SEE THIS FINE STOCK BEFORE PURCHASING.

GEORGE H. RICHARDS,

24 DOCK SQUARE, 25

THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

How To Make Home Attractive!

The Problem of Years Solved at Last!!

STYLE AND ECONOMY OFFERED TO ALL!!!

The Special Installment Plan

—OF—

O GREEN,

Successful & Triumphant!

How to make home attractive? is one of the questions which come to the mind of many people, and especially to parents, who have children, but to all their relatives, friends and neighbors. Many parents understand the secret, and are very anxious to have their homes beautiful and comfortable, but their children are upon the children. The impressions thus created last for a long time, and are very difficult to remove. Children are brought up in bright and entertaining environments, are always away from school and study, and are pretty certain to lead us into all kinds of mischief. Friends and neighbors call, it is your house that is cheerful and bright in all its aspects, they value you highly, and are anxious to have you as their friends. Friends and neighbors call, it is your house that is cheerful and bright in all its aspects, they value you highly, and are anxious to have you as their friends.

How to make home attractive?

# WOBURN JOURNAL.



VOL. XXIII.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1874.

NO. 43.

**Adrianna James,**  
**Fashionable Dressmaker,**  
**No. 89 MAIN STREET,**  
**Opposite the Catholic Church,**  
**WOBURN.**

Work done mostly by hand, and satisfaction guaranteed.

**THOMAS S. BANKS,**  
**FLORIST,**  
**Winn Street, Woburn, Mass.**

Horticultural show-hand, at his greenhouse, fine variety of greenhouses, plants, Bouquets and Cut Flowers furnished at short notice.

**E. K. Willoughby,**  
**HOUSE & JOB CARPENTER,**

**Walnut St., Woburn,** Near Main Street.

Orders for Jobs of all kinds, promptly attended to, and satisfaction guaranteed, as her ore.

**WARREN CUTLER,**  
**JOB WAGON**

Stand at the Woburn Center Depot.  
TRAMMING, JOBBING, FURNITURE AND PIANO MOVING, &c.

Orders left with A. Ellis, Stearns, Brown & Co., Dr. McDonald, H. C. Allen, or at his residence, on Beacon Street, will receive immediate attention.

**JOHN C. BUCK,**  
TEACHER OF

**PIANO-FORTE & REED ORGAN**

AT GREEN'S MUSIC STORE,  
NO. 6 RAILROAD STREET,  
WOBURN.

**JOHN R. CARTER**

Civil Engineer and Surveyor,  
Survey, Planing, Divisions of Estates, accurate  
Measurements, Roads located, Grades established, &c.

Attention given to  
CONVEYANCING.

**OFFICE, NO. 168 MAIN STREET,**

Monday and Thursday, 7 to 9 P. M., and at other times when not engaged on outside work.



**W.P.B. Brooks & Co.**

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

**FURNITURE!**

**Carpetings,**

**STOVES, FEATHERS,**

**Mattresses, &c.**

**Goods Sold on Liberal Terms.**

We would especially invite the people of Woburn to examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

Our assortment is full and complete.

9 Marshall Street,

114 Blackstone Street,

AND

151 Hanover Street,

**Corner of Marshall, Boston**

Wm. P. B. Brooks, Levi Walbridge,  
Fred. G. Walbridge.

16

**J. D. Gilman**

would respectfully inform the public that he has opened his

**NEW AND ELEGANT**

**Ladies' and Gents'**

**Dining Rooms,**

**Cor. Arch, 50 Summer St., Boston**

Oyster and Lunch Room in basement.

17

**TOPPAN ROBIE,**

**Insurance Agent,**

Represents the

Liverpool and London & Globe,  
ASSETS, \$22,000,000

Royal Ins. Co. of Liverpool,  
ASSETS, \$14,000,000.

Pennsylvania Fire Ins. Co. of Phila.  
ASSETS, \$1,400,000.

Dwelling House Ins. Co. of Boston,  
ASSETS, \$302,000

Mutual Life Ins. Co. of N. Y.  
ASSETS, \$65,000,000

Office Hours 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

168 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

Boston Office, 55 Devonshire Street, in Banking Room of Tower, Giddings & Co.

18

**A. C. Alexander**

NO. 6 WINTER STREET,

BOSTON.

22

**Photographic.**

The undersigned would respectfully call attention to his superior class of **Photographs** at low prices. Club rates, \$1.00 per dozen in clubs of 100, and additional to the party getting together.

19 Marshall Street,

114 Blackstone Street,

AND

151 Hanover Street,

**Corner of Marshall, Boston**

Wm. P. B. Brooks, Levi Walbridge,  
Fred. G. Walbridge.

16

**REMOVING**

For Stores, Dwellings, &c.,

Made by

**Brewer & Wheeler,**

**SAIL MAKERS,**

173 Lawrence Avenue, (Opposite 1st St.)

Attic Rooms, Yards and Sails, Flags, Bunting, &c., Made to order and satisfaction guaranteed.

Orders may be left at Post Office, Winchester.

71

**JOSEPH B. McDONALD,**

DEALER IN

**Hard & Soft Coal,**

Setter of all kinds of Granite Work.

Particular attention paid to Cemetery Lots, &c.

Wood worked promptly and satisfactorily guaranteed.

Residence, 108 Main Street, Woburn, Mass. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

72

**WOOD, LIME AND CEMENT.**

ALSO

**A Large Assortment**

OF ALL KINDS OF

**REMOVAL.**

213 Main Street, (Opposite Central House).

**NEW STORE,**

**NEW GOODS!**

—

**G. W. POLLOCK**

Dealer in Furniture in all its variety, proposes to continue to sell for cash third hands, owing to my removal to New Haven, Conn. As you have seen, he shown, the return no one can take office. I shall buy for men and save per cent, but will pay 10 per cent more for men having no bad debts. The time usually spent in running at public sales, and the time spent in getting them, will also be saved. The credit system makes fixtures, for it may be pleasant to get them at a lower price than can be had elsewhere, but it is not so good as to be able to get them at a lower price than can be had elsewhere. The time usually spent in running at public sales, and the time spent in getting them, will also be saved. The credit system makes fixtures, for it may be pleasant to get them at a lower price than can be had elsewhere, but it is not so good as to be able to get them at a lower price than can be had elsewhere. 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## Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.  
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY  
At 204 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.  
Subscription \$2.00 a year, payable in advance.  
Single copies 5 cents.

SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1874.

Reading notices 25 cents a line. Special notices  
15 cents a line. Religious notices 10 cents a line.  
Obituary notices 10 cents a line.

The figures printed with the subscribers' names  
on this page show to what time the subscription  
is paid. If any error is observed, please let me  
know at once.

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Stop Letters.	3	4
Woburn Town Library.	3	5

## FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATIONS.

The success of the Fourth of July celebration at Winchester should set our citizens to thinking. In the former town is a club called the Young Men's Association. It is composed of enterprising young gentlemen, who like a good time themselves, and are not averse to seeing others have enjoyment. On the approach of our national anniversary they set to work to make their own town the scene of pleasure for its inhabitants. Rather than leave town or have any considerable number of others doing so, they provide amusement within their village, being supplied with better water than most places, yet there must necessarily be many families that cannot receive its benefits. The founting of water from caesars referred to above, should be schedules and especially cared for. Cases have occurred when at first it seemed to be safe, but only discriminating and persistent efforts on the part of the physician discovered that the sink drain communicated indirectly with the well from which water was taken to supply several families, and was the cause of much sickness.

Greater injurious influences arise from neglected privies than from most any other source. Such neglect does not often occur from an unwillingness to attend to such duties, but too often from a want of knowledge of its importance. No such place in near proximity to any dwelling should be allowed without the use of dry earth or dry coal ashes almost daily, especially during the warm season, and to be continued more or less often during the winter. All such places should be cleaned out twice a year at least, and during the hot season it would be better to do it sooner. This would especially apply to such places in connection with school-houses and other public places.

It is believed it would prove a judicious measure if not a profitable investment for the Town Authorities, who constitute in many towns the Board of Health, with suitable and proper conveniences, all extra from such places from the more thickly settled portions of the town, as often as the public health requires it. Every family should be requested to use either dry earth or dry coal ashes. It would be interesting to know if such a measure properly conducted, would not prove remunerative by the fertilizing effects derived from such a source. It certainly must prove a source of value to any community in a point of political economy by removing a most potent cause of sickness and death, by its labor-saving influence, saying nothing of the additional comfort which must follow.

One of the many cases that might be adduced, producing its baneful results, is that which occurred at Pittsfield at a popular female seminary a few years since, when out of a large number of healthy girls, about seventy per cent were taken sick with typhoid fever and out of the number taken sick, thirty per cent died.

An investigation by a committee of physicians showed the causes to be mainly due to neglected privies, and a bad cow.

It is thought so far as facts have been developed that young people and children are more susceptible to such noxious effluvia than the older members of a community.

C. —

ENTERPRISE.—We understand that during the recent school examinations, two of the school committees were down on the list to examine a school on a certain afternoon. On arriving at the scene of their labors, a member of the board, of an enterprising turn of mind, had been there in the morning, examined the school and turned it loose for the vacation. Whether he is as efficient in his quiet here, hardly a fire cracker heard.

CLOCK.—The new clock voted by the town for the new Orthodox church here, is being put in place, and probably before another week, will give the time of day to all.

—A match game of base ball was played at Lexington, July 4th, between the Huzzas of Lexington and the Woburn Nine with the following result:

Huzzas	0	R	Woburn	0	R
Chandler	2	1	Hayward, ss	4	1
Ham	1	2	Eaton, c	1	4
Brown	0	3	McGinnis, p	1	2
Butters	2	1	Taylor, 3b	2	2
Morris	0	0	Hartshorn, rf	2	2
McKean	2	0	Hoover, lf	0	2
Astall	2	1	Dickerson, 2b	1	2
Wellington	0	0	Fowler, 1b	0	4
Rogers	1	2	Barrington, cf	2	2
	15	10		15	24
	Innings,				
Woburn	1	2	3	5	6
Umpire	J. W. Johnson, Scorers.				

WINNERS.—Last Monday a man named Powers arrived in town about seven o'clock, too drunk to take care of himself. He was taken in charge by special policeman Foster and with the assistance of Watchman Richardson, taken to the lockup. At the request of Richardson, Capt. Ramsell took Powers before Judge Converse six in the morning, and he was fined \$3 and costs. It appears he belonged in Danvers, got on a spurs in Boston and took the wrong car with the above result. Not being able to pay his fine he went to jail. Do not get drunk if you would be jail.

SINGULAR.—A cow belonging to Benjamin Parker of this town, which has been at pasture in the country, was found a short time since with her back broken. As there were no external marks of violence, it is thought she received the injury by jumping from an elevation. The animal was subsequently killed.

ACCIDENT.—A boy named Drummond was last Friday leading a mule from the circus by a chain. The animal twiched away from him, tearing the flesh upon two of his fingers very severely.

A. O. H.—Division No. 3, A. O. H., proposed a picnic for the 18th which the Committee hope to make the best of the season. The managers are efficient, and if the weather is propitious, they will undoubtedly succeed.

ADDITIONS.—Last Sunday sixteen persons by profession and two by letter, were received into the First Congregational church.

CROSSINGS.—Granite street crossings have been put in opposite the Catholic church, and opposite Church Avenue.

FLORAL.—Thanks to W. A. Lang of the Lowell Truant School for a bouquet of flowers.

## SANITARY SCIENCE.

MR. EDITOR.—As you have manifested an interest in the recent effort to arouse public attention to the importance of adopting sanitary measures for the prevention of disease, I ask the privilege of saying a few words through your columns on this subject. I suppose there is hardly a family in town that is aware of any lack of attention in this respect to their own household and its surroundings, and yet, I presume if investigations were made by a judicious, discriminating Board of Health, there would be found many deplorable.

It behoves every one not only to look with great care, but to inform themselves of all matters and conditions that tend to public disease. It is now well understood that many of the more severe diseases are often developed by pestiferous influences that may exist in connection or in proximity to every dwelling. Water from wells is a fruitful cause of disease, it often stands in too near proximity to vaults, cesspools, or other decomposing substances, by which it becomes contaminated. The ground generally may become so charged in large towns, and thickly settled places from stables, pigsties, henries, and offal which may be left uncarried for to decompose, as to have a damaging influence on wells. In such cases the atmosphere as well as the water may be polluted to a dangerous degree.

It is fortunate for all large towns to be supplied with aqueduct water. Woburn is especially favored in this respect, being supplied with better water than most places, yet there must necessarily be many families that cannot receive its benefits. The founting of water from caesars referred to above, should be scheduled and especially cared for. Cases have occurred when at first it seemed to be safe, but only discriminating and persistent efforts on the part of the physician discovered that the sink drain communicated indirectly with the well from which water was taken to supply several families, and was the cause of much sickness.

Greater injurious influences arise from neglected privies than from most any other source. Such neglect does not often occur from an unwillingness to attend to such duties, but too often from a want of knowledge of its importance. No such place in near proximity to any dwelling should be allowed without the use of dry earth or dry coal ashes almost daily, especially during the warm season, and to be continued more or less often during the winter. All such places should be cleaned out twice a year at least, and during the hot season it would be better to do it sooner. This would especially apply to such places in connection with school-houses and other public places.

It is believed it would prove a judicious measure if not a profitable investment for the Town Authorities, who constitute in many towns the Board of Health, with suitable and proper conveniences, all extra from such places from the more thickly settled portions of the town, as often as the public health requires it.

INDEPENDENCE.—The Fourth was celebrated in a glorious manner last evening, the entire programme being successfully carried out. In the early morning the men, women and children have been dying in that city by hundreds, every day, a large proportion of them from causes peculiarly well understood, and under the control of man through ordinary appliances. The death of two men out of a population of a million and a half, by hydrocephalus, sets the city into a mad excitement; and yet, within a week, two men have perished in the prison cells of Jefferson Market, from the effects of foul air, and not a murmur raised. No note is taken of the scores of miserable human beings who perish night in, those poisonous holes beneath the police courts and station houses of the metropolis.

A carpenter fell from the new Tribune building, and was instantly killed, and fatal accidents from falls and the giving away of stagings or of some portion of uncompleted buildings are of no uncommon occurrence, and yet people go on permitting this kind of work to be done with loose and insufficient stagings and weak supports. Not long ago the walls of an old building in this city fell and crushed a workman. In Syracuse, the imperceptibly supported floor of a church gave way late, and scores of people were mangled and killed. Every day a careless swincher, or a sordid manager of a railway causes the horrible death of scores of people; persons are frequently burned to death for lack of means of escape from buildings, and yet all these things create no panic and lead to no stringent regulations to prevent their recurrence.

But the most appalling engines of destruction are not set in motion by anything that can be called accidental. There are districts in New York and in all other large cities, in which the wretched population is crowded together in filthy tenements, which reek with pestilential vapors. In the un drained cellars and vaults disease festers and ferment and go forth to slay the people. The pestilential vapors of the city are a curse to the people, who have no roof to name them all. A poet, broadway, was truly disturbed, in which the town officers were given "fix," to the joy of all, if we may, perhaps, except those who were fixed. At ten o'clock the common council were called. The judges were Messrs. Hinckley, Houston, F. W. Baker, J. R. Carter, the first was a

Men's Sack Race—Geo. Greeley, F. M. Whitney, A. Wool, A. Brown, E. Kimball, and George Chapman entered and Chapman took the prize of \$3.

Boy's Sack Race—Pond, Shepard, Arthur Mower, Hurley and Paul Winsor started, and Winsor took the \$2

Doughton Race—F. M. Whitney, F. M. Nowell, J. Hartold, Paul Winsor, J. Shepard, J. McManus, J. Hartwell stepped on the doughnut, and after an exciting struggle, the first prize was given to Whitney and the second to Nowell, or a dollar each.

Potato Race—Ten potatoes three paces apart were placed before six baskets, and A. Wood, A. Brown, F. W. Bassell, E. W. Safford, F. M. Whitney, F. W. Walker started to pick them up and put them in the basket. Wood led off first and took the \$3 prize.

Wheelbarrow Race, No 1—B. Bassell, Whitney, Safford and Henry Houston contested, and Houston took the \$3

Wheelbarrow Race No 2—P. R. Eaton, P. Winsor, J. S. Pond and C. J. Pond started, but Eaton took the \$1

Three Legged Race—There were four entries. Robert Winsor with V. R. Spear, F. M. Whitney with Jason Shepard, George House with John Hovey, Andrew Wood with Fred Joy. The latter pair won the race and \$2

Running Race—The last race was a running match from the crossing at Church street to the new depot and return, a distance of about 400 yards. The runners were Regan, Holland, H. House, Lynch and A. H. Eaton. The running was very quick and the race really was.

James Sutton, & Co., publishers, 58 Maiden Lane, N. Y. City.

CONCERT.—The second of a series of concerts to be given here by the Medford Band was given Wednesday evening. They gave an excellent concert, as the crowd who listened to them will testify. After the concert they all took soda at Mac's by invitation of Mr. J. M. Usher.

FOURTH.—The Fourth was a very quiet day here, hardly a fire cracker heard.

CLOCK.—The new clock voted by the town for the new Orthodox church here, is being put in place, and probably before another week, will give the time of day to all.

ENTERPRISE.—We understand that during the recent school examinations, two of the school committees were down on the list to examine a school on a certain afternoon. On arriving at the scene of their labors, a member of the board, of an enterprising turn of mind, had been there in the morning, examined the school and turned it loose for the vacation.

Whether he is as efficient in his quiet here, hardly a fire cracker heard.

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No. Polis, 1000 at \$4 40 4 43 60  
Rate of taxation on \$1000 15 30  
No. of Dogs 108  
No. sch'l children betw'n 5 and 15 604  
The figures show an increase from last year on Real estate of \$107,416 00, and a decrease of \$105,298 00 on personal estate. The number of polis last year was 954, making a gain of 55. There are 19 more dogs this year than there were in 1873. The sum of \$2 40 is added to the total tax on highway account.

**FOURTH OF JULY NOTES.**—The day was observed in a very quiet manner here, there being less noise than on preceding years. Considerable gunpowder was burned, however, and a great many fire crackers, torpedoes, etc., disposed of in the usual manner. The flag was raised on the Common, and several private residences showed the colors. The day was ushered in by the ringing of the bells at sunrise, which were also rung at noon and at sunset. In the evening fireworks were displayed at several residences, but the rain prevented a very extensive celebration in that line.

The Active Base Ball Club of this town, had arranged for a match game with the Eagles of Somerville, but they failing to come to time, a picked nine of the best players in town was organized, and took the place of the missing club. Judge Carter held a prominent position at second base, and showed his skill as a player, especially when a red hot ball came his way. But five inings were played, the Actives winning.

The police had an easy day, but one arrest being made, and he belonging out of town. He was secured after some resistance, and on Monday morning was brought before Judge Carter, charged with a single dring, gave the name of James Weston, and in consideration of the day, was let off with only a fine of \$2 and costs. James was lucky.

**REGATTA.**—The annual regatta of the Yacht Club took place on the 4th. The wind was rather light from the eastward, but as the yachts all carry plenty of canvas, the race was quite lively. The Club has adopted a scale of allowance in favor of the smallest boats, which makes them more equal than they were the last season. The judges were stationed at the boat house, and the starting being near the island, which brought nearly the whole course in view of the spectators. The following is the actual sailing time of the yachts:

	min.	sec.
Clara, Capt. Peabody,	46	37
Edith, Capt. Prentiss,	47	0
Helen, Capt. Hopkins,	51	30
Alice, Capt. Richardson,	53	45
Yankee Blade, Hicks,	1	2

The "Yankee Blade" with her allowance was entitled to the 1st prize, but owing to a misunderstanding in rounding the buoys she was ruled out, and the prize with the champion penant of the club given to the Edith, whose time was second, she being entitled to an allowance. The contest between the "Clara" and "Helen" for the 2nd prize, resulted in a tie, which was sailed off in the afternoon, and the prize awarded to the "Clara." After the sailing regatta there was a timber race, which was won by Mr. Frank Buckman. The judges were Messrs. S. D. Hicks, H. H. Homer and John Gray.

The next regatta will take place on Tuesday, the 14th, at four o'clock.

(Communication)  
176 AND 187.

**THE OLD COCKED HATS.**—The leaves of the old trees still permeates and gives life and action to the lives of the sons of the "sires of '76." Lexington—the old battle town—true to her ancient principles, has just organized the old guard of the 19th of April, 1775, and will be represented by a highly patriotic and military association of the young men of the town. The uniform chosen (very appropriately) is of the old Continental pattern. Lexington has already enrolled sixty-five men, and claims for her first appearance at the centennial one hundred strong. And she will do it sure; for whenever did Lexington promise to do a thing and not make good her promise? Now, Lexington, Concord and old Menotomy in those days stood shoulder to shoulder; and kept good time to the music of "Yankee Doodle." That the veterans of those days knew how to draw bead to a dead certainty, has long since become an historical fact. As the round flight or march of the recoach from Concord through Lexington and Menotomy, was hastened by the mutual and united action of the citizens of these three towns, let these three towns raise one can pay each of "Minute-Men," to unite together as a body or battalion, uniformed alike, and we believe it will quicken and keep alive the fires of patriotism upon many altars. We understand that Concord is already awake upon this subject, and about organizing a company upon the same plan as that adopted by the Lexington boys. This is just what we expected, and will our Arlington boys not follow suit, and open a "Hall of Honor," in remembrance of those ancestors whose blood still runs within their own veins? We believe so.

Let a meeting be called at once, and see who will respond to the echoes of '76 by placing his name up on the roll. AN ARLINGTON MAN.

**Boston.**—TOWN MEETING.—Saturday evening, July 11th, 6 o'clock. The matter of the Centennial is coming up.

July 16th, is set down for the hearing before the sheriff's jury on the petition of L. Wetherell.

**BASE BALL.**—The second game of the series of three was played at East Lexington by the Athlons of that place and the Alerts of Arlington. It was won by the former, —score, 45 to 27.

Mr. C. C. Goodwin of the firm of G. C. Goodwin & Co., 38 Hanover street, Boston, very pleasantly entertained the clerks of the establishment at his residence, Magnolia Village, near Gloucester, last Saturday.

**DISTRICT COURT.**—The new district court which embraces Lexington, has its head quarters at Concord. John S. Keyes, Esq., is Justice, and A. E. Scott, Esq., is first special justice. Monday morning the court was called to order, by Charles Kimball, sheriff of the county, and after prayer by Rev. Mr. Reynolds of Concord, it was declared to be duly opened. Lexington dedicated it with the ease of Leaven, given elsewhere.

**MILK DEPT.**—Messrs. Whiton & Son are erecting in the depot yard a building which they will use for the storage of milk cans and grain. They run the milk car on this road as well as from

Wilton, N. H. At the Cather place they have a grist mill, from which they supply grain to the farmers of whom they receive milk, and to numerous customers. When this building is completed the milk from Bedford will be brought from them upon the cars, which will prove a great saving of labor, it now having to be transported hither by teams.

**FAST DRIVING.**—The "glorious Fourth" with its exhilarating effects lingered in the head of Timothy Loary till Sunday, and caused him to do that we do not believe he would otherwise have done. This consisted in cruelly beating and fast driving a horse that he had hired of F. M. Harrington. He chose Main street for his exhibition ground—a bad choice, for the officers exercised the veto power, and returned the animal from his keeping by pronouncing the driver, —i.e., shutting him up in the station. On Monday he was taken before the District Court at Concord, and fined \$2 and costs to the highway account.

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**CENTENNIAL.**—A large and enthusiastic meeting was held last Thursday evening. The roster of the company was increased to seventy-five names, and the prospect for a company of one hundred members is good. The committee on Laws, consisting of L. G. Babcock, O. Smith, G. Swan, F. V. Battersby and Geo. E. Muzzey, will report a code at early day. Officers were chosen as follows:—Capt. L. W. Muzzey, First Lieutenant, A. D. Cutler; 2d Lieutenant, Geo. D. Harrington. The non-commissioned officers are set to a future meeting. The members present drew their fatigue uniform (cap and bous.) and tickets to our Senator, Hon. Brooks T. Buckingham, and to our Representative, Mr. Tom Colline. The committee of arrangements are worthy of compliment for the satisfactory entertainment afforded.

**KENTUCKY PUBLIC LIBRARY.**—The following game was played with W. J. Berry of Beverly, who is an amateur player of considerable ability. His opponents were Messrs. Buck, Johnson and Marion of the Woburn Chess Club. It was commenced March 2, and Mr. Berry resigned June 27.

**WHITE.**

2. B to B4

3. Kt to B3

4. P to Q5

5. Kt to P4

6. P to Q4

7. Castles

8. P to P4

9. Kt to K3

10. Q to Q5

11. Kt to Q4

12. P to B4

13. Kt to B3

14. B to K3

15. Q to Q6

16. Kt to Q4

17. P to Q4

18. Kt to K3

19. P to K4

20. Kt to Q3

21. Kt to R4 to B5

22. P to Q4

23. B to B5

24. Kt to K5

25. Q to K5

26. Kt to B7 (ch)

27. Kt to B6

28. Kt to K7

29. Kt to K4

30. Kt to K5

31. Kt to K6

32. Kt to K7

33. Kt to K8

34. Kt to K9

35. Kt to K10

36. Kt to K11

37. Kt to K12

38. Kt to K13

39. Kt to K14

40. Kt to K15

41. Kt to K16

42. Kt to K17

43. Kt to K18

44. Kt to K19

45. Kt to K20

46. Kt to K21

47. Kt to K22

48. Kt to K23

49. Kt to K24

50. Kt to K25

51. Kt to K26

52. Kt to K27

53. Kt to K28

54. Kt to K29

55. Kt to K30

56. Kt to K31

57. Kt to K32

58. Kt to K33

59. Kt to K34

60. Kt to K35

61. Kt to K36

62. Kt to K37

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66. Kt to K41

67. Kt to K42

68. Kt to K43

69. Kt to K44

70. Kt to K45

71. Kt to K46

72. Kt to K47

73. Kt to K48

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75. Kt to K50

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89. Kt to K64

90. Kt to K65

91. Kt to K66

92. Kt to K67

93. Kt to K68

94. Kt to K69

## OUR COMMON SCHOOLS.

"The substance—not the show."—*Old Mrs.*  
One of the most encouraging signs of better times coming for the children, who attend our common schools, may be seen in the encidation of thoughts, the exchange of ideas among educated, practical, conscientious school teachers, and intelligent citizens, as to the present necessity for a change in the manner of instruction of our common schools of today. Our competent teachers are really few compared with many who claim to be composed and experts in the science of common school teaching. We find no fault with true, scientific education, based as it should be upon the great fundamental principles of true knowledge of one's work, for the capability of effectually applying the necessary discipline to the mind, the power of drawing out and strengthening the perceptive powers and faculties, and thereby inducing clear and accurate habits of thought. There are four essential elements in the character of a good teacher. First, firmness and good nature are absolutely necessary, and intelligence and industry for the promotion of good scholarship in the pupils. Lacking any one of these elements the teacher must of necessity fail of giving to all the satisfaction. Would we could add to the above the indication of a high standard of morals, and an oversight by the teacher over his charge out of school. But as we cannot add, what even the outsiders, as they are called in our town vocabulary of terms, we must even be content for the present with the discipline of the school committee upon this very important consideration. This must from the very facts of the case, fail to give the satisfaction it should do, even under the very best auspices. Could the office of teachers and their duties, be made to harmonize together with the duties of the school committees of our towns, and those committees being composed of men properly and well fitted for the high and responsible office they are supposed to fill, we should find less of the low standard of our schools from those who do know the true educational wants, and the actual standard of scholarship in the same. Public schools are expected to be what they are called in name the people's schools; but they fall far short of the requirements of the masses. Children are literally put through them, not practically educated in the branches that they are to practice in after life. And here will be found the great mistake of our common school system of education. We are so fearful that some of our educational vagaries, and every new teacher has some pet theory, or vagary to develop, that he thinks this will be just the place to introduce it. Thus our old-fashioned, well tried systems of good teaching are entirely discarded to give place to the new ideas of the head master of to-day. Many people of good sound education believe to-day that by the old-fashioned standard or manner (I should say) of school teaching we could send from our schools many children well up in the common branches, that now leave school almost ignorant. What are our common schools designed for if not to fit the pupil for the common business of life? Until the time the child enters the first grade, the branches taught should be those only that fit him for a business education and not a college life. Here is the proper place, for the introduction of music, and if you please elements of drawing. Here they can be taught under better advantages than at more advanced periods in the future education of the pupil. Why do we so often hear the question asked, "Why are not the graduates from our high schools better scholars, and less superficial?" One of the reasons, I apprehend, is that they, in the first place, are not taught in the intermediate grades, the right understanding of the studies they pursue, and consequently cannot apply outside the school room the learning they receive within. Again the drats made upon the capacities of the children in the upper grades, find much in access of their available resources, or will we say real, accumulated knowledge. Our children, in most instances, have not sufficient judgment and originality to associate the mass of information that graded courses of study usually prescribe. Are we not apt to confuse the mind of many pupils, by demanding of them an amount of labor they are not fitted for? I remarked to a young lady whom I met in our village last autumn, "she was returning from school one day, laden with thirteen different books," "Why Miss W., you have a large collection of books here; of course you do not study from all of them?" "Yes, I learn a little from all of them. Some of them are text books; and then our teacher tells us what we don't know?" "Certainly," was our ready reply all right? "do you understand thoroughly, what you go over?" "Oh, no; but then we must go over so much every day, or we fail to meet the approbation of our teacher and lose our standing in our class."

This is an illustration of one of the defects of our common school education; or rather I should say system of teaching. This monotonous analysis, classification, and generalization, this cramming, for which they have neither the mental faculty nor physical stamina to endure, gives them if they are studious, and really ambitious, the sunken eye, the sallow complexion, and completely enervates their young life. Or, what is equally to be deplored, it begets a carelessness of habits and a resolution to get along as easily as they can in school, and trust to an indulgent teacher, or a superannuated helmsman to engineer them into the "academy" or the "High School" of the village. The visions of graduation from our High school (high indeed so far as money is concerned) or academy, has caused many sleepless nights to many ambitious young ladies, and probably will for years to come. At least until a thorough reformation is had in much of the method of modern teaching. The Valedictory: what a lugubrious simple fact as applied to many of our higher schools as a reward of merit, an incentive to correct and thorough scholarship. How many of those who write and read the valedictories of the present time, are in the true and strict sense of the term entitled to their standing by the thorough, practical claims of good scholarship? We shall resume the answer in our next.

AN OLD SCHOOL BOY,

MAN AS A PROCESSIONIST.—The tendency of men to nerd themselves into processions is one of the mysteries of human nature which is only equalled by the tendency of those who are not in the herd to stand in the broiling sun and admire the others. Why this should be so, what peculiar satisfaction the man in the procession derives from it, and what object he has in view, are problems yet to be solved; and yet it is probably the height of the ambition of every average man to see the day when he shall go in a procession; happy if he can march on foot; doubly happy if he can carry the Star Spangled Banner or some other banner bearing a strange device; thrice happy if he may ride a horse, terrify the women and children with the caracole of his fiery charger and shout hoarsely at his division of the procession. All of this is more remarkable from the fact that the procession is but a child's sport, with the difference that the paper hats have been changed for beavers, with feathers in them; the lath swords for steel ones; the tin pan and whistle for the drum and fife; the red flannel stripe and bit of blue ribbon for variegated uniform bespangled with jewels and gaudy with tissue; and the stick which the leader straddles so gracefully for a live horse, which the leader, nine times out of ten, straddles ungracefully.

The effect of the procession upon the individual hardly has a parallel among natural phenomena. Your butcher or your shoemaker may be, and probably is, a very ordinary man; not blessed with wealth or beauty; having no soul cravings or yearning desires for the good, the true and the beautiful; the owner of a brood of rather dirty and promiscuous children; with an intellect capable of the scientific carving of a sheep or skilful cobbling of a boot. There is nothing majestic or awful about him. You would not invite him to your soiree as a partner. Indeed, in his morning call at your house, your servant receives him, and they gossip together in a friendly way, but once array your butcher in a plaid hat and white apron; throw an emblazoned crimson scarf about his muscular shoulders; put a boiled shirt on him, and stick a rose in his button hole; hang two or three tinsel crosses and other ornaments on his mimic breast; and, if he be a very large butcher, let him carry a banner stuck in a pouch, looking as if it were rooted in his ample corpus, and he becomes metaphorized into another creature. As he marches along in his stately manner, keeping time, time, in a sort of Runic rhyme, to the chinnabulation of the band, he is an awful and majestic being, who towers above you as you stand upon one of the same suns empires. Yesterday he would have taken off his hat to you; to-day, if he sees you at all, he only sees you as an atom, one of a thousand, admiring him as a magnificent being, only equalled by a royal potentate and possibly surpassed by a Sultan in the grandeur of his apparel. As you retire to your chamber at night with the confused pictures of flags, banners, crosses, swords, aprons, horse collars, trombones and guns rattling before you, the vision of this majestic creature appears, looming up like Mont Blanc among lesser hills. You regret that only yesterday you vexed his green soul with complaints about tough beef; you had threatened to discharge him if he did not fit you to taste; but, if he towered above you as you stand upon one of the same suns empires. 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# WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1874.

## Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.  
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.  
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Single copies 5 cents.

SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1874.

Reading notices 25 cents a line. Special notices 15 cents a line. Religious notices 10 cents a line. Obituary notices 10 cents a line.

The figures printed with the subscribers name on this paper show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

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POSTAL.—Our readers will please remember that their papers go through the post office in this town free of expense. The old law demanding payment for papers published in the county is no longer in force.

### OUR NEW CHIEF POLICE.

It will be seen by reference to our report of the doings of the Selectmen, that they have appointed a successor to the late Chief of Police, giving that position to Elisha J. Mann, Esq. Mr. Mann was born in Sandwich, N. H., Jan. 11, 1840. He came to Woburn in 1854, and learned the trade of shoemaker of William Totman. In 1860 he was admitted to the business, and commenced as a shoe manufacturer as the junior member of the firm of William Totman & Co., where he has continued ever since. In February, 1864, he enlisted in the 59th Regt. Mass. Vols., and served till the end of the war, being in all the engagements of his regiment, including Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Burnside's Mine, North Anna, etc., and making a good record as a soldier. He was appointed on the police in 1864, and has been re-appointed each year since, and with one exception is the oldest member in time of service on the force. He was elected constable the present year. He also holds the appointment of Deputy Fish Commissioner. His experience as an officer in the east part of the town has made him quite familiar with criminal practice, and his success in liquor cases has been very marked. Being a thorough going temperance man, and a believer in the prohibitory law, rum selling will not be likely to flourish under his rule. We believe he will make an efficient chief, as he has been a faithful subordinate, and we have no doubt he will receive the moral support of our citizens. He accepts the position and enters on his duty at once, but will not be at headquarters constantly until after Aug. 1st.

If Tidd went to New York to contract for another engine it would be pleasant to know who authorized him to contract for another engine.—*Woburn Ads.*

The town of Natick is putting in water works, and our townsmen, Mr. M. M. Tidd is Chief Engineer, and superintends their construction. He returned from New York last week with a contract for a Worthington Compound Duplex Engine, of the tank pattern, having a capacity of pumping one and a half million gallons in 24 hours against 170 feet head, to be used at the Natick Water Works. Natick starts with seven miles of piping. She takes water from Dug Pond, and forces it two and a half miles through the town to a reservoir on Broad's Hill. The water for service will be taken from the force mains, the reservoir being used as an accumulator. It is expected to get the water in late this fall.

The Everett Guards Association, composed of former members of Co. D, 22d Regiment Mass. Vols., held its first annual reunion and dinner at Young's Hotel, Wednesday afternoon. There were present seventeen old comrades from different parts of the country. The following comrades were chosen officers for the ensuing year: President, Capt J Henry Symonds; Vice Presidents, Geo A. Smith, John K. Richardson; Chaplain, William F Barnard; Treasurer and Secretary, Ward B Frothingham; Historian, William F Barnard; Executive Committee, George F Stone, Horace A Parker, Frederick Miller. The dinner was a substantial one, and the occasion proved in every way very enjoyable.

MAP.—The following communication has been handed to us with the request that we remind the public that the Notes and Surveys spoken of below are many of them made for the town, and comprise a great quantity of the most valuable material obtainable nowhere else. And are in addition to the extensive and elaborate surveys of F. W. Beers & Co., have been carrying on for months.

WOBURN, July 17th, 1874.

This is to certify that I have agreed with F. W. Beers & Co., of Brooklyn, New York, to furnish them all notes and surveys which I have in my possession, and also to give assistance in the work of publishing an Atlas of Middlesex Co., including plans of the Town of Woburn.

All of which is to be given exclusively to said company.

J. R. CARTER.

SELECTMEN.—All present but Cummings and Hart. Poole in the chair. M. S. Seeley, was appointed sealer of weights and measures and measurer of charcoal baskets. E. J. Mann was appointed Chief of Police, by a unanimous vote. He was also appointed keeper of the lockup. Voted to notify certain parties to remove existing nuisances.

Voted to give a hearing to the Town Meadow petitioners next Monday evening.

PERSONAL.—Mr. F. W. Parker, for the last eleven years a resident of California, has returned to Woburn with his family. We hope he will find it for his advantage to remain. Mr. W. P. Pierce, formerly of Woburn, now of Sand Bank, Oswego County, N. Y., is in town on a vacation. The leather business is his locality is better than in these parts.

CHICAGO FIRE.—An extensive fire occurred in Chicago last Tuesday, burning over about 60 acres, and destroying property to the amount of about three millions. Seven persons are known to have lost their lives and a thousand families were made homeless.

ELEMENTARY DRILL.—The Officers and non-commissioned officers of the Phalanx went to Quincy Point on Friday for an elementary drill.

FOURTH.—Sole's mare Nellie S., was fourth in the race last Wednesday.

### SERIOUS ACCIDENT TO A WOBURN LADY.

Last Monday afternoon an accident occurred on the Troy & Greenfield R. R., in which Miss Annie Wood, of Woburn, daughter of Mr. Alva S. Wood, was seriously injured. The passenger's train on the Fitchburg R. R., consisting of an engine and one car, left Boston for Hoosac Tunnel in the morning, and was to have returned at night. On the engine were Mr. Whittemore, the paymaster, the engineer, E. Warren; the fireman, Mr. Rich; and two lady friends of the paymaster, Miss Annie Wood of Woburn, and Mrs. William H. Swift, of Norwood Park, Watertown, who accompanied the party for a pleasure trip. In the car were Mr. John Webster, road master of the Troy and Greenfield R. R., Mr. Spaulding, roadmaster of the Fitchburg R. R.; Mr. Young, a clerk, and Mr. Wetherbee, the brakeman. They had entered the Tunnel and were returning just before reaching a dry bridge, some fifteen feet above the highway which the road crosses, near Shelburne Falls, the engine for some unexplained cause—as examination proves that the rails and the flanges of the wheels were all right—jumped the track, and as there is a sharp curve at that point, the locomotive made a plunge for the side of the bridge, going completely through, taking the tender with it, and landing nearly bottom up in the highway. The passenger car broke loose from the tender before reaching the bridge, and rolled down over the walled embankment, resting on its side at the bottom in a garden. The brakeman Wetherbee, jumped from the rear platform and was uninjured. Mr. Webster, who was in the car, had his thigh broken and his spine injured, and Messrs. Spaulding and Young were somewhat injured. There was sad havoc among those in the locomotive, the scalding steam adding its horrors to the fearful leap through the chasm. As it fell into the crowd, there were a great many who escaped with slight bruises from the falling bricks, but one man was less fortunate. Mr. Dr. Russell Chipman was standing near, and when the alarm was raised he ran in the direction taken by others, and was crushed by the chimney. He was struck on the temple and his skull fractured, and his arm was broken in several places. The bricks were partly on him, and when he was taken out he was insensible, and so remained until ten minutes past four, when he died. Mr. Chipman was a carrier in the employ of his brother-in-law Capt. J. P. 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# WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JULY, 18 1874.

erly occupied by C. Butters). Work in drill will commence at once, and our citizens of course feel safer now that a military department has its headquarters here.

**ACCIDENT.**—Mr. J. E. Hodgman's youngest son, George, is sojourning with his grandparents at Harvard. On Monday he accidentally split his knee open with an axe.

**Fire.**—We hear that the sheriff's jury, in the Merriam Stetson matter of land damage, awarded \$500, and in the Reed case, \$7000. We cannot vouch for either statement, but if true, the awards in both cases exceed that of the Commissioners.

**STREET CROSSINGS.**—We have a faint recollection of having subscribed something to a fund for procuring one or two concrete crossings, on Main street. The sum was small and the time remote in the past, two circumstances which render the affair dimly outlined in our memory. We should never have thought of it again, but for the sight of a pile of cobblestones, and two or three tar barrels that adorned the depot yard the early part of this week. We trust it is for the object named. We need them badly in rainy weather.

**Arlington.**—  
SHALL ARLINGTON HAVE ONE COMPANY OF "OLD CONTINENTALS?"—In answer to an article signed "An Arlington Man" in last Saturday's paper, several new questions have arisen—one man, or boy says, "We have base ball clubs, in our town; and the William Penn Hose company; and a new Hook and Ladder company recently formed, will they not give our young men and boys some exercise, something to do to perfect themselves in the hosepipe drill, and the handling of the ladders?" and the base ball clubs are mainly manned by boys, and last though not least, many of those belonging to some of these organizations who think them quite sufficient.

We think out of all these organizations we might possibly obtain some six good men, who would join a company of the "Old Cocked Hats" and don the Continental uniform of 1775. We are much mistaken if there are not left in the ones "Old Menotomy," now Arlington of today, the surviving sons and grandsons of very many whose names were so familiar in the past history of the heroic struggle of the 19th of April, 1775, to fill a good large company of "Minute Men." We can leave the gallant Wan Penn's to run their hose machines, and practice all they desire, in making themselves experts in the subjugation of fires.

We can leave to the good judgment of the new organization to keep their leaders and paraphernalia of a live work always ready; while we cordially invite such of them as may desire to keep alive the spirit of 1776, to join with others in the formation of one company to be raised in Arlington for the purpose of perpetuating the valor and memories of our fathers who took an active part in those memorable days. The blood of Middlesex' best men, ran in the veins of those men, whose names many of the young men of Arlington now bear, and also are many of them their lineage and near descendants. Wake up! Wake up! men of Arlington, call a meeting at once and see if there is not still a remnant left who will rally, as a nucleus of the old guard of '76."

A DESCendant of ONE OF THEM.

**TINTH ANNIVERSARY.**—Thanks are due to our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Nichols, for the very pleasant evening spent at their house on Tuesday last, with other friends to the number of about 125 from Boston, Malden, Medford, Arlington and vicinity, to celebrate the tenth anniversary of their marriage. Arriving at the house at nine o'clock, we found every one in the height of enjoyment, and after being introduced to the bride and the bridegroom, and wishing them many a happy return of the day they celebrate, we noticed the decorations of flowers, which were of exquisite taste, consisting in part of the marriage bell, figures 1804 and 1874 and many other designs beautifully and tastefully arranged. In one of the upper rooms were displayed the presents, which were numerous. Among them we noticed a handsome pastille inclosed in a tin frame, coffee urn, etc, and to attempt to enumerate them all would occupy too much space in your valuable paper; but the opinion of all was that friend Nichols could start a first class tin store. The evening was enlivened by music and singing. The occasion was a very happy one, and will long be remembered by the participants. After partaking of a splendid collation, the party broke up, all feeling that they had had a good time.

II.

**SUICIDE.**—Mr. Elijah Allen, a well known and highly esteemed gentleman, and a long resident of Medford, committed suicide by hanging himself in his house on the corner of Salem street and Allen court. He was found hanging over the stairway leading to the attic, about 11 o'clock Monday forenoon. Mr. Allen has been a foreman for a number of years at Withington's bread and cracker bakery. Of late he has felt rather despondent on account of ill health. He leaves a wife and two sons. Mr. A. was about 65 years of age. He was born in Arlington, and lived here some years, being well known to many of our citizens. He learned the trade of shoe-making, but after moving to Medford, went into the baking business.

**NOT GENTLEMANLY.**—"We don't want any outsiders to help us," was the remark of one of the firemen at the fire on Thursday. Now it is well known by everybody that an outsider was no "legal" right to interfere, but when a man is not a fireman, but who has been, and perhaps knows the duty as well now as in the past,—when such a person offers to lend a hand in "lighting up on the hose," or any other service, it certainly would look better for the firemen to say "Thank you," instead of replying with an oath to the offer of the friend. We had a little experience ourselves, receiving an oath after doing a favor, which would have facilitated what was to be done, had the company man not stopped to swear at us.

**Fire.**—An alarm of fire was given at quarter past twelve, Thursday noon, which proved to be in the barn back of

R. W. Shattuck & Co.'s store, part of which is occupied as a dwelling house by Henry Williams, an employee of Mr. Shattuck, and in the other part as a hay loft and barn. The fire caught in the hay loft and burned through the roof in but one place. The fire is thought by many to have been set. The Wm. Penn Hose, Highland Hose, and Hook and Ladder 1 were present. The loss is estimated at about \$1,000, and is insured for \$1,500. Had the fire broken out in the night, there would no doubt have been a large fire.

**ACCIDENT.**—As Mr. B. D. Locke, our Town Clerk, was out delivering the tax bills on Monday, he had a narrow escape from a serious accident. When on one of the back streets, in attempting to turn, Mr. L., thinking the carriage was going to tip over, jumped out, striking his left shoulder on the wheel, luckily breaking bones, but bruising and spraining his shoulder very badly, and compelling him to carry it in a sling for a few days.

**PARTY.**—On Monday evening a surprise party was given to Mrs. John A. Peirce at the "Foot of the Rocks," to celebrate her 59th birthday. Her children and grandchildren to the number of twenty were present, and a beautiful supper was furnished by the children, which was enjoyed by all present. We wish her many years of happiness yet, and hope there are many happy birthdays in store for her.

**PICNICS.**—The Spy Pond House under its new landlord, Mr. Steinhaus, is as popular as ever, and picnic parties avail themselves of the place quite often. There have been four within a week. The Catholic Lyceum Association of Chelsea were there in good numbers on Thursday, accompanied by the Wimsmere Brass Band.

**YACHTING.**—The regatta on Tuesday did not come up to the usual standard of the yacht club races, but three boats sailing, viz.: Clara, Capt. Peabody; Eliot, Commodore Prentiss; and the Alice, Capt. Richardson. The club pennant was awarded to the Clara, she making the best time.

**CASH STORE.**—Read the advertisement of Grenville P. Pearce, who has taken the store formerly occupied by L. Peirce & Co, and intends to continue on the cast system. He will keep a good line of goods, and all will do well to give him a call.

**NEW.**—The new settee and chairs at the passenger station are an improvement on the old ones. Now they are getting in new furniture, why cannot a new depot be built? It is certainly needed.

**JULY 15.**—Before Judge Carter, July 13, Patrick Hogan assault on Matthew Reardon, fined \$7 and costs; July 15, Thomas Hines, assault on Mrs. Catherine Butler, was discharged, there being no cause.

**E. THOMPSON, Clerk.**  
Woburn, July 15, 1874.

The Commissioners hereby give notice that from this day, all supply pipe from the Street mains to the inside of the cellar wall of all applicants for building, shall be charged at the rate of \$1.00 per foot, paid to the Superintendent of the Water Works, at the expense of the consumer, on his own premises.

One pipe will be laid by those who may wish to do so, at the cost of \$1.00 per foot, and paid to the Commissioners, by whom it will be tested and approved by them.

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**Woburn Journal.**

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor,  
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY  
At 204 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.  
Subscription \$2.00 a year, payable in advance.  
Single copies 5 cents.

SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1874.

Reading notices 25 cents a line. Special notices  
12 cents a line. Advertising notices 10 cents a line.  
Obituary notices 10 cents a line.

The figures printed with the subscribers' names  
will show to what time the subscription  
is paid. If any error is observed, please notify  
the office at once.

**New Advertisements.**

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WINCHESTER ALARMS.—The alarm of fire at Winchester, Thursday night, met with a very prompt response from the Woburn Department, and the ladder truck, two hose carriages and steamer were at the line in an incredibly short time. The Woburn engineer came along, and leaving Engineer Brown in charge of the department, proceeded to Winchester with an offer of services. Soon after, W. S. Whitford came up from Winchester, saying that Engineer Bullock of Winchester wanted help Brown declined to send till he heard from Chief Gilcrest. It was nearly half an hour later when word came for the Department to go down, which they did. Before reaching the village, however, the truck and horse were turned back, and on the arrival at the vicinity of the fire, Chief Gilcrest said the services of his department were not wanted, and the men went home. It seems as if there might be an improvement made in this matter of alarm in Winchester. Our department should go to the line to make sure that property within our limits is protected, and having ascertained that the fire is in Winchester, return the apparatus to their houses, unless the department is asked for help. We see no reason why our engineers should drive off to Winchester and offer services which at the end of an hour are declined. Either the whole go as soon as possible, or all stay till requested by the Winchester engineer to go over the line. The fire alarm was first heard in Woburn about 10:10, and the clock struck eleven as our machines went over the railroad in Winchester Centre.

ON THE MOVE.—The house of the Highland Hose Co., No. 5, was moved on Tuesday from its old place, corner of Green and Prospect, to a position on the eastern extremity of J. Skinner & Co.'s land, on Green street. The grade of Green street having been lowered after the house was built, the entrance was too steep for the safety of those who took the carriage out when there was a fire. During the moving, the hose carriage was stored in the carriage room of Hon. G. F. Pollard's barn.

SIGN.—We would suggest to the Library Committee that during the recess they might do a good thing by having a sign painted and put out on their outside door, which would indicate the entrance to the Library, and perhaps give the hours when the public can find it open. The expense would be small, and the convenience great.

HANDS.—John Lee, employed in Simond's machine shop, smashed a finger by having a face plate of a lathe fall upon it. John Brady also had a finger smashed in a moulding machine.

Arthur Brown on Tuesday, sawed off portions of two fingers at A. J. Parker's saw mill.

COSTS.—At the close of the hearing before Judge Rockwell, last Friday, Mr. E. E. Thompson remarked to the District Attorney that he was ready to pay the costs. Mr. Goodrich replied that the case not having been tried, there were no costs.

THUMB AND NUTT.—Tom Thumt and Cem. Nutt, with their ladies, make their first bow to a Woburn audience next Tuesday evening. They play in Winchester next Wednesday evening. Give them a full house, and their show will be worth the money.

BROKEN ARM.—Lewis K. Swan commenced to learn to run a splitting machine at Crane's last week, and on Thursday broke both bones of one of his arms. He is now duly initiated, and when his arm gets well, can go on without further trouble.

FALL.—Last Saturday, James A. West, at work for Corbett on a house in Chestnut street, fell from the roof where he was shingling, to the ground, a distance of 25 feet, breaking an arm, and seriously bruising him.

NECTAR.—The Rumford Strawberry Nectar manufactured on Union street, is a delicious summer drink and quite popular. The stores sell it, five cents buy it, and everybody drinks it.

ILLUMINATION.—Philip Teare was so happy at the termination of his legal difficulties that he illuminated his place on Friday and Saturday.

PICNIC.—The Methodist Society had a picnic on Tuesday near Richardson Row. It was well attended, and all were happy.

CONCERT.—The North Woburn Band gave an open air concert at North Woburn last Friday evening.

DOWN.—F. A. Hartwell's horse fell down Friday morning, and barked both his knees.

PICNIC.—The picnic of the A. O. H., No. 3, at Hiawatha Grove, was unattended by a storm, but was attended by a great throng of visitors, and was, of course, a great success, socially and financially.

SIGN.—Highland Hose House is now adorned with a sign in black and gilt.

R. E. Atwood, of Salem, will preach in the 1st Cong'l church, Sunday,

EXCURSION TO PLYMOUTH.—A large party from Boston and vicinity, including between thirty and forty persons from Woburn, availed themselves, on the 18th inst., of an opportunity of making a pilgrimage by water to old Plymouth. The excursion was under the supervision of Mr. Perham, who did every thing that could be done to make it agreeable. Leaving Boston a little past nine A. M., by the steamer *Ulysses*, the party found the passage down the harbor and along the coast, so often and fully described, to be, if possible, more delightful than ever. The day was perfect, the company social and well behaved, and the music, made chiefly by the Woburn people, was attractive enough to draw crowds of applauding and evidently delighted listeners. A whale, a seal or two, and many porpoises, as also in sympathy with the stirring melodies, rolled and sported near us in response.

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FELL IN A WELL.—On Tuesday last, Minnie Riley, four years old, daughter of Peter Riley, while playing about the mouth of a dry well, which is 21 feet deep, at her home on Bedford street, displaced some of the covering boards, and fell head first to the bottom. There were several other children with her at the time of the accident, and they raised an outcry which brought from a neighboring field Mr. C. E. Boutwell who went down the well on the stones and picked up the child. The child struck her head on the bottom of the well, and was partially stunned. On being brought to the surface she was found to have sustained a cut on the forehead extending from the corner of the left eye to the roots of her hair, and several bruises on the legs and body. When she fell, but fortunately did not strike her. Surgical aid was summoned and the wound in her forehead sutured up, and she is doing quite well. The child had a very narrow escape from death.

TO CHELSEA.—W. Perham Hose Co., No. 1, of Woburn, were the guests of Suffolk Hook & Ladder Co., No. 1, of Chelsea, on Thursday. The festivities consisted of a visit and dinner at the beach, and a supper at Suffolk's house, gotten up by Tufts. The company left town in the Gen. Sherman, with Davis at the whip, about 9 o'clock, accompanied by their namesake. The company appeared in a new uniform consisting of a red shirt with adjustable shield on the breast, on which is embroidered the figure "I." A neat zouave cap, in blue with red trimmings, and a white leather name plate over the visor. White leather belt and black pants. They looked well, and doubtless had a good time.

EXCURSION.—There is to be a grand moonlight excursion down Boston harbor next Wednesday evening to which tickets for the round boat trip can be had for 50 cents, making 90 cents the expense from Woburn. The excursion will be under first class management, there will be a splendid band on board, and the probabilities are that every one who goes will have a good time.

CARRIER.—A son of J. H. F. ster, the baggage master at the depot, caught a carrier pigeon last week. The bird had evidently flown a long distance and was nearly exhausted. It had a message of love from some young man to his sweet heart, but as it was not dated, whence it came may not be ascertained. That bird's flight has doubtless caused great anxiety.

GOOD AGAIN.—A convenient street crossing of granite has been put in on Main street opposite the Post Office. The work is well done, and the crossing will be appreciated.

NURSE.—Those in need of a good nurse should read Miss Susan S. Edward's announcement.

ACCIDENT.—A bunter on one of the cars of the 9 o'clock train Wednesday, pulled out at East Cambridge, separating the train, and causing a brief delay.

PICTURE.—Thanks to our Town Clerk, M. S. Seelye, Esq., for a copy of the Laws and Resolves passed by the last General Court.

GOOD.—A car on the 5 P. M. train was discovered on fire when the train reached Milk Row, last Wednesday. The train men extinguished it.

PICNIC.—The picnic of the A. O. H., No. 3, at Hiawatha Grove, was unattended by a storm, but was attended by a great throng of visitors, and was, of course, a great success, socially and financially.

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STATE TAX.—The State Tax of Woburn is \$10,520.

**SANITARY SCIENCE.**

MR. EDITOR:—If I have said it once I have fifty times that if any real comfort is to be had in this life it is in a clean, orderly, well kept home, hence there is no accomplishment that woman can possess that can be compared with the qualification necessary to such a consumption. I would not exchange the qualifications of a good house keeper for high literary attainments, although both are a fulfillment for a useful character. It is really to be lamented that so few even in New England make good bread, the indispensable in living in every household. Only four ingredients are necessary, viz: flour, yeast, water and salt, and I might add the fifth which is too often left out, labor.

Much attention has been given within a few years to the location of dwellings for the preservation of health. Houses ought to be built on low damp land or bordering on such places, nor should there be too many shade trees to shut out the sun and create dampness. So far as facts have been developed by collecting statistics it has been shown there is about twenty five per cent greater mortality on low places than on high and dry locations. Cellars on moist low lands should be drained so as not to allow water to stand in them, and the bottoms should be cemented. It is much better to have large rooms as it affords better breathing space. In all sleeping apartments where there is no grate or fireplace the funnel hole in the chimney should be left open. This affords some change of air and is better to be lower than the upper part of the room as foul air is more likely to fall in rise when the equilibrium in temperature is restored.

It would be better to provide in the living rooms either fire places or grates for more thorough ventilation. Pure air is a very important agent in the economy of health and life, as no one can live half a minute without it, but may survive days without food. Houses are unfortunately situated when built near to trees, and values are cluster around the "Rock," and the "Hill," can be enjoyed nowhere else, and to one who reveres the Pilgrims, and values his descent from them, it seems wonderful that there is not ten fold more enthusiasm than there is in visiting such a spot, in preference to many others, which, though they have no historic interest, attract far greater crowds.

Leaving Plymouth at 3:15 P. M., our company enjoyed the homeward passage the more intensely for the enjoyable scenes that had preceded it. It would hardly be possible for the closing hours of day to be a more perfect gem of time, or for the prospect both seaward and landward to be more charming. The whole picture was one of those rare ones that linger long and pleasantly in the memory. In these days of excursions and journeys to and fro, let a pilgrimage to Plymouth Rock receive an early and prominent attention from the descendants of the Pilgrims. It does one good to stand there, and intelligently study the suggestive lessons of the past.

**PILGRIM.**

FELL IN A WELL.—On Tuesday last, Minnie Riley, four years old, daughter of Peter Riley, while playing about the mouth of a dry well, which is 21 feet deep, at her home on Bedford street, displaced some of the covering boards, and fell head first to the bottom. There were several other children with her at the time of the accident, and they raised an outcry which brought from a neighboring field Mr. C. E. Boutwell who went down the well on the stones and picked up the child. The child struck her head on the bottom of the well, and was partially stunned. On being brought to the surface she was found to have sustained a cut on the forehead extending from the corner of the left eye to the roots of her hair, and several bruises on the legs and body. When she fell, but fortunately did not strike her. Surgical aid was summoned and the wound in her forehead sutured up, and she is doing quite well. The child had a very narrow escape from death.

Why, it may be asked, is it that people are not generally sick who are exposed to the noxious emanations and malarial influences from causes that have been enumerated? It is certainly true that some families, and some individuals of the same family are organized to resist and endure more than others. For instance let two young men of the same age and apparent physical qualities, enlist as soldiers and march side by side, partaking of the same food and undergo the same exposures, one will sooner or later be taken ill, while the other remains well.

The vital forces are not equal to the occasion, while the other continues to march and fight unto the end, and "Johnny comes marching home." In many cases where all the members of a family are exposed to the germs of disease, some lead a more out of door life, and the ventilation from air and wind prove a sanitary protection. In all exposed places, fresh brisk winds from abroad do much to prevent disease. Yet facts and statistics all go to keep clean the cellar.

By the way, it is the stone of Doctor Jonathan Haydon (1749) that we are most anxious to remove, and the cost of removing it from the floor of the parlor is \$100. We are anxious to have it removed, and will be glad to have it removed at a reasonable price.

THE LABORATORY. By W. F. Bartlett & Co. have published in a tasty style the initial number of a new journal to be published monthly in the interests of chemistry, pharmacy, medicine, recreative science, philosophy and the useful arts. Just such a work as this is needed at the present time to go before you unpack your sporting gear or fishing tackle, if you are a lover of the sports of the rod and the gun. Buy this little tell-tale true guide and you are all right. If you are the only gallant in whose care are some half dozen ladies, for whose "right good time" you are responsible, oblige them with this neatly illustrated guide to all the places, where you can get good dinners, and beautiful views. It is all laid down in this traveler's guide, and I might add that there is no part of a house more necessary to be kept clean than the cellar.

BEYOND ITSELF.—It is the stone of Mrs. Abigail Tay (1778), wife of Lieutenant William Tay. And before us the lot and the recently erected stones of Lieutenant Z. Chazier Brooks, (born 1742, died 1792) an officer of the Revolution.

Back of the hotel, and beneath the shadow of a large buttonwood tree, stand the stones of Hannah Brooks (1742), whose husband, John Brooks, removed to Suresbury and Lancashire in 1741. Samuel Wyman (1743) and his widow Susanna Wyman (1762), of Susanna Fowle (1767), wife of James Fowle, Esquire, and of Abigail Wyman (1772) daughter of Deacon Joseph Harvey, and consort of that prominent Revolutionary patriot, and civil magistrate of Woburn, Deacon Samuel Wyman, above named.

The last stone containing one of the most pathetic of epitaphs ever written—"Here lies my wife of my youth, the desire of my eyes!"

Beyond it itself is the stone of Mrs. Abigail Tay (1778), wife of Lieutenant William Tay. And before us the lot and the recently erected stones of Lieutenant Z. Chazier Brooks, (born 1742, died 1792) an officer of the Revolution.

Reader in search of a pleasant companion in the cars, by the seaside, or under the shade of trees, do not fail to get this pleasant volume of summer reading.

Among the pleasant companions of the hour, we have found none more pleasant. The plot, though not very intricate, nevertheless well constructed, and the style, is winning as well as improving, and there is sufficient interest in the work to keep the reader's mind occupied.

TECHNOLOGIST.—The *Technologist*, or *Industrial Monthly* for July is at hand. It is prettily illustrated, and filled with information of great value to the practical mechanician. It may be obtained by sending a stamp to the publisher.

PRUDENCE PALPARY. By T. B. Aldrich, Boston, J. R. Osgood & Co.

Reader in search of a pleasant companion in the cars, by the seaside, or under the shade of trees, do not fail to get this pleasant volume of summer reading.

PICTURES OF THE SURNAME OF RICHARDSON.—The following is a list of the pictures of the surname of Richardson, and the names of the persons whom they represent.

PICTURES OF THE SURNAME OF WYMAN.—The following is a list of the pictures of the surname of Wyman, and the names of the persons whom they represent.

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PICTURES OF THE SURNAME OF



**A SHOWMAN'S GRATITUDE.**

It must have been in or about the year 1830, that a peripatetic circus company pitched their tent in the village of Staunton, in the valley of Virginia, for the profit to be reaped from the patronage of country gentlemen, yokels and plantation hands, and gave such entertainment of light, fantastic equestrianism, acrobatic contortion and ground-and-lofty tumbling as has not yet lost its periodical charm for rural neighborhoods. The small village inn and every other receptacle for transitory guests in the place were taxed to give temporary domicile to the small army of show people; but one there was of the cardinals who, instead of billeting with his comrades, took the first opportunity to slip away from both tent and village, and follow a road winding afar among retired plantations.

This was a mere boy, haggard and precociously rueful of glance and figure, escaping from a bondage in which frequent stripes had not been wanting to make him something lower than a horse in nightly feasts of the arena. Things had come to such a pitch in his maltreated young life, that he preferred a future of beggary on foot to the last counterfeited tassel of the beggar on horseback, and upon reaching the stately Birmingham plantation he began his new career by asking at the door for a glass of water. The sight of a white boy on the tramp was a novelty for that part of the country in those patriarchal days, and hence the whole household, with the planter at their head, were attracted to the scene. Upon being kindly questioned by old Mr. Bringtonham, the inglorious Squire of the circus frankly revealed his story and situation, and that with a piteous earnestness of speech and manner which might have exorted sympathy from the roughest phase of human nature. His response was an offer of immediate refuge and protection in the good old, hearty, hospitable style, and the whimper with which he accepted did him no harm in the estimation of his new friends.

Thenceforth the runaway of the ring was a privileged inmate of the fine house for a year, enjoying every kindness that benevolence could devise; but at the end of that period, when another circus was tented in neighboring Staunton, and he went there to see, the influence of the old habit proved stronger in his nature than the newer ambition, and the boy being naturally of sawdust, to the sawdust restored; not, however, without something gained for the refinement of his whole future life, in a sentiment of ardent gratitude to his benefactor, and an ardor to excell in his natural lot for the honor of that benevolent emotion. Only a circus rider, was he again, to be sure; but the something of a better sphere of life when he went back to horses and clowns was a something potential to make him rise above the creatures of meager experience.

By skill as a performer, sobriety of private character, and a shrewdness not the less effectual for its honesty, his progress through the remaining years of his minority was a continual ascent, and in his twenty-first year he had attained the dignities of manager and proprietor. Many times in these prosperous days he brought his thriving circus to Staunton, and always improved the opportunity to present himself at the hospitable door where a simple glass of water had been the lens through which his friendless boyhood had caught its first view of the world's clearer face. The same welcome was there still; the same disposition in his own heart to whimper; and "God bless you" sounded in it all. The desperation of war supplanted the tent of the showman with that of the soldier in the once happy valley at last, and Sheridan rode to slaughter where erst the peace-vaulter through hoops had urged his spangled steed in the merry round of the ring.

While the circus still gathered golden gain in distant, uninvaded States, fire and sword raged in tempests around the home of the Bringtonhams, until smoke blackened chimneys marked the place where that home had been, and church yards closed upon the aged eye most mournful for the desolation. Not until the spring of 1870 could the circus man now well advanced in years himself, hear aught of the surviving family, that, upon the destruction of their homestead, and the death of their chief, had wandered away from the old plantation. At the time mentioned, when the now mammoth equestrian enterprise was giving entertainments in Kansas, a poorly dressed, hollow-cheeked man applied for some unskilled employment about the tents. "Your name?" said the rich showman, Bringtonham?

There could be but one answer reluctantly given.

With a strange look the rich proprietor grasped both hands of the other in his own.

"Then," said he, "you are the son of the best man that ever lived, and I thank God that you have come to share in all that your father has, a mortgage upon, for eternity. Take my tent, my people, my horses, my bank book, and then you'll have just the interest of the one unpaid debt of my life!"

He had a good feeling and no mistake; the kind of feeling that needs some sort of unexpectedness of origin to make it perfectly sublime, and just enough of the commonness of common nature about it to excuse nature's common way of betraying its simplest effect. The two men cried over each other without the slightest regard to sex, and then the Showman begged off as well as he could by finally consenting to accept a loan of \$5000 for the purchase of a farm.

The Yankees would not let up on him to use his own words, a cent cheaper, and added a season ticket for the whole family. Two years later the aforesaid outfit, double and twisted, dyed in the wool, became the property of a man with a host of talents, eloquent poster, unrivaled array of talent, and other epizootic symptoms. One night after the performance, he was sitting in the room of his hotel, making merry with certain friends, when a card was brought to him by a waiter, followed by his innkeeper, Mr. Bringtonham, a man of agricultural abilities, had called to me to ask that loan, on his way down to Virginia to see what could be done for the restoration of the old place.

He wants to pay me back, gentlemen—pay me back!" ejaculated the showman by way of general introduction to the party, "but I've been blessed, you my boy, if I was ten times more money, I'd dodge you as many years to make you keep it—and a hundred thousand more. You're the son of the best man that ever lived—a man that made a man, or me; and I'd like to see myself paid back."

**THE QUEEN ON CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.**  
At the jubilee meeting of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, held in London on Monday, the chairman (Lord Harrowby) announced that the following letter had been received from Sir Thomas Bod利 on the part of the Queen:—"My dear Lord, The Queen has commanded me to address you, as President of the Society for the Prevention of cruelty to Animals, on the occasion of the assembly in this country of the foreign delegates connected with your association and of the jubilee of the society, to request you to give expression publicly to Her Majesty's warm interest in the success of the efforts which are being made at home and abroad for the purpose of diminishing the cruelties practised on dumb animals. The Queen hears and reads with horror of the sufferings which the brute creation often undergoes from the thoughtlessness of the ignorant, and she fears also sometimes from experiments in the pursuit of science. For the removal of the former the Queen trusts much to the progress of education, and, in regard to the pursuit of science, she hopes that the entire advantages of those anaesthetized discoveries from which man has derived so much benefit himself in the alleviation of suffering may be fully extended to the lower animals. Her Majesty rejoices that the society awakens the interest of the young by the presentation of prizes for essays connected with the subject, and bears with gratification that her son and daughter-in-law have shown their interest in a possible wealth, which, however, may never be acquired, and which has not the power, when won, to yield to the funds of the society."—On the 20th instant (Sunday evening) the Bishop of Mansfield preached an eloquent and forcible sermon in St. Paul's Cathedral in connection with the jubilee. In the course of his sermon, which was on cruelty to animals, Dr. Fraser remarked, in clear, clean and scorching accents—"It may be difficult to persuade a costermonger, or an off-spring of a cracker regiment playing at the noble game of polo, or a delicate lady of fashion looking on with undisturbed eyes, making her little bets of so many pairs of kid gloves, if she does not venture on deeper play, while the poor, fluttering, maimed pigeons are dropped on the aristocratic turf of Hurlingham, that of such sort,—tender, sympathizing, shrinking from the infliction of needless wanton pain—is the temper of Christianity, but the fact nevertheless remains so. Cruelty to animals, by whomsoever perpetrated, whether by peer or costermonger, is certainly not included in the right of dominion which undoubtedly given to man, and must be displeasing to Him who heareth the young ravens when they call, and without whose knowledge not even a sparrow falleth to the ground." Subsequently Dr. Fraser said that by the efforts and watchfulness of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals much of the inhumanity had been abated. But some was still perpetuated in the name of science, some in pursuit of sport, some in the mere wantonness of the spirit that needed excitement to kill time; some in ministering to the wants of great others; some out of simple brutality of nature. Part of these evils they might well be a third classification of duty in a revised Church Catechism; and others would be rebuked of what was cruel and revolting in them when men and women had learned the simple Christian lesson that pleasure was not to be purchased at any price—certainly not at the price of the needless suffering of any creature that the Lord God had made. But as long as the present order of things lasted, they must be prepared to see some pain, some suffering, and, he feared, some cruelty; for they could not by congresses, or acts of Parliament, or learned seminars, or eloquent speeches or sermons, change human nature, in which what the witty Frenchman called la bête still lurked, even when it seemed to have been subdued.—*Leeds (Eng.) Times.*

**THE AMERICAN IN THE QUEEN'S SERVICE.**  
The American intends before he dies to own the house he lives in. If city prices forbid this, he goes to the suburbs for a home. The European knows that life and labor are cheap, and that he cannot hope to win by them the wealth which will realize for him the dream of future ease; the American finds his labor dear, and its rewards comparatively bountiful, so that dream of wealth is a ration of me. He, therefore, denies himself work early and late, and loads his energies, and directs those of his family into profitable channels, all for the great good that beckons him on from the far-off golden future.

The typical American never lives in the present. If he indulges in a reverie, it is for health's sake, and at long intervals, or in great emergencies. He does not waste money on pleasure, and does not approve of those who do so. Mrs. Coneyreding sits on her back. In one glance she saw that something awful had happened to Joseph, and with wonderful presence of mind, she screamed for help, and then fainted away, and plunged headlong into its stone couch. Fortunately the blow deprived him of speech, else he might have said something that would regan his senses. Mrs. Coneyreding died in, and removed the grief-stricken wife. But it required a blacksmith to fit Coville nose. He is again back in bed, with mutilated fingers resting on pillows, and there he lies all day concocting new forms of death for the inventor of that chair, and hoping nothing will happen to his son until he can get well enough to administer to himself.—*Dubuque News.*

**SIR JOHN ASTLEY.**  
Sir John Astley, an English M.P., attended a meeting of his constituents, when a man in the crowd called out: "What about the liquor bill?"

"Well," said Sir John, "mine was uncommonly high last year—last year, how was yours?"

**AT THE CHURCH OF ST. PAUL'S.**  
A church at Pittsburgh, Penn., has suspended a member for being a Free Mason. The same church has some thirty or forty members belonging to secret societies, all of whom are likely to meet the same treatment.

**COPPER WEATHER VANES.**  
Weather Vanes

Mrs. Coneyreding, was trying on hat in her redingote. Then he pray d, and oughed, and howled and swore, and then apologized for it, and prayed and howled again, and screamed at the top of his voice the awfulest things he would do to his boy, if heaven would only spare him and show him an axe. Then he opened his mouth for one final shriek—when the door opened and Mrs. Coneyreding sat on her back. In one glance she saw that something awful had happened to Joseph, and with wonderful presence of mind, she screamed for help, and then fainted away, and plunged headlong into its stone couch. Fortunately the blow deprived him of speech, else he might have said something that would regan his senses. Mrs. Coneyreding died in, and removed the grief-stricken wife. But it required a blacksmith to fit Coville nose. He is again back in bed, with mutilated fingers resting on pillows, and there he lies all day concocting new forms of death for the inventor of that chair, and hoping nothing will happen to his son until he can get well enough to administer to himself.—*Dubuque News.*

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# WOBURN



# JOURNAL.

VOL. XXIII.

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WHAT WILT-MAN.

Selected.

A DOGGED LOVER.

His hat was neither shabby, nor out of date nor unbecoming, yet he crushed it in his hand; his cane had done him no injury, yet his teeth closed upon the ivory handle with savage vehemence.

The fact was, he had taken himself to the woods to meditate, and his meditations, though absorbing, were unpleasant.

It will not be necessary to record Mr. Arthur Seton's soliloquy during this brief period of retirement from the haunts of men. Sundry of his muddled expressions savored of naughtiness, and might prejudice some of my lady readers against him, whereas there was no finer fellow at Springside than summer, than he, if proper allowance be made for those frailties which he inherits in common with the rest of his race. On this particular occasion his emotions were rendered more than usually poignant, by the fact that there was really nothing under the sun he had any right to care about. Possibly you and I can recall instances of a similar nature in our own experience.

What though Madeline Gregory had danced three successive times with that young Bostonian, Halliday? It was no more than any of the ladies would have been glad to do, had opportunity offered, for he walked exquisitely. He might be easily headed and a top. What of it?

There was undeniably genius in his light fantastic toe, if nowhere else. And was Halliday to blame? No means. He found a partner exactly suited to his taste—a desideratum rarely enough attained at Springside—and there was no reason why he should not monopolize her society as much as she saw fit to let him. Moreover, Seton must have remembered that the moment he approached and inquired whether there was a vacancy on her list for him, Madeline, with undisguised gratification, held out a blank card and bade him inscribe his name wherever he pleased; further, that he availed himself of the privilege right royally, and seized upon two galops and two waltzes—all the round dances that remained, and one more that the Bostonian had taken. Still further, that she not only danced these four times with him, but actually asked him why he had not applied earlier in the evening.

Nevertheless, despite these circumstances, Arthur Seton was unhappy, and—yes, let us confess it at once—desperately jealous. Desperate jealousy is usually synonymous with unreasonable jealousy. It was in this instance. Had our hero possessed the shadow of a claim upon either the person, the society or the time of Miss Gregory, the case might have been different. But it did not. During the four weeks they had spent under the same roof, he had paid her marked attention, all of which she had accepted without a shadow of coquetry, but in a spirit of the utmost candor and delicacy; and yet this irrational creature was casting about him in disgust for some external object, human or otherwise, on which to throw the burden of his discomfiture. Verily

If I have anything to forgive, it is forgiven with all my heart. My indisposition, like the rest of the evil genii, will doubtless vanish before the light of morning. Till then, adieu.

This note was neither very long nor very laborious; and yet to Arthur it appeared to contain pith, eloquence, and music—all the best elements of epistolary literature.

In fact, so stinging were these characteristics, that he caught himself perusing the inscription no less than six times, and finally, having locked it up in his writing desk, he was impelled to take a seventh glance at it, to assure himself of the exact rendering of one of the expressions. Then followed an interval of meditation that lasted until nearly midnight, and after this, he lit a fresh cigar, and stepped out on a little balcony underneath his window for a quiet smoke before retiring, as was his custom.

To be with one we love  
Data work like madness in the brain."

However, least I should be accused of injustice, I will narrate the events of the previous evening, and allow the reader to pronounce upon them for himself.

The proprietors of the Abingdon House had made every preparation for a hop, which was to be, in many respects, the great effort of the season. Regarding such affairs as something of a bore, Seton had staid in his room smoking and reading till the evening was almost over, and then strolled into the parlors, to witness the odious Halliday's enjoyment of three

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1874.

NO. 46.

Poetry.

Walt Whitman to Mistress Nellie.  
Sacred, little-known, undivined,  
With benisons from East and West,  
And salutations North and South,  
Through me, indeed, to-day, a million hearts and  
Waiting a million loves, a million soul-felt prayers,  
—Tender and true remains the arm that shields  
thee!  
Fair winds always fill the ship's sails that sail  
thee!  
Clear sunny day, and bright stars at night beam  
Dear girl—through me, the ancient privilege too,  
For the New World, through me, the old, old  
welling greeting!  
O youth and health! O sweet Missouri rose! O  
youthful bride!

Yield thy red cheeks, thy lips, mouth, palate,  
Unto a nation's loving kiss.

A RIVAL OF WALT WHITMAN.  
Crockett, of the Minneapolis Tribune, heard some one repeat Walt Whitman's poetic offering to Nellie Grant, and was so charmed with it that he went to the office and copied it off, as nearly as he could remember, for publication. The result is appended. It is lovely:

A KISS TO THE BRIDE.  
Sacred, little-known, undivined,  
With benisons from East and West,  
And salutations North and South,  
And numerous other ingredients from Northeast  
and Southwest,  
An arm that shields thee, set free from,  
Through me, to-day, 1,000,000 hearts and hands,  
Waiting 2,000,000 clubs, 3,000,000 soul-felt prayers,  
With 40,000,000 roses fund in the Treasury.  
Tender and true remains the arm that yields  
thee.

Clear sun by day, bright stars by night, with rising  
barometer in the morning, and increasing  
clouds in the evening; the Lower Mississippi, and  
possibly rain or snow over the latter.

Queer girl—through me the ancient rye juice, too,  
For the New World, through me, at distillery  
pries, the old, attenuated, ancient, venerable,  
like, and the young, reviving.

O youth and health! O sweet Missouri rose! O  
youthful bride!

Yield thy red cheeks, thy lips, mouth, palate,  
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successive dances with her of whose preference he had till then felt so secure. For the first time he awoke to the fact that that preference was all-important to his happiness, although the real state of his affections did not even then impress itself upon him. Jealousy began its sway, and his subsequent triumph failed to appease his ruffled sensibilities. For the rest of that evening and all the next day he was very unlike himself. Whatever he undertook seemed to go awry, and instead of feeling the least anxiety to set it right again, he experienced a grim comfort in discharging the vials of his wrath upon each annoyance in its order. He took particular satisfaction in spending as much time as possible in the society of Miss Gregory, and treating her with the most cool and distant politeness. All her efforts to soothe or rally him were vain. His iciness refused to thaw; and she, poor thing, though feeling that it must be in some way a visitation upon her, was utterly unconscious of having done anything to provoke it, and relinquished her exertions at last in sheer despair.

A headache followed, which compelled her to take tea alone in her own room; and then Seton's jealousy gave place to remorse. He fought long and hard against this new sensation, chafed with the ladies in the parlor with a forced liveliness, till he felt like a picture of death with its stereotyped grin, and finally excused himself and fled to the woods. Here he had been sitting fully an hour, when the reader looked in on him.

"Yes—no—yes," he muttered. "By Jove! my resolution sways from side to side like a pedulum. Will it never settle in one place and stay there? I know it's foolish, weak, absurd, but I can't help it's wherewith to redeem!"

He laughed involuntarily at his own lack of decision.

"If I attempt to explain it will only make matters worse, and heaven knows, they're bad enough already. Yet it's very hard to have acted like a bear all day, and given the poor girl a headache, and then not have the manliness to own it and apologize. Suppose I write her a note?"

He deliberated again.

"But if I should, what explanation can I make? I can't very well say that I am angry because she danced with Halliday. She has a right to dance with whom she pleases. I can't complain that she gave him three dances, for I put my name down for the next two hours; and I surely can't quarrel with her for finding that rattle pat an agreeable partner; that would be unexampled arrogance. Who made me a ruler or a judge over her? By what authority am I to establish myself a censor of her movements or companionship? Pshaw! we're much better left as it is."

Having thus speciously argued himself around to this conclusion, he followed the second impulse of a morbid spirit, veered about and agitated the opposite side of the question. Men under the influence of wine will sometimes, by a strong effort, stand perfectly still, almost ceasing to breathe, and wait for the door to swing into its proper position before starting for it. Arthur Seton, intoxicated with mingled self-contempt and obstinacy, but conscious all the time of what duty demanded, waited a few seconds, till his good resolve came again into focus, and dreading the influence of longer solitude and inactivity, he sped like the wind in the direction of the hotel. Not stopping to speak to any one, he dashed up stairs, locked the door, and invited the lights extinguished.

"Could you not call up the servants?"

"They sleep, I believe, at the top of the house. At all events, I was unable to make them hear."

"Did you try the front door?"

"I approached it, but it was shut."

"There is a bell."

"Yes, I know it—but, unfortunately, there is something else before you reach the bell."

"What is that?"

"A dog."

"A mere snarling cur, I fancy."

"Indeed! The pizza is only a few steps from here, suppose you look yourself."

Seton assented, and offering his arm again to Miss Gregory, led her around to the front of the house.

On the piazza lay something large and tawny, that rose as they advanced.

There was a slight rattle of chain, and a low, hoarse sound, as if of distant thunder.

It has not raised up an insurmountable barrier between us. I can not tell who is friend and who is foe, but a friendship which has been fraught with so much pleasure to myself, I am almost fainting with my late shock."

"May I get you something—a glass of water or a fan?"

"Neither, thank you. There, this will do nicely."

She dropped with a languid sigh down on the settee.

"It is not a secret," remarked Seton, after a pause, "I should like to know what brings you out at this late hour?"

"My coming out is less of a mystery than my staying here, it is not?" asked Madeline, smiling.

"As you please. Why do you not return to the house?"

"I came out because I thought air and exercise would help my head. I stay out for the best of reasons."

"Because?"

"I cannot get back again. My kind chaperon came to meet me ten o'clock, and urged me to dress and take a turn in the open air. I declined, and she left me for the night. An hour later I exercised the woman's prerogative, slipped out of an open door at the rear of the house, and ran about among the trees for a while. It was a mad freak, and brought me into punishment. When I attempted to return, I found the doors locked, and the lights extinguished."

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"It is nothing but a scratch," he answered with calmness, despite his inclination to whine for pain. "I had to grapple with that confounded dog that gnawed the rear door—that's all."

But this announcement did not reduce Madeline's anxiety one degree. On the contrary it rather increased it. She insisted first on examining the wounded hand, and then going with her champion to a little brook at the further end of the field to wash the gash before dressing it with a handkerchief. Their path lay through a thinly wooded grove, into which the moonbeams stole with just enough dimness to invest the whole scene with a weird enchantment, and Seton followed her avert at any risk.

"I am going to turn inquisitor now," she observed, feebly. "You have not yet told me what induced you to write that note you sent me—indeed, I have yet to learn what causes your odd behaviour toward me all through the day. You did not treat the other ladies in this way."

"You would despise me if I told you?"

"If I apprehended any such catastrophe, I should certainly allow my question to go unanswered. As I do not, I shall let it stand."

"Well, then, I became very angry with you at the hop."

"Really! What did I do to make you angry?"

"Nothing whatever that I had any right to take offense at. It simply provoked me to see you dance three times in succession with that—detestable Haliday."

"Did I dance three times with him?"

"As sure as I live."

"Did I come to church next Sunday, and give you some money?"

"A little boy was asked about the story of Joseph, and he knew what wrong his brethren done in disposing of him, when he replied, 'I suppose they sold him too cheap!'"

An unsophisticated person once declined a plate of macaroni soup with the remark that they "couldn't palm off any bloplops on them."

Why is a coachman like the clouds? Because he holds the reins.

He had not been long thus engaged, before he perceived in the yard below a female figure clad in white, emerging from behind the corner of the house. It moved forward a short distance and then the face was turned upward toward him. He rose from his chair, and moved to the side of the balcony, and the figure made a simultaneous dart forward, and disappeared among the trees.

The mastiff had been gazing fixedly at Arthur's right arm, as though awaiting a signal, and now sprang up on his hind legs and buried his teeth in what fortunately proved to be only a sleeve.

A sleeve is hardly satisfactory to a mastiff bent on tasting blood; hence, lest the animal should hasten to rectify his error, his antagonist slipped dexterously out of his coat, and made a retrograde movement at the same time, grasping the other end of the garment which fell near the steps.

Thereupon ensued a struggle in which both parties seemed so well matched, that victory hung, as it were,

**Woburn Journal.**

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.  
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on this paper show to what time the subscription  
is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the  
editors at once.

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**TOWN MEETING.**

A Town Meeting is called in Lyceum Hall for next Monday afternoon, at half past three. The warrant contains five articles. After the election of moderator, the following article will come up:

"See if the Town will vote to appropriate a sum of money sufficient for putting in heating apparatus, and for furnishing the new brick school house on Middlesex street, or do anything to the same."

The heating apparatus, lighting rods and drain pipe are to be put in, the cellar should be ceiled and lighting rods put on, and the grounds graded before the school house is ready for occupancy. All these are as much needed as any parts of the building. The committee will probably call for a definite sum, which will cover these points, and we hope that it will be given them.

Art. 3. To see if the Town will vote to appropriate an additional sum of money to the already voted amount, a sum to be determined by the Selectmen, or do anything in relation to the same.

We understand that the committee want \$1000 more. They have found a school house which just meets their ideas and they desire to copy it, but their appropriation is too small, and they come before the town for relief. Their claim to consideration will doubtless be set forth at the meeting.

Art. 4. To see if the Town will purchase three four-wheeled carts for the use of the Fire Department, or do anything in relation to the same.

The Chief Engineer has made some inquiries and reports that three carriages can be purchased for \$1800. These would carry feet of hose, and can be han- dled safely and quickly. As we are now situated, Hose Co's 2, 3 and 4 run with the two-wheeled jumpers belonging to the hand engines. They carry but 300 feet of hose, and running with them is a dangerous matter. At the fire last Sunday morning, 800 feet of hose were re quired, and in the absence of conveniences for handling, the men carried most of the hose to the fire on their backs. This is liable to occur at any time, and the villagers are entitled to protection. Give each a good four-wheeled carriage, which a few men can handle, and a stream of water will be on a fire in a very short time. We earnestly hope that all friends of the department, and all who wish to see it efficient will rally, and vote to make the purchase called for.

Art. 5. To see if the Town will take any measures for introducing a "Fire Alarm" in town, or do anything in relation to the same.

In regard to the fire alarm, the time is not far distant when we shall have one in town. At present we might raise a com mittee to investigate the subject, who should consider the wants of the town, the alarm best adapted to us, its cost, and report at a subsequent meeting. The matter could then be fully considered, and we believe the town would adopt some method.

Now when a fire occurs in the north, east or west parts of the town, the first alarm comes from the Baptist bell. The ringer, after a few pulses, is either stopped by the police, or leaves it run to the fire. The neighbors complain if it is rung at all. The want of a system of some kind is seriously felt, and we hope to be not long without one.

The meeting is called in the afternoon, and we hope to see a large attendance. The number of articles is small, but they are all important, and should be candidly discussed and calmly considered.

**MALICIOUS MISCHIEF.**—The trial of John Hogan, Neil McLaughlin, Barney Grant and John Barr, ended, as we supposed it would, in the discharge of the defendants. But one, Hogan, was tried, the other cases being withdrawn. Bovard and his wife testified to their doors and windows being broken, but the few defendants did not try to prove it. The neighbors were entitled to protection. He might have been seen by the friends of the boys, and their testimony would not convict any body. C. F. Donnelly Esq., appeared for the defendants, and after the adjournment delivered a little lecture on the duties and responsibilities of the citizens of Woburn. He held the best interests responsible for the disorder that prevails here among the class which furnishes his clients. Thought they should establish especially for them, gymnasiums, reading rooms, libraries, &c. If Bro. Donnelly will come out some day when he has leisure, he would find a visit to St. Charles Temperance Hall, and the Irish Literary Society very pleasant. He might then take a stroll through Rag Rock, and several other places, and gain much useful knowledge. As an advocate, he is a success, for no lawyer stands by his clients any better, but as a lecturer on moral reform, he has much to learn.

**FOUND DEAD.**—About four o'clock Sunday afternoon, William H. Claffy, son of H. W. Claffy, was discovered lying on the embankment of the old canal, near the sluice way on Middlesex street. He was insensible but had been lying where he was found but a short time. A physician was summoned, and the man pronounced dead. Coroner Chapin was sent for, and made an examination but deemed an inquest unnecessary, he judging the man to have died of apoplexy. No marks of violence were found upon him, and he is supposed to have come to his death as above. He was seen about two o'clock, when he was well to all appearance, but he was alone when he fell, so far as we could learn. Deceased was 23 years old, unmarried, and boarded with his father in Rag Rock avenue. His grandfather died in the same manner about 20 years ago.

Rev. Daniel March will preach at the Orthodox Church on Sunday.

**HOMICIDE BY A RUMSELLER.**

William Bovard lives on Rock street, a private way that leads out of Bedford street in Cummingsville, and runs up Rag Rock and then turns into Houghton street. His home is small and contains two rooms on the first floor, separated by an entry just large enough to swing the outside door, of which there is only one, and that at the back side of the house. It is well situated for an illicit business, and the occurrences of last Saturday night entitle it to be called a liquor nuisance. The family consisted of Bovard, his wife and two children, and John McCoud. McCoud lost his wife a few weeks ago, and was staying with Bovard until he could get permanent board somewhere. About twenty-five young ruffians who were making a night of it, went to Bovard's for liquor, were served, and becoming noisy were ordered off. They refused to go, and Bovard got his gun and tried to intimidate them. But they took it from him, and finally surrendered it to his wife, and after abusing her, and making considerable disturbance, went off and set two buildings on fire. After they were gone, Bovard again took his gun, and remarking on what he would do, attempted to go into the kitchen, where his family and Ned Claffy were sitting. As he entered the room with the gun in his hand, it was accidentally discharged, shooting John McCoud, who sat opposite the door, so that he died soon after. Bovard went to his sister's in the east part of the town and at noon was arrested while on his way home. An autopsy was held at Little's coffin rooms the same afternoon, the result of which is given below. Coroner Chapin of Winchester was called, and he summoned a jury consisting of D. O. Blanchard, W. H. Cummings, Chas. Breslin, John B. Doyle, Lorenzo Winship and F. W. Bosworth, who viewed the remains and adjourned to No. 3 engine house, at 9 o'clock Monday morning. After the shooting Mrs. Bovard took the gun and tried to chop it in pieces with an ax. She so far succeeded as to render it impossible to use it as a gun.

At 9 o'clock Monday morning, the in tress began. Below we give the test im-

would do as well by him as if he were his brother. When he went to the gun, and Grant and I went to the door, we found no one had hit it. When they took it from him, his wife went and took it from them, and the gun was discharged. It was between 1 and 2 when the gun was discharged.

**Dr. H. H. Horning.**—Physician and surgeon. Did not see the gun. They said there was some one sick at Mr. Bovard's, and that was J. McCoud. They said he was very tired, and that he was going to fire to draw. Asked if they couldn't wait till morning. They came a third time and rang the bell as long as they could. They then left. First time they were in the left side, 2 1/2 inches below the naval. The second time they were in the middle line. On removing the bullet and menses a hole was found 2 1/2 inches long and 1/2 inch wide in the oblique muscle of left side, perforating the belly. Between the wall was large amount of blood. The gun was removed and the bullet was scattered through the liver. There were 2 gts. of blood mixed with the liver. The gun was removed and the bullet was scattered through the liver. The gun must have been loaded with buckshot, as the bullet was very small. The gun must have been within 2 or 3 feet of the gun when it was fired.

**John McCoud.**—He was born in Woburn, 1785, and here she had her home for nearly fifty years. Her father, Benj. Coolidge, owned the place now belonging to the heirs of the late Dea. Sylvanus Wood. The site of the house has quite a celebrity, for here in olden days lived the first minister of Woburn, Rev. Thomas Carter. Here, too, he died after a happy ministry of nearly 42 years, and hence was he borne by honored friends to his last resting place on the hill side, our first cemetery for the dead. Mr. Coolidge married a descendant of this good man, and came into possession of the "Carter Homestead." He had two sons and a daughter, Mary Coolidge.

**Edward Simonds.**—Had a conversation with him yesterday. He is a widower, and his wife had died recently. He said he had a son and a daughter, and a brother followed, who had also died.

**John McCoud.**—He was shot in the head yesterday, about quarter past 12. He was under the influence of liquor and coming this way, and the law would tolerate his shooting a man that had hold of his wife. He was sorry he had done it, but he said he meant to hit one of his own.

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church in Concord, her letter of dismission and recommendation from the church to the church in Woburn, dated Concord, May 4th, 1863. This certified she was admitted a member in full communion in Concord church, on the 27th of December, 1861.

Beyond the Chickering monument to the east may be noticed the stone in memory of Mrs. Mary Blodgett, widow of Mr. Thomas Blodgett, who died July 25th, 1860, aged 67 years; and upon which is inscribed the following lines:

"The death dissolved my body now,  
To mingle with the dust;  
I hope to meet you all again,  
My Savior Christ, my God and King!"

Mrs. Blodgett was formerly widow of Mr. Bruce. Thomas Blodgett or Blodgett, as the name is sometimes spelt, was her second husband.

Here also is seen the stone that marks the grave of Mr. Amos Brooks, who died January 27th, 1797, at 27, on which is inscribed:

"Come let us run and take the prize,  
That shines so bright before our eyes!  
With God all things are possible;  
Until we see our Jesus dear."

And the stone of Mrs. Polly Holden, who died October 10th, 1799, aged 25:

"O cruel death that will not spare  
The beautiful and young;  
But aiming at the blooming age,  
He cuts thy glory down."

The foregoing stones are slate, but the next one noticed is marble, and is sacred to the memory of Mr. Jacob Coggan, a preacher of the gospel, who died November 10th, 1803, in his sixty-fourth year. Mr. Coggan was a native of Woburn, a graduate of Harvard in 1783, a schoolmaster by profession, and occasionally preached. His son of the same name, graduate of Harvard College in 1803, was pastor for forty-eight years of the church in Tewksbury.

Next to the slate stone of Mrs. Hannah Brewster, who died Sunday, June 19th, 1794, aged 77 years, and on which is a poetic inscription. Mrs. Brewster is styled a widow in the town record of her decease. Her maiden name was Carter. She was a native of Woburn and a descendant of Rev. Thomas Carter, the first minister of the town, and probably died in the house of the late Sylvanus Woods, on the spot where her ancestor, the first minister, had his dwelling. Her husband Seth Brewster of Wrentham, was a descendant of Elder William Brewster of Plymouth. Her daughter, Mary Carter Brewster, born at Wrentham in 1761, who became the wife of Benjamin Coolidge, was the mother of the late O. B. Coolidge, who died recently in Peabody.

We observe here, also, the marble stone recently erected to Dr. Sylvanus Plympton, died January 18th, 1856, aged 76 years, and Mary, his wife, died November 1st, 1853, aged 74 years. Dr. Sylvanus Plympton, Senr., resided on the spot on Main street where the house of Mr. Lewis Shaw stands, in a house afterwards burned down. Dr. Plympton was a graduate of Harvard College in 1780, a Selectman of Woburn in 1819, and representative to the General Court in 1809, 1812, and 1816. The stone of Mary Plympton, his eldest daughter, (1789) bears the earliest date of any in this yard, and was probably removed from elsewhere, as were very likely other bearing date earlier than the purchase and opening of the ground in the 1794.

We observe here the headstones of Andrew Evans (died 1799, at 64) and of Mrs. Sally Holden, the young consort of Asa (died 1796, aged 18). On the latter, the lines—

"One in a flower'd bloom of life,  
Howe'er her mortal breath—  
The vigorous and the virtuous must  
Becometh the prey of death."

Next we approach the new marble stone of Henry Gardner, of Charlestown, died June 20, 1799, aged 52; and also his widow Martha, died May 9, 1862, aged 97. Mrs. Gardner was admitted to membership in the First Church in Woburn in 1791. Their dwelling is now in the present limits of Winchester. Henry Gardner, deacon of the First Church in Woburn, 1828-1837, was their son. In the neighborhood of this stone are the older stones of other Gardner's of "Charlestown End," as it was then called; and the badly broken stone of Henry, child of Amos and Sally Newton, died 1814, aged six weeks. Also the stone of Daniel Reed (died 1814, at 81) of the present Winchester West Side, probably the selectman of Woburn of that name in 1790, '91, and one of the original committee on establishing the site of this burying ground in 1794.

Here also, by the centre pathway is the stone of Colonel Abijah Wheeler, who died December 28th, 1812, at 66. Col. Wheeler had been a leading man of Temple, N. H. Had been captain in 1789, major in 1795, and colonel in 1798, in which year he married Mrs. Catherine Wyman of Woburn, where afterwards he appeared to reside. Also a stone sacred to the memory of Mrs. Mary Richardson, relict of Deacon Jeduthan Richardson (died 1820, aged 60); and the very small and curious stone inscribed,— "Mary Plympton, eldest daught'r of Dr. Sylvanus and Mrs. Mary Plympton, died Jan'y 28th, 1789, aged 3 years and 20 days,—the earliest dated stone of the original committee on establishing the site of this burying ground in 1794.

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"As I am now, so you must be.  
Prepare for death, and follow me."  
This on a babe, died, a few months—  
"Like snow that falls upon a river—  
A moment white, then gone forever."  
(Continued next week)

New Publications.

Scribner's—The paper in "Scribner's" for August which will probably be most widely read, is entitled "Recollection of a Series of Events." It is the first of a series by Mr. A. H. John, and is long and intimately connected with Mr. Sumner, as his private secretary. Another article is Kate Field's sketch of the manuscript of "Our Mutual Friend," recently sold in this country. William Holman's paper advances some original theories in regard to Pisan architecture in a fully illustrated article entitled "Lost Art." Mr. Saxe gives us "Some Epigrams of Martial," Mr. Stoddard prints his second paper, on the ancestry of some British Authors, and there is a sketch of Whitelock Read with a portrait of "Great South" installed deals with the "United States," chiefly upon Georgia, and its illustrations of the life of that region. Mr. F. Taylor has another of his "Old Time Music" series, entitled "The Old State Road," and illustrated by Shepard. "The Mysterious Island" and "Kathleen" are also seen the stone that marks the grave of Mr. Amos Brooks, who died January 27th, 1797, at 27, on which is inscribed:

"Come let us run and take the prize,  
That shines so bright before our eyes!  
With God all things are possible;  
Until we see our Jesus dear."

And the stone of Mrs. Polly Holden, who died October 10th, 1799, aged 25:

"O cruel death that will not spare  
The beautiful and young;  
But aiming at the blooming age,  
He cuts thy glory down."

Mrs. Holden was formerly widow of Mr. Bruce. Thomas Blodgett or Blodgett, as the name is sometimes spelt, was her second husband.

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The foregoing stones are slate, but the next one noticed is marble, and is sacred to the memory of Mr. Jacob Coggan, a preacher of the gospel, who died November 10th, 1803, in his sixty-fourth year. Mr. Coggan was a native of Woburn, a graduate of Harvard in 1783, a schoolmaster by profession, and occasionally preached. His son of the same name, graduate of Harvard College in 1803, was pastor for forty-eight years of the church in Tewksbury.

Next to the slate stone of Mrs. Hannah Brewster, who died Sunday, June 19th, 1794, aged 77 years, and on which is a poetic inscription. Mrs. Brewster is styled a widow in the town record of her decease. Her maiden name was Carter. She was a native of Woburn and a descendant of Rev. Thomas Carter, the first minister of the town, and probably died in the house of the late Sylvanus Woods, on the spot where her ancestor, the first minister, had his dwelling. Her husband Seth Brewster of Wrentham, was a descendant of Elder William Brewster of Plymouth. Her daughter, Mary Carter Brewster, born at Wrentham in 1761, who became the wife of Benjamin Coolidge, was the mother of the late O. B. Coolidge, who died recently in Peabody.

We observe here, also, the marble stone recently erected to Dr. Sylvanus Plympton, died January 18th, 1856, aged 76 years, and Mary, his wife, died November 1st, 1853, aged 74 years. Dr. Sylvanus Plympton, Senr., resided on the spot on Main street where the house of Mr. Lewis Shaw stands, in a house afterwards burned down. Dr. Plympton was a graduate of Harvard College in 1780, a Selectman of Woburn in 1819, and representative to the General Court in 1809,

## THE SEALED WILL.

"Do you suppose, mamma, in case the money goes from me that it will be given to you?"

"Dear child, how can I ever guess? Your aunt, remember, is your father's sister, not mine; so it is scarcely likely she had thought of me. I am afraid the heir in the sealed will is John Garland."

"Mamma!"

"It is only guess work, dear."

"But he is so used to have the responsibility of money; a man known to be a gambler and a drinking man, if not an actual drunkard."

"Very true. Yet he is the nearest relative you Aunt Jessie had, excepting only yourself."

"I can scarcely think Aunt Jessie would leave him fifty thousand dollars."

"My dear, she has left it to you, her nice and namesake."

"But upon the condition that I never marry. If I do, the sealed will in the hands of the lawyer is to be opened, and the money pass from me to the heir or heirs named therein. You must know we are well enough to be sure that the money would never tempt me to break my engagement; yet for your sake, I wish—oh why did Aunt Jessie leave it to me at all?"

"Do not think of me. I can live as we have done since your father died—But Jessie," said Mrs. Markham's face looked grave and sad, "there's one view of the matter you do not take."

"I dare say there are fifty. Remember, we have now had only an hour or two to think since the letter came from the lawyer. But what is the view you mean?"

"Charlie."

"Charlie?"

Jessie's brown eyes were opened to their widest extent as she repeated the name, adding,

"Why, I haven't thought of anything but Charlie!"

"But—I mean—dear me!" said the mother, shrinking from uttering her thoughts. "You know, dear, you have always been considered your aunt's heiress; and Charlie is young and only commanding the practice of his profession. It may be that he will—"

"Be fair to me for the sake of money?" interrupted Jessie, with the rosiest cheeks and brightest of eyes. "We will soon test this," and she drew a writing-table to her side. "I will send him a copy of the lawyer's letter, and—"her voice and eyes softened—"the assurance that Aunt Jessie's will makes no difference to me."

Mrs. Markham made no objection to this step; but after the letter was signed and sealed, and dispatched to the village, by Polly, the only servant of the Markham household, she called Jessie again to her side.

Over the fair, sweet face of the young girl there had crept a shade of gravity and perplexity since the arrival of the lawyer's letter, that clouded the brown eyes, and gave the sensitive, mobile mouth a firmer pressure than was quite natural. Life had been all sunshine to Jessie Markham; yet hers was one of the buoyant natures that find the silver lining for every cloud and coax some sweetness from every bitter dose.

Her father had been dead six years, and his business affairs having become complicated in some way not comprehensible to feminine intellect, his widow and child found themselves reduced to an income that barely covered the necessities of life. They left the city and took a small cottage in the pretty village of Morton, where Mrs. Markham soon professed a class of music scholars, and herself gave Jessie lessons in the higher branches of English studies, German, French and music, till, at eighteen her daughter also procured a few pupils in languages. They were very happy in their mutual affection, in the love of their pupils, and the cares of their little household.

It had been understood from the time Jessie was a tiny baby that she should inherit the fortune of her maiden aunt, from whom she was named, and who came from the city every summer to spend a month or two in the pretty cottage, always bringing pretty presents to brighten the home of her brother's widow and lavishing tenderest affection upon her niece.

Yet, though Jessie herself had known of her sun's supposed intentions, neither she nor her mother had ever made calculation upon a fortune dependent upon the death of one for whom they felt the warmest affection, and the idea that others could be influenced by it was a new thought to the young girl.

She had given to her betrothed Charlie Seaton, the first love of her young heart, believing that his love was all her own. In the six years she had lived in Morton, child and maiden, Charlie Seaton had been her devoted admirer from the first, and had recently finished his course of law study and been admitted to the bar. His fortune, inherited from his father, was very small, barely covering his expenditure for board and clothing; but he was energetic, industrious, and without brilliant talent, a clear-headed, intelligent student, promising to make a capital lawyer, if not a shining light at the bar.

Answering her mother's call, Jessie nestled down in her favorite seat at her feet, saying,

"If Charlie were influenced by any hope of Aunt Jessie's money, mamma, it is better to know it now. I had supposed we would have to wait for our wedding day until he had some practice, and you know I have a little sum of my own towards first expenses. We could live here, and—there, I will not think of any more till the answer comes to my letter."

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"While you wait, dear," said her mother, "shall I tell you what I think is the explanation of your aunt's singular will? You, who knew her only as the gentle, sad woman of her later years, can scarcely imagine, I presume that she was once as bright, hopeful, and sunny-tempered as yourself. I think it is to save you from the power of giving wealth to a mere fortune hunter. She would have you wed and won for yourself alone, and as she has never positively said that you were to be her heiress, she has probably never supposed Charlie biased by that hope. Still, dear, it is possible."

"Yes, it is possible," said Jessie slowly; "but tell me about Aunt Jessie."

"Your grandfather Markham, Jessie, was one of the leading merchants of New York when your aunt, his only daughter, was introduced into society. Your uncle Hoyt was in good practice as a physician, your father then doing a fair business, and already married and in his own home."

"It is only guess work, dear."

"But he is so used to have the responsibility of money; a man known to be a gambler and a drinking man, if not an actual drunkard."

"Very true. Yet he is the nearest relative you Aunt Jessie had, excepting only yourself."

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THOMAS S. BANKS,  
FLORIST,

Woburn, Mass.  
Has constantly on hand, at his Greenhouse,  
an Supply of Greenhouse Plants.  
Flowers and Cut Flowers furnished at short  
notice.

E. K. Willoughby,  
HOUSE & JOB CARPENTER,

Walnut St., Woburn, [Near Main  
Street.]  
Stand at the Woburn Center Depot.  
TEAMING, JOINERY, FURNITURE AND  
PIANO MOVING, &c.

Orders left with A. Ellis, Stearns, Brown & Co.,  
J. B. McDonald, H. Caled, or at his residence, 5th  
Street, Beacon Street, will receive immediate  
attention.

JOHN C. BUCK,

TEACHER OF

PIANO-FORTE & REED ORGAN  
AT GREEN'S MUSIC STORE,  
NO. 6 RAILROAD STREET,  
WOBURN.

JOHN R. CARTER  
Civil Engineer and Surveyor,  
Surveys, Plans, and Divisions of Estates accurately made. Grading, Levelling, and Public and Private Roads ornamenteally laid out.  
Also attention given to Conveyancing.

OFFICE, NO. 168 MAIN STREET,  
Monday and Thursdays, 7 to 9 P. M., and at  
the times when not engaged on outside work. 6

G. F. HARTSHORNE,  
Civil Engineer & Surveyor

Surveys, Plans, and Divisions of Estates accurately made. Grading, Levelling, and Public and Private Roads ornamenteally laid out.  
Also attention given to Conveyancing.

C. P. JAYNE,  
Real Estate Agent  
and Auctioneer.

No. 2 Wade Block, Woburn.

JOHN A. BOUTELLE,  
GENEALOGIST

BANK BLOCK,

173 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

Genealogist and compiler, Family Registers—Baptisms, Deaths, Weddings, Marriage Certificates, &c.

Office hours, Monday and Thursday afternoons,  
An Evening Session, 7 to 9 o'clock, P. M., and continue on

Monday and Thursday evenings, for instruction in  
the Genealogical Art.

Fee, \$2 per month, \$2 for Pennmanship, \$3 for Book-keeping.

11

Dr. M. H. ALLEN,  
DENTIST,  
127 Main St., Woburn, [Allen's Block]

POULTRY AND EGGS.

B. F. COLEGATE,

Prepared to supply Eggs for Setting, of all the  
common or fancy breeds of Hens.

Also, for sale, Trays of Buff and Partridge Cochins,  
Dark and Light Bramahs, Dominiques, Plymouth  
Rocks, &c.

HENRY AT CUMMINGSVILLE

Woburn Mass. 13

PLUMBING

T. J. KINNEY,

106 Main St., Woburn.

Particular attention paid to fitting up houses  
with Water Pipes, &c., holding in all its branches  
promptly attended to.

14

PUMPS AND WATER PIPES REPAIRED.

For Hardware or Tools

CALL AT BUELL'S BLOCK 131 MAIN ST.

L. THOMPSON, Jr.



WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1874.

NO. 47.

## Poetry.

### PINK AND PURPLE.

Pink and purple, winking eyes,  
Meadow slopes thicker with clover,  
Pink and purple and blue together—  
O the perfect summer weather!  
O the corn with green leaves gleaming  
O the roses deep in dream!

Wherefore, darling, does thou taunt?

Come and bind the spell of fairy.

Pink and purple slowly fading—  
Fairer colors overshadowing—  
Till the light is failing o'er us,  
In the east a star is burning,  
Signal, dear, of thy returning;  
And the baby's eyes are weary;

Come and bind the spell of fairy.

Pink and purple go together,  
O the perfect summer weather!

O the dark blue arching over,

Meadow slopes thick set with clover:

O the ceaseless insect drone!

O the tender baby crooning!

And the love that does not tarry,

Making all a world of fairy.

*—A line for August.*

## Selected.

### HOW SHE WON HIM.

"Minnie, Minnie is my chocolate  
neatly ready?"

"In one minute, grandmamma."

It was scrupulously neat and dainty  
in all its appointments, the little parlor  
where Mrs. Brighton sat, although the  
carpet was a tissue of darsas, the furniture  
faded, and the heart rug skillfully eked  
out by a piece of quite another fabric,  
inserted in the spot most worn. A few  
flowers in a slender threaded vase, stood  
on the antique, claw-legged table, the  
fender iron glitters like gold, and the  
thin, muslin curtains, artistically mended  
here and there, were white as snow; and  
Mrs. Brighton herself looked like Cin-  
derella's god-mother, in her dress of an  
cient brocade, best yellow thread lace,  
and rings glittered on her small shriv-  
elled hands.

Eighty years old! and a lady to the  
last. That was something to be proud of.  
What though paralytic had robbed  
her of all use of those daintily slipp'd feet?  
What though the grand house she  
had entered as a bride was now narrow-  
ed down to this one room in a second-  
rate building, where two other families  
also set up their household altars—she  
was a lady still, and she could boast that  
she had never degraded herself to com-  
monplace toll.

"Our means are limited," said old Mrs.  
Brighton, with the lofty air of a Dutch-  
ess, "but the pension of my son, the  
Colonel, who, as you may probably re-  
member, was killed on the Florida fron-  
tier, is sufficient to maintain myself and  
my two grand-daughters, and we are la-  
dies."

Minnie Brighton presently came in  
with her little chocolates on a napkin-  
covered tray, and two slices of toast, ex-  
quisitely browned, and cut as thin as a  
wafer.

"I hope you haven't been kept wait-  
ing, grandmamma?"

"My deary,—with an air of resigna-  
tion—"I am accustomed to wait."

"Oh, I am so sorry! But our fire was  
out, and I had to run in and borrow the  
use of Mrs. Tucker's stove to boil the  
chocolate, and—"

Mrs. Brighton contracted her silvery  
brows.

"The Brightons are not a borrowing  
race, Minnie."

"Shall I get you an egg, grand-  
mamma?"

"Not if the fire is out, my dear."

And grandmamma Brighton went on  
with her breakfast, wearing an injured  
air, while Minnie went back to the other  
room, where sat her twin sister, cogita-  
ting.

Anna Brighton was as pretty as Minnie,  
but in quite a different style. She  
was dark, with melting, almond shaped  
eyes, and olive skin, and lips like a pome-  
granate flower, so perfectly shaped, so  
richly red; while Minnie was tall and  
slender, and fair as a daisy.

Anna laid down a slip of greasy paper  
as her sister entered.

"It's the grocer's bill again, Minnie.  
What shall we do?"

Minnie sank into a chair.

"And the gas yesterday, and the land-  
lord not paid, and the purse as empty as  
Mother Hubbard's cupboard. What  
shall we do?"

"That's the question," said Anna, reflec-  
tively arching her jetty brows. "If we  
can only keep it from grandmamma."

"We must," retorted Minnie, with a  
decisive nod. "It would kill her. If we  
were only men now, Nanny, we could  
go out and get a job of wood sawing, or  
house painting, or—"

"And why can't we now?"

"Why? Because Pat O'Neill has got  
all Mrs. Barker's wood to saw, and be-  
cause we can't climb ladders with paint  
pots over our shoulders."

"But we can do something else, I  
suppose. Listen, Minnie, money we must  
have!"

"If we go out into the highways, and  
ask it at the point of the bayonet!" in-  
jected Minnie, gravely.

"There's no poverty like gentlest pov-  
erty," her sister sighed. "But you  
haven't heard my plan. Mrs. Barker,  
the laundress in our top story is sick."

"What then? We have neither wine  
nor jelly, nor yet crisp bank notes to be-  
stow upon her."

"And she can't keep up to her  
engagements. There are two Swiss muslin  
ball dresses, fluted and puffed out,  
fully lining in her basket, waiting to be  
done up, at this present moment. Five  
dollars apiece she has for them."

"Well?"

"I shall do them up."

"Nannie! You?"

"Well, why not? Think what a gold-

en stream of paciolas ten dollars would  
be in our empty coffers. Ask yourself  
how on earth you or I could earn ten  
dollars any other way. And after all, a  
Swiss muslin is a pretty, poetical sort of  
a fabric to wash and iron; and into the  
bargain, poor Mrs. Barker keeps her  
customers."

"Oh, Nannie, dear, have you come to  
that?"

"Now you look and talk just like dear  
old grandmamma. Don't be a goose,  
Minnie. Just you invent some story  
about my being promenading in the  
park, or taking lessons in wax flower  
making, to delude her credulous soul,  
while I go upstairs and coin money."

"But I may help you?"

"By and by, perhaps, if my wrist gets  
tired—not now. Some one must stay  
with grandmamma."

• • •

"It is very strange," said Miss Georgette  
Appleton, "that my dresses have not  
come home. Positively I shall have  
nothing to wear to-night."

"She was lounging before the sea coal  
fire in a blue silk negligee, trimmed with  
swan's down, and a little French tangle  
of blue ribbon and lace pinned among  
her yellow tresses, with a pearl hand-  
magnet, while a novel lay in her lap."

"What an awfully fat!" observed her  
brother, carelessly. "But where's the  
amethyst silk?"

"Oh, I wore that dress to their last  
reception."

"And the pink crapes?"

"I look like an owl in pink. I was a  
goose ever to buy that silk."

"The Nile green silk with the white  
flounces?"

"Sarah Howard has one, just a shade  
lighter, that she'll be sure to wear; and I  
believe the spiteful thing got it, just on  
purpose to kill mine. No, I must have  
the Swiss muslin, with knots of blue corn-  
flowers, and a Roman sash figured with  
gold. And you'll go round to the laun-  
dress, and hurry her up a little, won't  
you, George? That's a duck of a brother,  
and you know perfectly well you've  
been yawning your jaws off the last three  
quarters of an hour!"

"Where is it?"

"Only on Menkenhill street—just a  
pleasant walk. And do give Mrs. Bar-  
ker a scolding, and ask her if she don't  
know better than to keep her customers  
waiting—although, of course, I know  
she had never worked so hard before."

"I'm sure you'll be a good service to  
her," said Anna, smiling.

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# WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1874.

## *Woburn Journal.*

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.  
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.  
At 304 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.  
Subscription \$20 a year, payable in advance.  
Single copies 2 cents.

SATURDAY, AUG. 8, 1874.

Reading notices 25 cents a line. Special notices  
15 cents a line. Religious notices 10 cents a line.  
Ordinary notices 2 cents a line.

The figures printed with the subscribers' names  
on this paper show to what time the subscription  
is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the  
office at once.

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TOWN MEETING.—The Town Meeting was about as full as summer afternoon meetings usually are. The interest in the brick schoolhouse was not very intense, and citizens of the Center did not respond to the call in very large numbers. There was a better representation from North, East and West Woburn. The Moderator was elected without opposition. Two futile attempts were made to adjourn to Friday evening. The committee on the brick schoolhouse asked for \$10,000 but were cut down to \$8,000, and we believe they can do all they propose inside that sum. The Cedar Street schoolhouse contract has been awarded to T. R. Corbett for \$2,700, and as they have \$3,500 they did not ask for any more. Three new hose carriages were voted, \$2,000 being appropriated for that purpose. The subject of a fire alarm was left to a committee five, who will hold their first meeting this week. Some points of order were raised, and objections made, but they did nothing to stay the tide of the meeting, which passed off very satisfactorily to those who were interested in calling it. We hope the Selectmen and Engineers will act promptly in the matter of hose carriages, and within three months give us what we need. —

BARNUM.—The hippodrome at Boston is an immense show, and we assure our readers that the encomiums heaped upon it by the daily press are well deserved. In place of the ring seen at circuses is a race track one-fifth of a mile long, around which the horses, elephants, camels, mules, ponies race, some ridden a la cirque, others driven in chariots, and all making the most exciting and interesting show ever witnessed in Boston. The menagerie is not large but contains some of the finest specimens of animals ever shown. The best seats in the tent are the dollar ones, the fifty cent cards only admitting to seats at the ends of the track.

FIRE MATTERS.—The Engineers have voted to place a steam gong on N. J. Simonds's shop, to be used for fire purposes only. It will give out a sound unlike that of a steam whistle, and when it is heard the firemen can see there is a fire somewhere. Mr. Simonds has steam at his factory at all times, and the works are never wholly deserted, so there is a reasonable hope that the alarm will be given promptly. Hose Co. No. 2 retain the name of "Jacob Webster," Hose Co. No. 3 take the name of "John Cummings," Hose Co. No. 4 take the name of "Charles Porter."

POCKETBOOK LOST.—Mrs. Sarah Lockery of Woburn center, came to the city Thursday forenoon, and lost her wallet, containing a ten-dollar bill, two five-dollar bills, and two twenty-five-cent scripts. Mrs. Lockery is a poor woman, and the money she lost was all she had. The finder will do an act of charity by leaving it with Captain Townby, at the office of the chief of police.—Transcript.

ARMORY.—The new armory for the Phalanx in the Town Hall is nearly completed and will be appropriately dedicated on Wednesday, August 12th. There will be a parade in the afternoon, and other exercises in the evening. Several officers of note are expected to be present. Music will be furnished by the No. 1 Woburn Band.

HAIL STORM.—About six o'clock on Thursday evening a heavy thunder shower was experienced during which a storm of hail stones descended which were larger than anything before seen in Woburn. The lightning struck the horse car track, and a lamp post at the corner of Main and Fowle streets. On Locke's Hill in Winchester, considerable damage was done to the crops.

SELECTMEN.—Monthly meeting. Allen and Cummings absent. Petition of John L. Parker and others for the numbering of houses on Mt. Pleasant street was referred to Mr. Putnam. Mr. Eaton was appointed a committee to act with the Engineers in the purchase of hose carriages. The usual monthly bills were approved.

CENTER PIN OUT.—Last Friday morning the centre pin on a car of the 7 A. M. train got loose, and dropping down, dragged on the sleepers from Richardson's Row to the culvert near Swanton street in Winchester. No serious damage was the result.

SHOT.—Last Saturday John Bulpt interfered with the career of a large muskrat, while sporting itself in the meadow in the rear of his house, by putting a bullet through its body.

SEWER.—The engineers engaged on the sewer from Woburn to Boston are busy with their surveys, and the work will probably be pushed to an early conclusion.

BROKEN.—A little son of P. L. Eaton, residing on Prospect street, fell from a lounge on Thursday of last week, breaking the collar bone.

The attention of the public is directed to the advertisement of Geo. W. Pollock, which is worthy of notice.

LIBRARY.—The Woburn Library will be re-opened for the delivery of books next Monday, Aug. 10th, at 6 P. M.

SEIZURE.—The police made a liquor seizure at the Central House on Wednesday.

PICNIC.—St. Charles Sunday School went to Nantasket Beach last Thursday.

### TOWN MEETING.

The Town Meeting was called to order last Monday afternoon by M. S. Seeley, Esq., who after reading the warrant asked "what is the pleasure of the meeting?"

Mark Allen was prompt to respond, and moved an adjournment to next Friday evening at 7 1/2 o'clock. The Clerk ruled the motion out of order. John L. Parker then moved to proceed to choice of Moderator, Joseph Kelley seconded the motion, and the meeting carried it.

Mr. Whitney favored the leaving this matter with the Selectmen as the annual meeting did.

Mr. Cummings said that inasmuch as the Town hesitated in making an appropriation to the Selectmen, the Selectmen did not feel authorized to make the purchase without going before the town. The Engineers had advised the Selectmen of the condition of the department, and they agreed that those companies were the best for the town.

Mr. McFeeley said the annual meeting was very emphatic that no officer should exceed appropriations, and the Selectmen determined not to spend any money without an appropriation.

Mark Allen said they had as good right to buy hose carriages as to build the schoolhouse.

Mr. Perkins spoke for East Woburn, where they have a good house and engine but no company. They have a small hose carriage, but they need a larger one, and he hoped the town would grant the motion.

Mark Allen raised a point of order the same referred to by Mr. Kelley.

L. H. Whitney desired to hear a detailed statement by the Committee. How much the heating would cost, how much the furniture would cost, and what method of heating was to be adopted, whether furnaces or steam. Mr. McFeeley replied that they had inquired in regard to both methods of heating, and had unanimously concluded that steam was the most healthy and the most economical.

The first cost for heating by steam is the most, but for five years it would be less. The grounds should be fenced and graded, and the cellar whitewashed. \$400 is required for heating.

The chair decided that the meeting could only vote for heating and furnishing. Mr. McFeeley then modified his vote to conform to the article.

Mr. Whitney asked if it would cost \$500 to furnish the house.

Mr. McFeeley thought it would cost \$3,000. He had asked for more, but the committee was not obliged to spend it.

Mark Allen asked if the schoolhouse had been accepted. If so, the Committee must be poor judges of masonry. He thought the building ought to be finished before the heating apparatus was put in.

Mr. Kelley thought it was of no use for the Committee to ask for \$10,000 when \$7,500 would do.

Mr. McFeeley said it was better to ask for too much than to overrule the approbation.

Mr. Kelley thought the Committee ought to know just what they want, and to ask for that and nothing more.

W. B. Harris asked for the difference in cost between heating by steam and by furnace. Without information on that point the citizens would not know how to vote.

Mr. McFeeley stated that steam apparatus would cost twice as much as furnaces, but furnaces would use twice as much coal, requiring 60 tons. The steam pipes would last 20 years, while furnaces would soon have to be supplied. By the time they were burned out the cost of the two with the coal consumed would be equal.

Mr. Kelley expressed doubt about steam pipes lasting 20 years.

Frederick Flint moved to amend Mr. McFeeley's motion and make it \$8,000.

Mr. Kelley did not believe in heating by steam, but favored hot water pipes as they would not require the care of an engineer. The steam pipes were [more] liable to rust in the summer.

Mr. Whitney thought that if we consider the health of scholars we should not hesitate a moment on the adoption of steam, even if we have to supply pipes twice as often as estimated by the Committee. Steam is the most wholesome, and even if it does cost more, we shall save it in doctor's and undertaker's bills.

Mr. Kelley reiterated his belief that hot water was the cheapest.

The chair was about to put the amendment of Mr. Flint when Mark Allen raised a point of order that the largest amount should be put first. The chair ruled against him, when Mark told what Col Grammer had done. Further trouble was averted by Mr. McFeeley accepting the amendment. The motion was carried; yeas 40, nays 9.

ART. 3.—To see if the Town will vote to appropriate additional money for the school, to be used for building a new school house on Cedar street, or to anything in relation to the same.

George Perkins stated that when this article was put in the warrant the Committee had received no estimates on their building. Within the past hour they had made a contract, and as there was a difference of \$800 between the highest and lowest bidders, they thought they should not need an extra appropriation.

The Committee had been pained to hear that they were adopting extravagant plans, and they hoped the town would appreciate their action when they moved the indefinite postponement of the matter. This was carried.

ART. 4.—To see if the Town will purchase three four-wheeled hose carriages for the use of the Fire Department, or do anything in relation to the same.

John L. Parker moved that the town appropriate \$2,000 for the purchase of three four-wheeled hose carriages, and that the board of Engineers be instructed to procure the same at the once.

Mark Allen asked the Selectmen if the town at its annual meeting did not refer this whole subject to them.

Mr. Parker stated that the town referred the matter to the Selectmen, who authorized the Engineers to get estimates of the cost. They did so, disbanded the hand engine companies, and formed hose companies. The Selectmen did not feel like purchasing the carriages without an appropriation. They could be bought and put in working order for \$2,000.

The new companies now run with the jumpers of the hand engines, and helped us "Over the Ocean Wave," to the wharf in Edgartown. The time we were ready for dinner, and the Vineyard House standing invitingly open at the head of the wharf, we strolled in for some dinner. A very good dinner was served, and the hotel seems to be fair. The traveller who would like what Waller calls a "rince" must be sure and get first to the little old fashioned washstand which contains a bowl but no ewer. Fresh water seems to be as scarce as towels in that house.

Mark Allen felt aggrieved that the

Selectmen had not answered his inquiry, and seemed hurt that a gentleman not a member of that august body had presumed to give the information he craved.

E. E. Thompson moved an amendment instructing the Engineers to sell the hand engines, and use the proceeds to pay for the hose carriages.

Mr. Kelley asked for the article authorizing it, and the chair decided it was out of order.

Mr. Whitney favored the leaving this matter with the Selectmen as the annual meeting did.

Mr. Cummings said that inasmuch as the Town hesitated in making an appropriation to the Selectmen, the Selectmen did not feel authorized to make the purchase without going before the town. The Engineers had advised the Selectmen of the condition of the department, and they agreed that those companies were the best for the town.

Mr. McFeeley said the annual meeting was very emphatic that no officer should exceed appropriations, and the Selectmen determined not to spend any money without an appropriation.

Art. 5.—To see if the Town will vote to appropriate additional money for the school, to be used for building a new school house on Cedar street, or do anything in relation to the same.

George Perkins said that the School Committee had no means of knowing how the money was spent or where it goes. There was no article calling for money to furnish the house. To furnish and heat would not be much.

Mr. McFeeley said the School Committee had no means of knowing how the money was spent or where it goes. There was no article calling for money to furnish the house. To furnish and heat would not be much.

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Skilling favored Mr. Wilson's view. H. K. Stanton said the only proper way to get rid of the street was by voting to discontinue. Mr. Wilson appealed from the decision of the chair. It was discussed by S. H. Folson, Dr. Winsor and N. A. Richardson, and the chair was sustained 59 to 24. J. F. Stone moved to dismiss from the warrant, as the town had no right to reconsider, and after a slight tilt with P. W. Swan it was so voted. Under Art. 6, the Water Board reported progress. The Town Hall Committee reported that they had looked at the Winsor and Metcalf estates; they had a good offer for the latter. In reply to an inquiry, D. N. Skilling said he would sell it for \$28,510 if taken at once. Mr. Wilson moved to close the bargain. This was ruled out of order. Mr. Herrick moved to take a bond on four months, and pay down four hundred. This was laid on the table by a vote of 50 to 44. Mr. Wilson then tried to get an expression of the meeting. S. W. Tewsbury hoped the meeting would not be committed. J. H. Tyler made a stirring appeal to delay action on so important a matter until the voters could be properly warned that the subject was to come up. On motion of Mr. Wadleigh, the matter was tabled. F. J. Dwinnell and F. Winsor were put on the Common Committee in place of O. R. Clark and H. B. Metcalf removed from town. Under Art. 7, \$25,000 additional was appropriated for the water works without discussion. Art. 8 was dismissed on motion of J. F. Stone, and the meeting dissolved.

**MYSTIC STATION.**—This station which was formerly patronized by only a few individuals, has grown rapidly into favor, and the increase of residents in that section of the town has given a large number of patrons. As an evidence of it, there were twenty-four passengers by one morning train in recently and the number of season ticket passengers is unusually large. The station is under the charge of Mr. A. C. Walker, who also has the care of the numerous switchers in that vicinity. It is a post involving great care and responsibility and we need not say, perhaps, that its duties are faithfully performed. When the approaches to this station are put in proper shape, as they will be undoubtedly after the town meeting on Thursday evening of this week, it will be more than ever patronized.

**HAND CAR.**—Some one stole a hand car from Wilmington last Sunday, worked it down to Winchendon, and then run it into the pond near the junction of the railroads.

**One of Hazen & Ralston's teams loaded with hides got stuck in the loose dirt over the water pipes near the big Elm, and before it could be got out, the horses broke the pole.**

**New Publications.**

**ALDINE.**—There is much in an artistic way in the August Aldine which will delight all lovers of the beautiful. Nothing more graceful or charming has ever been seen in an American Magazine than the full page picture called "The Village Beauty," drawn and engraved by the eminent French Artist, C. Mettais. The flowers and shrubbery by which she is surrounded, the naturalness of the drapery in which she is clothed, the rustic path she treads, the innocent expression of her face, all combine to make a rare and lovely picture. This work has been engraved in a delicate and exquisite style resembling bank note engravings. Mr. J. D. Woodward contributes a series of grand and bold pictures of the Palisades of the Hudson, some of the most striking scenery in America. The full page picture of the "Palisades" is massive and solid in appearance, and will give the reader a new idea of these great towers of stone. Two large pictures, contributed by Peter Moran, called "The Shady Lane" and "The Sunny Slope," are sure to attract the attention and please the eye, since they represent pastoral scenes with which all Americans are familiar. The cattle and sheep in the woods, or seeking the brookside for water, are true to life, and full of the spirit of summer time. A picture, full-page, remarkable for its light and shade, rich foliage and deep, clear waters, is from the pencil of Kruseman van Elten, and is a view on Eupom Creek, near Kingston, N. Y. The other illustrations in this number consist of three views of Westminster Abbey, a portrait of Augustus Daly and "The Breakfast," by Epp, a German artist. The literary contents of the August Aldine consist of seventeen articles, all original, and all replete with interest. Joseph Watson writes of "William Hogarth." Fannie Roper Feudge has an article on "White Elephants." Eugene Fox relates an incident in the life of Ludwig von Beethoven. Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood has a story called "My Only Ghost." J. C. Stockbridge has an essay called "Memories of Fiesole," and Mrs. E. W. Winthrop, sister of the lamented Theodore Winthrop, has an article on "A American English and English English." Dr. Fuller-Walker has a second article on Westminster Abbey. The poems and numerous editorial articles in the August "Aldine" are of the usual merit and interest. Subscription price, \$5, including chromos "The East" and "The West." James Sutton & Co., publishers, 58 Maiden Lane, New York City.

**WHAT IS DAIRIUMISM?**—By Charles Hodges, Princeton, N. J. N. Y. Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

Darwinianism is completely "used up" by Dr. Dodge, to use a popular phrase, and most adepts have this very theologian examined the above work; we do not say of this work as we have heard certain critics, "the work is only fit to throw away," and, "it deserves no criticism;" on the contrary we would desire all to read it, and read it if they can without prejudice or scales before their mental vision. Dr. Darwin as some title him is a great English naturalist, yet he is by no means infallible, he may make mistakes, he undoubtedly does. Dr. Dodge handles these arguments with ability, we think with fairness and truthfulness. He showed us very conclusively that in most prominent, its destructive features, Darwinian is by no means evolution. We have conversed with many who believe fully in evolution, who utterly repudiate Darwinism. But Dr. Dodge makes it quite plain to his candid readers that "Darwinism is tantamount to Atheism"—(see page 174). This theory of Darwin, we believe, mischievous and atheistic, and has the tendency to make men skeptical at least.

Every reader of the theory of Darwin should read Dr. Dodge upon the same, for there is much wisdom in its pages.

#### LEXINGTON.

**OUR TAX PAYERS.**—Our Assessors have kindly furnished us access to the tax records and we are enabled to lay before our readers a list of those who pay a tax of \$100, and upward. The rate is \$12 per \$1000:

\$261.13

Baker, W. W. 263.40

Bacon, J. D. 109.31

Butters, C. A. 103.25

Bryant, R. T. 101.03

Blaedel, J. C., Heirs of 466.12

Brewer, J. N. 157.07

Baxter, E. W. 131.84

Battell, H. H. 197.72

Batcheller, B. T. 171.88

Bigham, H. B. 774.49

Binn, R. D. 645.21

Batchelder, J. 185.51

Cutter, Thos. 263.98

Cottier, W. J. 148.16

Carly, Maria 543.21

Childs, L. C. 176.96

Chandler, N. 110.19

Chandler, J. Q. A. 102.65

Davis, G. O. 111.75

Duren, W. 176.76

Estabrooks & Blodgett, 312.82

Foster, C. G. 141.51

Flinn, E. 111.15

Gleason, J. B. 109.85

Goddard, A. 122.80

Goodwin, C. C. 324.30

Harrington, Chas. Heirs of 237.63

Harrington, Sylvester 87.87

Harrington, E. P., Heirs of 114.75

Hobart, J. 105.77

Hodson, C. 149.45

Hodgman, J. E. 126.19

Hendley, S. W. 166.22

Harding, W. 124.94

Jewett, D. B. 174.80

Johnson, C. W. 174.81

Lawrence, S. 128.35

Lex. Ministerial Fund, 233.14

Merriman, M. H. 47.46

Mitchell, P. 108.63

Munroe, W. H. 189.37

Murphy, J. 109.00

Murphy, A., Heirs of 110.47

Mulholland, E. A. 107.53

Munroes, G. 357.20

Muzzy, D. W. 275.49

Merriman, M. & J. Stetson, 631.74

Nunn, C. 115.65

Norris, J. L. 272.82

O'Conor, C. 127.08

Orlitzky, G. A. & A. 269.01

Outing, S. W., Heirs of 138.01

Rogers, G. M. 151.38

Reed, J. 108.03

Reed, R. W. & J. H. 200.26

Reed, R. W. & Raymond, 201.98

Reed, H. 122.90

Roberts, J. 127.08

Roberts, J. H. 108.03

Smith, Wm. 200.26

Smith, O. & W. B. 108.18

Smith, G. T. 108.18

Simonds, Joshua 105.31

Stone, E. A., Ebener, Heirs of 173.68

Taylor, C. 105.31

Thresher, J. 116.55

Whittemore, J. 137.17

Shurber, W. 285.69

Todd, C. 194.83

Tutti, A. N. 103.17

Tower, E. 128.53

Tower, W. A. 57.42

Waddington, C. 313.06

Washington, C. 181.82

Wright, L. W. 120.85

Whittemore, B. C. 163.63

Winslow, Q. 124.93

Wentworth, O. 106.23

Wyman, F. 122.55

Wetherbee, C. 112.66

Wheeler, S. H. 133.26

Whiting, D. 122.20

WHITING, NON-RESIDENTS.

Oskorn, 92.96

Brown, S. 270.38

Brown, F. H. 114.40

Hayes, F. B. 456.10

Thurston, C. 173.13

Winslow & Usher, 182.09

Ridge, S. B. 144.95

Marrett, I. 397.48

Boardman, J. L. 118.95

Porter, E. F. 184.31

Cutter, S., Heirs of 156.60

ACCIDENT.—Mr. Gardner Haynes works for Mr. W. Walcott, ice dealer. Last week Friday as Mr. Haynes was delivering ice on Bedford street, he stepped upon the pendant steps at the rear of the wagon and reached with his tongs for a cake of ice. Thinking he had hold of it, he attempted to pull it towards him, when the tongs slipped, and he, finding he was falling backward, endeavored to catch another cake with the tongs. One arm of the tongs caught and held in the ice, but Haynes in his fall threw one leg into the air, and the remaining arm of the tongs penetrated the foot and he found himself suspended by one foot. The point of the tongs entered the foot about an inch and a half, and the young man had to be lifted from it. It was feared that it would cause him much trouble, but we understand that he is recovering.

**ARLINGTON.**—A steamer of Mr. Joseph Romeo stole forty-five dollars from him, and spent it during the present week. The money was in a pocket book in the house, and was not missed until Wednesday. At first the boy denied the theft, but on being pressed, acknowledged his crime and told where he spent the money.

**NARROW ESCAPE.**—Monday morning a horse attached to a market wagon belonging to Mr. N. C. Frost, left standing near the hotel, was frightened by an approaching train, and started to run, and dashed over the railroad crossing in front of the train, barely clearing the engine. He turned up Pleasant street, and soon reducing his speed to a quiet trot, went safely home. Some of the boxes in the wagon were dumped into the street.

**FOR A THIEF.**—A steamer of Mr. Joseph Romeo, while on a trip to Boston, was overtaken by a thief who took his pocket book, containing \$45.00, and \$100.00 in gold. The boy denied the theft, but on being pressed, acknowledged his crime and told where he spent the money.

**SALT GRASS.**—A new lot of No. 1

Shingles for sale

**CHEAP FOR CASH.**

Please call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

**J. B. MCDONALD,**

93 Main St., Woburn.

**JAMES BUEL & CO.,**

PLUMBERS,

STEAM AND GAS FITTERS,

And Dealers in

**Gas Fixtures, Burners, Globes, &c., &c.**

**PLUMBING MATERIALS** of all kinds

Constantly on hand.

Also RUBBER HOSE, and a good account of DRAIN PIPE.

**130 Main St., Woburn.**

*Continued from first page.*

"Mrs. Martin, you must pardon me, I have met with such a singular loss. You remember my writing table; it had a quantity of note paper with my monogram on it. I was in the habit of writing my notes from here, and last evening I looked for some and found it all gone. Of course it is a very trivial question, but do you know anything about it?"

Of course my indignation smothered every other sentiment. For a moment, however, I remembered that to Mr. Ayscough I was but a poor old woman whom Mrs. Morton had placed in her house to take care of it, and I was in the habit of using a great deal of paper. So I asked the two together and supposed I was but the guilty thief.

I answered him as calmly as I could that I knew nothing about his paper.

He came again after spending an hour in his apartments, and asked me to come and examine them with him. After a moment's embarrassment, he began: "I don't know, Mrs. Martin, but I am sure these things are not as I left them. I miss nothing, but they have been disturbed." These dresses of Gertrude's, do they not seem to you to have been displaced—I could almost say worn?"—he turned pale—"I feel almost as if she herself had been here. There is a certain perfume in the air which she used to use. Could Nancy have been fumbling amongst these things?" We called the house keeper, who owned to having swept, but who was above all charges as to the wearing of the dresses.

We dismissed poor Nancy, and looked over the valuables. They were intact, not a jewel had been moved; but not my most assiduous eloquence could induce Mr. Ayscough to remove these valuables to a safer place.

As I was looking through the rooms before leaving them, I picked up a little embroidered slipper, of which I could not find the mate, but I showed it to Mr. Ayscough asking if it could have fallen out of one of the trunks. He took it and looked at it long and earnestly, and finally said that he thought it had belonged to a costume that Gertrude had worn in some private theatricals in Florence. It did not look to me exactly like the slipper of a lady, but this explanation seemed to give it a place. I took it out of the room with me absently, and there it lay on a shelf of my own closet.

As August with its dull heat, came on, I yielded to Richard's solicitations and went with him to the seaside for a few days.

When I went back to my lonely charge I had a great fit of literary industry to make up for my long and to me unexpected vacation at the sea shore. With a sort of sense of duty neglected, I went, one day my rounds over the house. As I descended to the lower regions I found Nancy quite agitated over a discovery which she had made outside the door. The Wistaria vine, which I had noticed as carrying its brazen luxuriance from the ground to the chimneys, looked faded and cut, as if some blight had passed over it. It had long passed its blossoming, and was in that dark green, rather dusty, condition which city vines assume when the summer has nearly gone. It did look faded and broken. Perhaps some animal had run across it, and had here and there twisted off a leaf or a tendril.

Going upstairs, I went to my close for the key of Mr. Ayscough's room, and as I did so, I noticed that the queer, little embroidered slipper was gone! In a moment all my superstitious terror came back upon me.

As I entered Mr. Ayscough's room, where the portrait hung, I was struck by a sense of something wrong; I know not what. Here was the portrait, and the handsome ornaments of the room were untouched. I looked in vain for some proof of disorder. I soon found it. The writing table was open, paper spread about, and a pen with fresh ink in it was lying on the silver inkstand!

As I stood gazing at this inexplicable thing a door swung to, and started me from my stupor. I went to the inner room through the linen closet. As I did so, the door leading to the garret gently moved, as if by an invisible hand. I had never noticed or thought of this door before, nor had I ascended to those garret rooms since Mrs. Morton had taken me on the first day of my arrival.

A sense of infinite horror took possession of my soul. I was then in the land of spirits. The dead Gertrude did haunt these rooms consecrated to her. It was her pleasure to come back, write at her table, even arrange the cast of garments she had worn, to use the perfumes she had loved in life,—perhaps to go up into that play room where she had played as a child, and whither I would follow her.

I was lifted out of myself. I went on, I knew not how, up the garret stairs; nor was I much astonished when I found on the topmost landing the little embroidered, spangled slipper which I had missed from my closet shell.

I went on towards the pleasant bedroom which was curtained by the wistaria vine, and looked in. There she lay, the golden-haired Gertrude of the picture, sleeping on the bed in the corner. This was no trick of the imagination, for on one foot was the companion slipper to the one I held in my hand. Her breathing was regular and soft, and the color of youth and health was on her cheek and lip. Fear seemed to dash out of me. I approached and took hold of the hand which lay outside the light coverlid. No sooner had I touched it than it grasped mine like a vice. The being, ghost or live woman, started up and slammed the store door after her.

"Stop, Mr. Ayscough," said the old gentleman, "your indignation is just and natural, but the power of revenge is taken from you. A greater than we have spoken! Vengeance is mine," said the Lord. And he read the following parable:

"A HORRIBLE ACCIDENT AT THE BLAKELEY THEATRE.—The well-known German acrobats, Ferdinand and Rosina, in the performance of their great daring act, last evening, tumbled the bar, and fell with terrible force to the floor. The woman was torn in two, and was noticed as being unsteady and nervous when he began, and the woman was evidently entreating him to stop; but he would not. She was a beautiful and lovely girl, and evidently educated above her profession; for instance, she said to have been a drunken and sullen brute. This terrible accident of course caused an immense sensation. The large audience immediately dispersed, saddened by this dreadful spectacle. It is to be hoped that it will bring these acrobatic performances into disfavor for a long time."

"Who and what are you?" said I. "A woman like yourself," answered the ghost. "Have pity on me!"

"And why are you here—what does it mean?"

The creature looked at me with staring eyes, jumped from the bed and locked the door.

"Do not look frightened," said she; "I like you very much; you and I have lived together all summer. I have heard you talk with Mr. Ayscough. I know I frightened you about the ghost. I found out the first night we came here how much I looked like the picture of the dead lady, and I have copied her dress so that I could use the likeness to the best advantage if ever I should be caught. But I have overslept myself, and have been caught at last!" It does not matter, I am sick. I shall not last long. But I

must go! It is almost time for rehearsal. Ferdinand is waiting for me. Let me go. How could I grow so careless?"

"Let you go," said I, "out of this house? Never! Burglar thief! I know not what!"

"No, neither. Come with me to Mr. Ayscough's rooms. Every jewel, every bit of silver is safe. I have taken nothing but some paper, and that is all here. You shall have it, but you must let me go. We are the acrobats you have often been to see. I would hear you arrange in the morning with the nephew to come and see us in the evening. Then I would look for your good kind eyes and gray hair in the audience, and I would think 'She little knows how intimate we are,' and I would laugh at the thought. Now come and see that I am no thief, and then let me go."

So she took me down unwillingly to the lower rooms. Possessing herself of the keys, she unlocked the trunks and showed me the sparkling diamonds, the pearls, the silver, which were indeed all there, all intact. She then looked longingly in the other trunks. "Ah," said she, "I do love luxury. I wish I could take some of those dresses. But no; I am no vulgar thief."

"How did you get into this house?" at last I found voice to say.

"Oh, we climbed by the wistaria vine. It was nothing to us; we often live in deserted houses in the summer. A fortress is no stronger than its weakest point. We are acrobats; we go over roofs, up vines, into windows easily. But I must go. You will find a little place now for three times what it cost me."

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"Milk for Food.—If one wishes to grow fleshly, a pint of milk taken before retiring at night will soon cover the scrawny bones. Although nowadays we see a great many fleshly females, there are many lean and lank ones who sigh for the fashionable measure of plumpness, and who would be vastly improved in health and appearance could their figures be rounded with good solid flesh. Nothing is more coveted by thin women than a full figure, and nothing will arouse the ire and provoke the scandal of one of these clipper-builds as the consciousness of plumpness in a rival. In case of fever and summer complaints, milk is now given with excellent results. The milk that milk is foreshadowed, and it is now the physician's great reliance in bringing through typhoid patients, or those in too low a state to be nourished by solid food. It is a mistake to strip the milk pitcher. Take more milk and buy less meat. Look to your milkman; have a large-sized, well-filled milk pitcher on the table each meal, and you will also have sound flesh and light doctor's bills.

She darted up stairs and returned like lightning, went to Mr. Ayscough's table, and gathered some more sheets of paper, rolled them rapidly together, took one of my marble hands, and pressing it kindly, slipped out of the door.

Yes, I let her go. I was powerless. Down the front staircase, out of that handsome, respectable house she went, and I had promised to protect it. Two tumblers—acrobats, gymnasts—theives, murderers, burglars, for ought I knew, had been fellow-inmates with me, and I had let one of them go—a pretty protectress! I cannot remember how I did it, but I know I wrote a telegram to Mr. Ayscough, and sent Nancy for the doctor. I know I wrote also a letter, for it is before me:

"MR. AYSCOUGH: Yesterday in visiting your apartment I became convinced that some intruder had been meddling with your inkstand. I will confess to you that I have been the victim of superstitious fears, and that I believed once that I had seen a ghost. The woman was weak enough to feel these fears come over me again. As I searched about the rooms, half in terror, I observed the little garret door swing gently open. I ascended to find a woman sleeping in the nursery bed. So astonishing was the likeness to Gertrude's picture, that I still one in the mines proves the curious fact that there is a dying hour about three or four o'clock in the morning; and though one would think day and night the same in this Egyptian gloom, the miners find a vast difference.

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# WOBURN



# JOURNAL.

VOL. XXIII.

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TEACHER OF

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JOHN R. CARTER

Civil Engineer and Surveyor,

Surveys, Plans and Divisions of Estates accu-  
rately made, Grading, Levelling, and Public and  
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other times when not engaged on outside work.

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Office, 159 Main Street, over A. Black's  
Men's Shoe Store. Office hours 7 to 9 P. M., except  
Wednesdays and Fridays.

C. P. JAYNE,

Real Estate Agent

and Auctioneer.

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JOHN A. BOUTELLE,  
GENEALOGIST

BANK BLOCK,

173 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

Genealogical extracts collected mainly Regis-  
tered, and also printed and Thursday afternoons.

An Evening School will be opened THURSDAY,

Nov. 14, 1872, at 7 o'clock, P. M., and continue on

through Saturday evenings, for 12 weeks.

Bookkeeping and Penmanship. Terms for 12 weeks,

in advance, \$2 for Penmanship, \$5 for Book-

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II

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L. THOMPSON, JR.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1874.

NO. 48.

## Poetry.

### A SEA SONG.

BY J. O. WHITTIER.

The waves are glad in breeze and sun;  
The rocks are fringed with foam;  
I walk once more a haunted shore,  
A stranger, yet at sea—  
A land of dreams I round!

Is this the wind, the soft sea wind?  
This is the lofts of brown?  
Are those the rocks whose mosses knew  
The trail of thy light gown?  
Where boy and girl sat down?

I see the gray fort's broken wall,  
The boats that rocked below;  
And, out at sea, the passing sail;  
We saw so long ago,  
Rose in morning's glow.

The freshness of the early time  
On every breeze is blown;  
A glad the sea, as blue, the sky—  
The change is ours alone;  
The saddest is my own!

A stranger now, a world-worn man  
Is he who bears my name;  
But thou, methinks, whose mortal life  
Immortal youth became,  
Art evermore the same.

Then art not here, thou art not there,  
Thy place I cannot see;  
I go where I find that where thou art  
The blessed place to be;  
And heaven is glad for thee.

Forgive me, if the evil years  
Have left on me their sign;  
Wash out, O soul so beautiful,  
The stains of sin of mine  
In tears of love divine!

Oh, turn to me that dearst face,  
All thy sea-born town face,  
The wedded roses of thy lids,  
Thy loose hair rippling down  
In waves of golden brown!

Look forth once more through space and time;  
And let thy sweet shade fall  
In tenderest grace of soul and form  
On memory's treasured wall,  
A shadow, and yet all!

Draw near, more near, forever dear!  
Where'er I rest or roam,  
Or in the crowded city streets,  
Or by the brown sea-tossed,  
The thought of thee is home!

—August Atlantic.

### Selected.

### THE YOUNG VOYAGERS.

"Come Annie, come Jenne. Come aboard my ship, and we'll have a jolly sail this afternoon. I'll be a sea captain, like my father, and show you how he sells that great packet ship across the ocean. Come, girls, get in—Annie, you shall be my mate, and little Jenne shall be cook and steward."

The speaker was a handsome, fair-haired and rosy-cheeked boy, with bright, laughing blue eyes, about ten years old, who, during his address, was busily engaged in rigging the mast and sail to a ship's launch, which was made fast to the beach in one of those secluded, picturesque little coves, or inlets, with the south shore of Long Island, between Fire Island and Rockaway, so plentifully indicated.

The boy's companions were two little girls of eight and six years, beautiful as angels, and so exactly like their brother in every feature, that they seemed as perfect copies—all but the long, sunny ringlets of his exquisite face.

Annie, the elder girl, bounded lightly into the boat at her brother's first invitation, and began assisting him about the sail. But little Jenne—who was tugging along a great basket filled with pies, sweet cakes and fruits, which had brought from a cottage not far off, for a little picnic dinner—hesitated and held back in silence, till her brother urged her again to get into the boat, when she began to argue with him.

"Oh, Willie, don't let us go in the boat to-day! There is so much wind, and we might be lost!"

"You are a little coward, Jenny, to be afraid," interrupted the young captain, impatiently. "It is the pleasantest day we've had this month; and it's so late in the fall, that if we don't go to-day, I am sure we shall not get another chance this year. Come, Jenne, don't be frightened—jump in!"

"Oh, I'm not at all afraid, brother," And, child as she was, little Jenne's cheeks glowed, for a few moments with a deeper vermillion tint, at the implied question of her courage by her brother. I am perfectly satisfied with her behavior. In fact I never saw a craft conduct herself so well in a hurricane like this. It is a terrible night, however, and God help those who may chance to be out in a less able craft than ours. For the last half hour I have been thinking of my wife and children. My wife will not sleep one wink this night, and when they were rescued when the reaction came and he sank down insensible.

At an hour before sunset on the following day the ship was at her birth in New York, and the meeting between the distracted mother and her loved children in the cabin of her husband's ship, is too sacred a picture to be profaned by a mere pen and ink copy.

**THE HAIR OF COURAGE.**—"Moral Courage" was printed in large letters as the caption of the following items, and placed in a conspicuous place on the door of a systematic merchant in New York, for constant reference, and furnished by him for publication:

Have the courage to discharge a debt while you have the money in your pocket.

Have the courage to do without that which you do not need, however much your eyes may covet it.

Have the courage to speak to a friend in a seedy coat, even though you are in company with a rich one and richly attired.

Have the courage to speak your mind when it is necessary that you should do so, and hold your tongue when it is prudent that you should do so.

Have the courage to own that you are poor, and thus disarrange poverty of its sting.

Have the courage to tell a man why you refuse to credit him.

Have the courage to tell a man why you will not lend him your money.

Have courage to cut the most agreeable acquaintance you have when you are convinced that he lacks principle—a friend should bear with a friend's infirmities, but not with his vices.

Have the courage to show your respect for honesty, in whatever guise it appears, and your contempt for dishonesty and duplicity, by whomsoever exhibited.

Have the courage to prefer comfort and propriety to fashion in all things.

Have the courage to acknowledge your ignorance, rather than to seek for knowledge under false pretences.

Have the courage in providing an entertainment for your friends not to exceed your means.

Have the courage to insure the property in your possession, and thereby pay your debts in full.

Mr. Casey, please go out on the flying jib boom and keep a lookout for the

boat. And mind, Mr. Casey, if we come up with it, you can lay the ship so as to bring the boat close aboard on the larboard side—larboard, remember, Mr. Casey. Don't for your life make a mistake. Go forward now, sir, and if we save the children, five hundred dollars shall be your reward."

Then turning to the chief mate, he continued:

"Mr. Winsor, you will brace the yards all square, which without making any more sail, will send the boat through the water somewhat faster than the boat is going. Having done this, rig six single whips—two on each of the lower yards—on the larboard side. Place the blocks far enough out for the ralls to drop a fathom clear of the ship; and then raise the good studding-sail gear, bringing both ends in one deck, and the other led along for a fall, stationing three good fellows at each. In the meantime I will get the ship steady before the wind, and Frank, my man, you keep her so—don't let her yaw an inch! Steer her as if your very life depended on it, and within an hour after the ship reaches New York, you shall have a hundred dollars."

"Now, Mr. Winsor, will you please call up the second mate, and all the gentleman passengers. I want them to stand by the whips in order to assist the sailors if necessary. We must save those children, and do it too without the boat coming in contact with the ship, as that would be instant destruction to it and them in such a sea."

"All ready, the whips sir?" came from the mate, and the next moment the young third mate's voice rang out from the jib-boom end. "Boat right ahead! Steady."

"Now then, lads, who'll into these running bowlines with me and stand by to pick up the children?" anxiously inquired the captain.

"I, sir," and "I," "I," "I," "I" came from a dozen ready sailors in a moment.

"Thank you, my lads; but I only want five. I go in one of the bowlines myself."

The selections were soon made, and there stood in the fore, main and mizzen chains, the commander and five noble fellows—with the bowlines under their arms ready to risk their lives to save the children.

"Steady! Stand by now! Here they come! Look out, man!" screamed the officer from the jib boom, and a moment after, the dim outlines of a boat leaped up by the lee cat's head. Another moment of breathless suspense, and the boat was abreast of the fore-chains.

"Stand by the forewhip! Look out there in the main chains. Veer away now, Harry,—now!" and down went the captain and his companion into the boat.

A breath later, and the shout came ringing up—

"Look out, man! and mizzen chains—Sway away on deck!" and up on the run came the men, each grasping a child in his arms.

"Main chains there! In God's name have you got her?" shrieked the captain, rushing aft with the boy he had saved still in his arms.

"Stand by the forewhip! Look out there in the main chains. Veer away now, Harry,—now!" and down went the captain and his companion into the boat.

"Ay, ay, sir—all right!" answered the boy, a brave fellow, clambering in on deck with little Jenne grasped tight by her clothes.

"Father!" exclaimed the girl, clasping the captain about the neck. "Father!" echoed back two trifle voices.

"Almighty God, I thank thee! Saved—saved—saved!" and Captain Lester Walton sank fainting to the deck.

He knew the children were his own from the moment they passed the ship's stern, and his indomitable self control had borne him up until they were rescued when the reaction came and he sank down insensible.

At an hour before sunset on the following day the ship was at her birth in New York, and the meeting between the distracted mother and her loved children in the cabin of her husband's ship, is too sacred a picture to be profaned by a mere pen and ink copy.



**Lexington.**

**TAX PAYERS.**—We continue our list of tax-payers and give this week those who pay a tax of \$50 and upwards, but less than \$100:—

Adams, George W 66 43  
Adams, A B 97 78  
Anderson, F 57 02  
Angus, Amos 98 75  
Beals, J 57 02  
Bigham, William 73 69  
Brown, Benjamin 61 70  
Bryant, A W 73 40  
Brown, Charles 87 70  
Ballard, F E 99 14  
Blanchard C H 82 23  
Borden, A 54 65  
Bullock, George 50 10  
Childs, Augustus 67 67  
Chapman, G F 87 71  
Capelle, C 50 20  
Cutter, W R 51 30  
Choate, T J 75 35  
Dawson, N 70 81  
do tr John Munroe, estate 70 20  
Dudley, Samuel 98 22  
Duns, O II 55 46  
Dennett, G B 61 70  
Eaton, Joseph 81 01  
Fessenden, N 66 25  
Foster, J E 75 52  
Gould, Mrs C W 93 14  
Gould, Thomas heirs of 53 30  
Gillman, William 58 52  
Griffiths, A 97 59  
Hartwell, W 65 99  
Harrington, F M 73 53  
Hubbrook, R W 79 90  
Hollingshead, H 55 85  
Hollins, H 9 30  
Hudson, J heirs of 77 77  
Hastings, Mrs Maria 63 60  
Hutchens, E 91 21  
Irwin, J 67 81  
Jewett, G 59 75  
Jewett, Mrs C E 75 27  
Jones, S H 52 60  
Jones, G F 75 53  
Jones, J 80 10  
Janiono, J 66 15  
Jenny, N 70 15  
Kinneen, T 56 56  
Kendall, L H 79 12  
Lyman, P 66 95  
Locke, A W 69 04  
Lockett, Nichols 50 50  
Lombard, A F 55 30  
Lowe, C H 60 40  
Lunt, A M 70 80  
Madill, I 62 18  
Moakley, J 80 68  
Monroe, A B 94 90  
The selections and the sketches are very gain a little knowledge of his author.  
The selections and the sketches are very skillfully done, and in such a way as to interest the scholar and induce him to drink deeper of the spring in which he takes his first sip.

The American volume seems to have been prepared on a similar plan to its English companion. The author remarks that "our literature is like our editing—so new that there is no chance for a forgotten closet, a cobwebbed garret, or a dark vaulted cellar," in which some painted antiquity may dig the treasures of centuries, as can be done in England. He divides the history of our literature into three stages—the colonial, the revolutionary, and the period of national development, in which we now live. The colonial period was not favorable to literature, the first books being collections of psalms, sermons and journals of prominent men. The genius of the Puritans reached its highest development in John Edwards, whom the author regards as an original metaphysician, equal in sustained power and clear-sightedness to any modern investigator. The revolutionary period found its best representatives in Tom Paine and Alexander Hamilton. It is too soon to characterize the style of our times, but a popularity established on a trick of expression or insincerity of any kind is sure to be short-lived. The author concludes that solid thought and unaffected feeling are the things chiefly valuable in any literary composition, and that graces of manner, like those of the person, are most winning when worn unconsciously. The lectures in the book range from Benjamin Franklin to Lincoln's address at Gettysburg, and include an array of authors which proudly relates the slender implied in the sneering inquiry, "Who writes an American book?" We would like to know that both these books were adopted by our High School, as they would afford the scholars an insight of English literature they would find it difficult to acquire in any other way.

**NON-RESIDENTS.**—Robbins, N 71 50  
Walker, N B 97 63  
B. & L Paint Co., 71 50  
Fines, N 88 08  
Slocumb, W H 94 90  
Camith, N 67 60  
Chapman, K W 65 65  
Reed, William 94 90  
Benjamin, W D 50 05  
Buttrick, F 59 65  
Farnum, J 57 45  
Holbrook, Edward 73 71

Hancock Church, Rev. Dr. Robinson of New York, will preach Sunday afternoon, August 13th, and Rev. Dr. Blagden of the Old South Church, August 23rd. Services commence at 3 o'clock.

**ENTERPRISE.**—We mentioned a few weeks ago that the owners of the land back of the depot were laying out new streets through that territory. They are still engaged upon that work, but are going still further, and have commenced building cellars preparatory to erecting three or four houses. These are to be built at once, and will add much to the appearance of the village. The situation is a good one and these houses we believe, will be desirable residences.

We hear that the County Commissioners are willing to increase the award made to Mr. Geo. F. Chapman, since he has appealed. If this is so, it exhibits a peculiar state of circumstances in our county. A board of officers who take an oath to faithfully perform their work to the best of their knowledge and belief, view a road, deem the widening advisable and necessary, order it done, make the awards, and then, when the party damaged, appeals and threatens to contest the case, he is told he can have more. We are only supposing a case, and we say, if this should be true, it is unjust and wrong. There is too much of this so-called improvement, and too little regard paid to the rights of citizens. A man's property should never block the march of real improvement, but if you find it necessary to take said property, give the man a just equivalent for the same. No right is more inalienable than this. Justice should characterize the doings of a board of public officers, and when this is wanting the usefulness of such a board is a thing of the past, and the members of such a board should be placed in the same position.

**MINT MEN.**—This company now numbering nearly one hundred men, met for drill last week Thursday evening. An officer from Fort Warren was present and acted as drill master. The company showed much interest and bids fair to make a very creditable appearance ere long. The company voted to impose a fine for non-attendance upon drills, and also voted that two consecutive absences should be considered as withdrawal from the company. The strict enforcement enforcement of these rules will work to the advantage of the company and sooner bring about that degree of efficiency which should characterize such an organization. Philadelphia

papers have already noted its existence, and it is strongly hinted that the company will be invited to attend the Centennial of American independence to be held in that city. All should keep in mind that only by the strictest attention to drill, and the infusing of individual spirit and interest, can such a position be attained as would enable the company to appear upon such an occasion with credit.

**BOOK NOTICES.**

A HAND BOOK OF ENGLISH LITERATURE, including a History of English Literature, with a Companion and Guide for Private Students, and for General Readers. By Francis H. Underwood, A. S. Barnes & Company, pp. 640, price \$2.50; American Authors, pp. 640, price \$2.50. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

The author has produced a brace of books for which he deserves the thanks of scholars. What to read, is the inquiry which young people and their instructors sometimes find it hard to answer. The Hand Book just meets this want, and the preceptor and the private student will each find in them what they have so often sought. Each is prefaced by an historical introduction which gives a brief outline of language and of literature. The connection of the latter with the material progress of the world is quite marked, and our author encourages a desire to wander still further into the wilderness of words, of which he gives a few glimpses. Our language is growing daily. The ground work, or prime element is the sturdy Anglo-Saxon. On this a stratum of Norman French is built; the action of the ages, like the movement of the glaciers, smooths and compacts, changes the orthography, and sloughs off the ruder words. These classes contribute some of their phrases, and the sciences give us theirs. To appreciate the changes as well as to note the transition, the literature of the past must be compared with that of the present. Our author has done this and gives us specimens of the best work of the English mind from Chaucer to Tom Hughes and Jean Ingelow. Not only are extracts from their works, but brief biographical sketches are given, and the student cannot only be induced into the best reading in the word, but along may gain a little knowledge of his author.

HARPER'S.—*Harper's* magazine for September covers an extensive variety of subjects, and contains over one hundred illustrations. The number opens with one of the best articles which Porte Crayon has ever given to the public, entitled "Our Negro Schools." Its illustrations are effective, and in their peculiar style are imitable. A very comprehensive and entertaining paper on sepulchral, entitled "The Silent Majority," with twenty-eight illustrations, is contributed by James Henri Browne. William Hill Ridle contributes a timely and picturesque description of the South Sea Islands, profusely illustrated. Professor J. E. Nourse concludes his able review of the astronomical work accomplished in connection with observatories in the United States. The article this month with fourteen illustrations, includes notices of the observatories at Cambridge, Dartmouth, Hamilton College, the university of Michigan, the Sheffield Scientific School, and of the Dudley Observatory. Edwin Do Leon contributes an important paper showing the present condition of commerce in the Southern States. A very striking paper on Thackray, illustrated, is contributed by R. H. Stoddard; and John H. Spivey gives an interesting article, also illustrated, on the "Art of Perfumery." A new serial story, charmingly written, entitled "Rape of the Camp" is commenced in this number with illustrations by Fredericks. This artist has also in this number a remarkable illustration accompanying Mrs. C. A. Merigot's beautiful poem "Roses of Florence." Two other illustrated poems are contributed by J. T. Trowbridge and Nelly M. Hutchinson. There are also poems by Joseph Cook, Elizabeth Staats Phelps, and Helen S. Conant; and two brilliant short stories by Frank Leslie. This artist has also in this number a remarkable illustration accompanying Mrs. C. A. Merigot's beautiful poem "Roses of Florence." Two other illustrated poems are contributed by J. T. Trowbridge and Nelly M. Hutchinson. There are also poems by Joseph Cook, Elizabeth Staats Phelps, and Helen S. Conant; and two brilliant short stories by Frank Leslie.

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In Woburn, Aug. 6th, by Rev. J. Quincy, George F. Smith and Annie F. McNamee. In Boston, by W. H. Brewster, J. W. Huntington, James Geddes of Woburn, and Mary Young, of Winchester.

Arrived, Aug. 11th, by Rev. Robert Stark, of Watertown, Mr. Michael Kenney and Miss Mary A. Kenney.

Arrived, Aug. 11th, by Rev. Amos Harris, Mr. Woodin, G. Currier, of Arlington, and Mrs. Lucy A. Currier, of Winchester.

Thanks for a copy of the bridal leaf.

**Married.**

In Woburn, Aug. 26th, Alfred Seymour Trull, aged 20 years, to Miss Anna F. Palmer, aged 19 years, daughter of Rev. Dr. Palmer, of Woburn.

Emerson and Palmer are again in the field, with a first-class church music book. Mr. Emerson, on this occasion, politely retires in the back ground, leaving the main body in the hands of his western contemporary, and only claiming to "assist" in the compilation. His assistance is hearty and powerful, since he contributes upward of a hundred pieces of music; this fact alone being assurance of the excellence of the work. Mr. Palmer's own compositions are now widely known, both East and West, and those belonging to the Farnham, and the like.

In Dusseldorf, France, July 22d, Mrs. Elizabeth W. Thompson, wife of J. W. Thompson, daughter of the late Capt. Samuel Abbott, of Woburn.

TELEGRAMS CASE.—By order of D. P. BRIGHAM, WM. WINN, Auctioneer.

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IN WILMINGTON.

ON THURSDAY, August 14th, at 1 o'clock, P. M., will be sold at auction at the residence of Dr. B. Brigham, in Wilmington, a great variety of Furniture, Household Goods, and other articles of value, including a large quantity of China, and a quantity of old furniture.

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**SEWARD AS A MEDIATOR.**—The following is a condensed sketch from L. B. Froster's comprehensive work, "The Bench and Bar of New York."

Mr. Seward was a sort of standing mediator of church difficulties in this country. Contending parties in those disputes and troubles which destroy harmony and brotherly love in churches, would often mutually seek his mediation, and such was their confidence in him that each party would accept his advice, and settle apparently irreconcilable quarrels and difficulties.

An amusing incident was once the result of an appeal to him in one of these church difficulties, which had for a long time threatened the destruction of a Presbyterian church in a neighboring town. At last it was decided to submit all these difficulties to Mr. Seward, and that his decision should be entirely conclusive. He consented to become the umpire for the parties—gave them a patient hearing, and promised to send his decision in writing, and inclosed it in a letter to one of the leading members of the church.

At this time Mr. Seward was the owner of a farm in another part of the country which was occupied by a tenant to whom he wrote at the time he was about to mail the decision in the case of the church. In directing the letters, the one intended for the church was directed to his tenant, while the one intended for the tenant was sent to the church. It was duly received by the proper officer, and the members of the congregation assembled to hear the decision of Mr. Seward, which was to heal all the difficulties and dissensions.

After calling the congregation to order, the moderator, in appropriate language, explained the object of the meeting. "I hold in my hand," said he, "a paper which I am about to open and read to this assembly, which is, I have no doubt, the olive branch that is to restore harmony and prosperity to this church and congregation. It comes from one who, though a lawyer, loves the Lord and is a peacemaker." Then breaking open Mr. Seward's letter he read the following:

"You will take particular care of that old dangerous black bull, who often attacks people when unaware of his presence, and sometimes plunges at them openly. And you must carefully see to the repair of the fences, that they are built high and strong; and also see that the water in the spring is always kept pure."

There was a mystery about this advice that greatly puzzled the whole congregation, who for a long time sat in profound silence. The moderator stood like one bewildered. Presently, however, he recovered himself enough to remark,

"Brethren, I—I don't exactly—that is to say—I can hardly see how this applies to our case. Suppose we have a season of prayer over it and ask the Lord for instruction."

Accordingly the congregation knelt, and several of the leading members fervently addressed the Throne of Grace.

When the people had all resumed their seats one of the oldest, most esteemed and pious members of the church arose. "Brethren," said he, "nothing can exceed the wisdom of Mr. Seward's decision. I have no doubt that the Lord directed him when he wrote, for is just what we need, and I know it will restore peace and harmony among us."

"Look at its great wisdom. The direction to keep the fences in repair, is to admonish us to take good heed in the admission and government of the members of this church. We must see to it that only those who are regenerated are admitted into our fold. The direction to keep the spring open and pure, means to the people when unaware of his presence, and who has long, horns, plunges at us openly, and who has made a great many savage plunges at this church in particular."

These remarks opened the eyes of all the people present to the wisdom and enlightened piety of Mr. Seward's decision.

It was soon unanimously resolved to abide by it, and peace, good will and prosperity were restored to the church, brotherly love took the place of hatred, and piety increased. Almost forty years have elapsed since this remarkable decision was received by that church. Its organization has been continued down to the present time with uninterrupted prosperity.

What effect Mr. Seward's letter had on his tenant has never been known.

**THE BACK SIDES OF HOUSES.**—Take the prettiest and best kept villages of New England and we doubt if a tenth part of even the most pretentious mansions and the most ornate cottages will bear examination in the rear. Instead of being nicely finished in all their petty domestic details and conveniences, and kept snug and trim with trim grass plots, with all the subordinate avenues and garden approaches well gravelled, else swept and free of refuse, and everything wholesome and orderly, there is apt to be a look of general untidiness, as if all the residual rubbish of years had been dumped therein. Not infrequently a railroad runs its tracks in such a manner as to expose the rear of plenty of houses to the eye of the traveler over it—whose sense of neatness is offended by the square rods of back yard lumbered up with every conceivable variety of second hand, damaged and invadable articles known to domestic use, from a horse ear disturbed by broken thills and wrecked wheels, to the ghost of the baby carriage which survives two generations of children; interpersed with smashed crockery, rusty and condemned tin ware, old boots, sardine boxes, disabled jumbl bottles, hoop skirts, which would have outlived all usefulness if they had ever had any, chips, burdock, mullein, ashes, half burned lumps of wasted coal, and all imaginable litter, trash, debris and dirt. On the other hand, nothing is prettier than a cottage which is thoroughly well kept in rear as well as at its more public portion. It seems inevitably redolent of a purer, sweeter, happier, domestic life than one with heaps of festered rubbish crowding hard upon it.—*Rural New Yorker.*

**EVEN WITH HIM.**—A citizen of Portland was walking down town one morning when a stranger addressed him: "Do you know where the Post Office is?" "Yes," answered the Portlander affably, and walked on without further parley. After proceeding for about ten steps he looked back and inquired of him: "Why? Did you want to know?" "No," replied the victim with earnestness; and then the account having been balanced, the two shook hands and gravely walked off.

**A Mormon bridegroom** was simultaneously married to three blushing brides in Salt Lake City recently. Some confusion was created after the ceremony by each bride persisting her individual right to the first kiss.

**MAKE IT TWO DOLLARS.**—Col. Orzo J. Dods, late member of Congress from the first district of Ohio, tells a good story about a call he recently received at his office from a man who claimed to be an editor from Arkansas. He was a very seedy-looking chap, and appeared as though he had but recently come off from a six weeks' spree. Bowing profoundly, then striking an attitude, with one hand on his heart, and the other extending a badly used plug hat, he exchanged with a dramatic air:—

"Have I the honor of addressing the Hon. Orzo J. Dods?"

"My name is Dods, but I am no longer honorable," said the colonel.

"Not an honorable? Dods not an honorable? Now, by St. Paul, when I see that honest face, on which all the gods at once seem to set their seal, (Green seal," murmured Dods to himself.) I read nothing dishonorable."

"That's right," said Dods; "never read anything dishonorable."

"Yes, as you say, to business. I am a printer—I might say with an unbecoming blush, an editor. I am from the noble State of Arkansaw, the only state, by the way, able and willing to support two Governors at the same time. But I have been unfortunate. Much have I been tossed through the ire of cruel Juno, and—"

"Juno, how is it yourself?" broke in the colonel.

"Buffeted by the world's rude storms, you see me here a stranded wreck. Scarce three moons past I left my office in charge of a worthy foreman, and sought the peaceful vales and the calm retreats of the Muskingum valley, where my childhood sported. Returning, I stopped in Cincinnati. I fell into evil company, and—but why dwell on details? Enough that I am—that I am—disheartened, ruined, broke! A mark for score with a hatchet, saying to the astonished performer, as she did so: "That piano belongs to me and it shall not give you a minute's pleasure." The colonel bowed, apologized, and replied: "If all your people are ready to make costly sacrifices, we might as well go home." One lady of the writer's acquaintance knocked in the heads of a dozen casks of choice wine rather than allow some federal officers to sip as many glasses of it. Another destroyed her own library, which was very precious to her, when that seemed the only way in which she could prevent the stall of a general officer, camped near her, from enjoying a few hours' reading in her parlor every morning. In New Orleans a young lady had elaborately framed and hung in the drawing room a letter from Gen. Butler, in which he had written, "That black-eyed Miss B. sees to me an incorrigible little devil whom even prison fare won't tame." Miss B. called it her "certificate of good behavior." When the hospitals of Richmond were filled with wounded men and the surgeons found it impossible to dress half the wounds, a band of women of that city put their hands and hearts to the work and saved hundreds of lives. When nitre was found to be growing scarce, and the supply of gunpowder was consequently about to give out, women all over the land dug up the earth in their smoke houses and tobacco barns, and with their own hands faithfully extracted the desired salt, for use in the government laboratories. More than one household of women, from the moment that food began to grow scarce, refused to eat meat or drink coffee, living upon vegetables of a speedily perishable sort, in order that they might leave the more for the soldiers in the field. By depriving herself of nourishing food in this way one lady paid the penalty of her lie, which she thus cheerfully gave to the precious cause. "God bless the Virginia woman!" said a general officer from one of the cotton States, one day, "they're worth a regiment apiece;" and he spoke the thought of the rebel army, except that their blessing covered the whole South as well as Virginia.

"My dear sir," the colonel hastened to explain, "you mistake the case entirely. I was one of the grabbers."

"You were?" (grasping the colonel's hand warmly) "so much the better! Let me congratulate you that a parsimonious public could not frighten you out of what was a fair remuneration for your invaluable services. I am glad that your pecuniary circumstances are so much better than I supposed. Make it two dollars!"

And the colonel did. It was the only clean thing left for him to do.

The national treasury was threatened by a horde of greedy Congressmen, who stood like a wall of adamant between the people and those infamous salary grabbers. Lend me a dollar!"

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A DENTAL REHEARSAL.—"We know a young man in this county," says the Walla, Washington, Territory, Union, "who writes 'Dr.' before his name and 'M. D.' after it, who after having to his own satisfaction, mastered the science of medicine and surgery, has concluded to turn his attention to practical dentistry. In order to enable him to pull teeth without pain he procured the head of a sheep that had lately been slaughtered, and repaired to the brush along the bank of the creek. When thus secluded as he supposed, from prying eyes, he procured his forces, gently smoothed the sheep's face with his hands, probably to inspire the patient with confidence, then opened its mouth, laid firmly hold of a molar with his 'tooth' hooks, and gave a surge that brought out the tooth. He then stepped back, wiped his forces on the seat of his pants, and said, in the most soothing tones—"Madame, did it hurt you?" A man who was fishing in the creek not twenty feet away, didn't hear what the sheep said!"

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THE JAPANESE believe that the Milky Way is a river in the heavens, and they have this tradition: In the age when only dolties occupied this earth, Shokup was the wife of Kenjin. They are now the stars which we call Castor and Pollox. He had a box which he commanded her never to open. She disobeyed, and as she took off the cover a cloud of five colors spread from it and rose up to heaven. Kenjin was exceedingly angry. He summoned the cloud to come to him, and having mounted it he ascended to heaven. His wife followed after him. But he had already crossed the river. Knowing that she could not follow, she fell on her face and cried, confessing her disobedience to his command. Then he appeared on the opposite bank, and said they could not live together as before, but would be seen together in the evening of the sixth day of the seventh month in every year, and then the river would be in the condition to be crossed. Thus they always live on the opposite sides of the river, and can meet only once a year.

—

WHEN man begins life, he is like a picture on the ceiling of a cathedral. He has to bend his neck out of shape to see it, and don't like it after he has seen it. Before long it seems to him a good place to be in, which to get away from, he, a kind of insurance office. Then it becomes a matter of sentiment, but, at last, when the real toll of life comes, and God's love shows itself in his discipline, and the yoke is heavy on his neck, his suffering interprets heaven for him as he never saw it before. What a dry place heaven is to many until a father goes there, a mother and a sister! Then it becomes populous. To many a man the door of heaven is shut until his little child goes up to open it for him. I have five up there. So we build our own heaven out of our griefs and pleasures, but we know that everything will be far better than we have sketched it.—Becker.

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# JOURNAL.

VOL. XXIII.

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Orders left with A. Ellis, Stearns, Brown & Co., and H. C. Carpenter, at the former's house on Beacon Street, will receive immediate attention.

JOHN C. BUCK,

TEACHER OF

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NO. 6 RAILROAD STREET,

WOBURN.

Poetry.  
IN SLUMBEROUS SUMMER.

BY EARL MARPLE.

The hammock's nettings clasp me fast,  
In a slumberous swaying to an fro,  
While the sea-sote steals with a cooling breeze,  
To dispel the day's too fervid glow.

From the grass I hear the song chime,  
Of the robin, tip-tipping, hopping along;

While above me the oriole thrills the air,  
With a rich, melodious burst of song.

No more of the earth! my body sleeps;  
And my soul escapes its jail for a time,

The body's senses—raveling from rest,  
In its native clime of song and rhyme.

Ah! now of what worth are the loves of earth?  
Did Titan's soul, or Raphael's?

Ever meet with a face of such rare grace?

Or a crown like a bunch of asphodels?

Or their pencils paint an outline faint  
Of the glimmering soul as it shimmered through,

To vie with the radiant vision of bliss

That bursts on the soul unhampered view?

Dreaming is life. After all, the strife  
And bustle of earth are the "feeling show?"

Where gold is the god, and conscience a rod

That none may feel or war or know,

Dreaming is life—where the fatterless soul

In reality launches its bright bairn;

And thought's bright images dance around,

Than earth's petty toys far more real.

And in dreams I lived for a pleasant hour.

A life seeming sweet as red and rare,

And floated about in a maze of song.

That seemed as a part of the lambent air.

But 'twas a bright day, where in spirit we roamed

When the angel of dreams, for a moment

brieft.

Throws open the prison doors binding to earth

The weary soul welcoming each glad relief,

Then why did you not become one?"

I inquired.

"Because me had such an objection to

anything of a public character. She felt

that I should be demeaned by so doing,

and advised me to content myself with

contributing to the gratification of my

friends at home. You have never heard me

sing, I think?"

I had at times heard a shrill voice, in a

very high key, as I sat in my room, which

had struck me as being far from agreeable.

I thought it best, however, without

mentioning this, to utter a simple negative.

"You must not expect much," continued Sophronia; "my voice is rough and uncultivated. Ma is always telling me that I ought to devote more attention to it; but I can never sing except when the inspiration seizes me. If you will come in to-morrow evening I will sing to you, if you would like."

I expressed my thanks for this disinterested kindness, and as the concert was finished, I proceeded to escort my companion.

As we were making our way through

the crowd, it chanced that some one accidentally or otherwise, jostled my companion.

She immediately seized my arm convulsively, and informed me that she had been insulted.

"Who did it?" stammered I; for I confess that my courage is not of the highest order.

I reply Sophronia pointed out a tall

gentleman with a fierce mustache, who

standing at a little distance.

Mentally deciding that it might not be

possible to have an alteration with such a person, I hastened to assure my companion that it might have been an accident.

"No," said she, very decidedly. "It was not an accident. It was intentional. I wish you to demand an apology in my name."

"Don't you think it would be better," said I, in great embarrassment, "to treat him with silent contempt?"

Sophronia was by no means of this

opinion. Accordingly I approached the gentleman, who appeared still more formidable on a nearer view, and asked in what was intended to be a retort tone, "What he meant by insulting the lady under my charge?"

"Sir," he ejaculated, wheezing sharply around.

I repeated my request in a fainter tone, and suggested that I trusted it was accidental on my part.

Stroking his mustache very fiercely, he informed me that he had no explanations to make, if I wished to hear from him at any time, I should have an opportunity, and forthwith presented me his card.

Without stopping to look at it, I slunk away in the crowd, and soon reached home.

My companion intimated that she supposed I should seek satisfaction in the usual way.

I said something indistinctly—I am not sure exactly what—and very thankfully took leave of the fair Sophronia in the entry.

Reaching my chamber, I examined the card which had been placed in my hand, and found inscribed thereon the name of Captain Achilles Brown, Astor House.

Very probably he was distinguished by the same qualities which characterized his great namesake, and it made me shiver even to think of a conflict with him. Resolving that I would at least take every possible means to avoid it, I went to bed and sank into a slumber disturbed by bright dreams, in which I fancied myself shot through with the terrible Achilles Brown.

Early next morning, while in the

momentary expectation of hearing the break-

fast bell, I was startled by a knock at the door. Immediately afterwards entered a tall man, "bearded like a pard," He introduced himself to me as a cousin of Sophronia, and intimated that, having heard of my difficulty of the previous evening, he had come to offer his services as an appendage.

Thanking him for his kindness, I said

that I was not yet decided to call out the gentleman in question.

"Not yet decided?" repeated my visi-

tor, springing to his feet, causing me

thereby to recede two paces, in some

personal apprehension; "not yet de-

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1874.

NO. 49.

the name to the best of my recollection.

"I wish I could go, ma," said the fair Sophronia.

"So you could, my dear," replied Mrs Jones, "if you had a gentleman protec-

tor."

Thereupon she began to declaim against the customs of society which preclude a lady's attending a place of amusement without a gentleman, lamenting that Sophronia had on this account been more than once debarred from gratifying her exquisite taste in music.

Of course I could not in politeness refrain from offering my escort, although I would thereby be prevented from attending the weekly meeting of the club of which I was a member.

Sophronia, in great confusion, said she could not think of troubling me.

I began to hope that she would not, but her mother quickly silenced her scruples by saying that she was a silly girl (thirty-five it is her day) and that she must not be afraid to sing.

This was said so resolutely that I succumbed at once. I reflected that, while there was equal danger to be incurred in a duel with my visitor, there would be less credit.

"Shall I write the missive?" inquired my companion, who called himself Lieutenant Eustace.

"Yes," said I, faintly.

He sat down at my desk, and in a few minutes produced the following:

"Sir,—You grossly insulted a young woman, in a man of honor I held upon

you either for an ample apology, or for

the usual satisfaction accorded in such cases. I send that by Lieutenant Eustace, who is to act as my friend.

Yours, etc., PETER SMITH."

CAPTAIN ACHILLES BROWN."

Having signed this, with some misgivings I inquired to the character of this Captain Brown.

"I don't know much about him," said my friend, "but I presume he is a regular fire-eater."

This was satisfactory—very.

"Suppose," said I, in a tremulous voice, "you erase the word 'ample' before 'apology.' I shall consider the apology sufficient."

"But I shall not," was the lieutenant's emphatic reply.

There was no more to be said. He departed with his friend; and I was left in a very enviable frame of mind; on his return, "has he apologized?" I inquired eagerly.

"Not a bit of it," was the reply; "he vows that he will shed the last drop of his blood first."

"What a sanguinary monster he must be," was my internal reflection.

"The meeting is appointed for to-morrow morning, an hour before sunrise," resumed the lieutenant. "It is to take place at Hoboken; weapons, pistols; distance, fifteen paces.

"Isn't that rather near?" I ventured to remark.

"Near? Of course you will be more likely to hit him."

"Of course," was the careless reply.

"I could not help wondering whether he would be so cool about it if he were the principal and I the second. In fact I have always observed that seconds are much more scrupulous about the honor of their principals than they are disposed to be about their own. I suppose it is human nature. I think it altogether unlikely that I should make a very fierce second."

"I suppose you are used to pistols?" remarked my friend.

Used to pistols! I remembered once having fired one as a boy, to the imminent danger of my little sister's life.

Since that time I had not had one in my hands.

Sophronia was by no means of this

opinion. Accordingly I approached the gentleman, who appeared still more formidable on a nearer view, and asked in what was intended to be a retort tone, "What he meant by insulting the lady under my charge?"

"Sir," he ejaculated, wheezing sharply around.

I repeated my request in a fainter tone, and suggested that I trusted it was accidental on my part.

Stroking his mustache very fiercely, he informed me that he had no explanations to make, if I wished to hear from him at any time, I should have an opportunity, and forthwith presented me his card.

Without stopping to look at it, I slunk away in the crowd, and soon reached home.

My companion intimated that she supposed I should seek satisfaction in the usual way.

I said something indistinctly—I am not sure exactly what—and very thankfully took leave of the fair Sophronia in the entry.

Reaching my chamber, I examined the card which had been placed in my hand, and found inscribed thereon the name of Captain Achilles Brown, Astor House.

Very probably he

**Woburn Journal.**

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor,  
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY  
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15 cents a line. Religious notices to cents a line.  
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The figures printed with the subscribers name  
on this paper show to what time the subscriber  
is paid. If any error is observed, please notify  
the office at once.

**Index to New Advertisements.**

Page	Col.	No.
Men and Provision Store,	3	1
O. Ditten & Co.,	3	1
O. Green & Company,	3	1
Armenia Street & Co.,	3	1
Water Shut Off,	3	1
Trunks, Watch Cases, &c.,	3	1
G. W. Peck,	3	1
Magazines, &c.,	3	1
N. C. & Co.,	3	1
\$5 to \$12 per month,	3	1
Home Guest,	3	1
For Cheap,	3	1

**COL. GRAMMER DECLINES.**

The interest in the candidacy for Representative from the 5th District is likely to be as great as in any of the eleven. Mr. Gooch's friends in Charlestown have formed a club. The Bailey men are wide awake. We also hear that J. N. Buford of Lynn is on the war path, and J. S. Potter of Arlington is not indifferent to his chances, while Banks is sure to be heard from. The name of Col. Grammer has been well received, but unfortunately, he does not favor it himself, and we have received the following letter:

WOBURN, Aug. 20, 1874.  
To the Editor of the Woburn Journal:  
My Dear Sir.—For the compliment you paid me suggesting my name as a candidate for Congress, and for the kind wishes of many friends, I can under deep obligation. On reflection I cannot consent to its further use, but must insist on its being withdrawn, or withheld from the canvass. Many reasons force me to this decision.

I am your obedient servant,  
W. T. GRAMMER.

A correspondent in to-day's paper suggests the names of John Cummings, Hon. Charles Choate and Hon. J. G. Pollard. We are of opinion that the name of some Woburn man would be favorably received in the convention. Under last year's rule there would be 95 delegates. We shall observe the contest with interest, and during the coming weeks, our readers may expect to hear how the fortunes of the candidates wax and wane.

WATER SHUT OFF.—The Horn Pond Water will be shut off this Saturday at 11 P.M., for the purpose of putting in a new T at the corner of Pond and Main streets. The T has been made some time, and is believed to be hard enough if properly backed to stand the strain. The question is sometimes asked why not put in a cast iron one, but we understand that the contractor who is to pipe for the water years still believes in the cement-lined pipe, and if we put in iron it is taking the matter from him and throwing it on the town. It is hoped that the piece to be put in to-night will prove satisfactory.

WHO IS HE?—The investigation into the affairs of Middlesex County goes on, and as it is the duty of a committee that will be thorough, we may be sure of the death of many abuses. We understand that one Trial Justice remarked that an exposure of his accounts would be the death of him, and if it was to come, he would as soon die as live. We are assured that our own Justice comes out of the trial unscathed, a result that would be expected by all who know him.

PASSING AWAY.—Meeting House Hill is gradually melting away, and if the Town would get a stone crusher and go at its rocky contents, they would have better material for roads than fine gravel, and the time of the Hill's departure would sooner come. L. H. Allen has extended his back yard, and is putting up a carriage house 22x28. The attacks of the gravel seekers on that side have made a considerable hole there.

NUT OFF.—As Miss Kitty Smith was driving past the depot Tuesday evening her attention was called to the fact that the wheel of her carriage was nearly off the axle, the nut being gone. Search was made for it, and it was found near the Common. She had a narrow escape, in a moment more the carriage would have dropped.

WELL DONE!—Wednesday morning a market wagon driven by two boys came running up the street, the occupants calling for help as the horse was beyond control. A young man named Clark, seeing the danger to which the boys were exposed, sprang into the wagon and stopped the frightened animal without injury to any one.

RUNAWAYS.—There were three runaways last Monday. Collomor's horse ran down Park and up Winn, clearing from the wagon near the blacksmith shop. Strout's horse was frightened by the cars and ran. Dodge & Fader's horse also galloped up the street.

GREECAN.—Last Sunday evening, Elia Yovhoff, a Bulgarian, now studying at Hamilton College, spoke at the Orthodox Vespers on the subject of the Greek Church.

MUSTER.—The orders are out for the 2nd Brigade Muster, which will begin on 25th instant. The camp will be known as "Camp Talbot." The muster will continue five days.

STATE CONVENTION.—The Republican State Convention is to be held at Worcester on the 7th of October. The call will be issued three weeks previous, or about the middle of September.

DAMAGES.—A gentleman from Melrose, driving down Main near Charles, on Tuesday evening, got into the horse car track, and lost a wheel. It is a dangerous crossing.

DENTAL.—Dr. R. M. Gage, read a paper before the American Dental Convention at Saratoga, last week.

The Adversary draws a curtain now, while engaged in Sunday editorial labor.

**THE PHALANX NEW ARMORY.**

The Town Hall has been fitted up as an armory for the Woburn Mechanic Phalanx, and on Wednesday it was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies. The partition wall of the old room used some time as an armory, and then for the town library and later for an evening school has been extended down to the floor. A wide hall way leads from the front door into the armory proper. Around the walls are cushioned seats, on which the wearied soldiers may find rest, after a fatiguing drill. Opposite the entrance against the south wall is a roomy gun rack of black walnut, with chestnut window frames. Over this the legend

WOBURN MECHANIC PHALANX.  
1835.

Organized October 1st.

The ceiling is tastefully frescoed, and over the windows are heavy walnut canopies supporting rich damask drapery. Over the entrance is the portrait of Major Burbank, flanked on either side by Capt. Thompson and Sergt. Merriman. Around the walls are hung portraits and pictures, mementoes of the history of the company, many of them tokens of friendly regard from thoughtful friends.

On the right of the main entrance is the officers' reception room. The walls nicely frescoed, Brussels carpet on the floor, marble table and mantle, pier glass, camp chairs, uniform and water closets. The walls are adorned with pictures, and the room is as cosy and pleasant as could be wished.

Capt. Walter Wyman responded for his command, and remarked that he was glad to meet the Phalanx under so favorable auspices, and said he felt as much pride in the company as in the days gone by. He closed with a tribute to the memory of Capts. J. B. and Timothy Winn.

—*The Phalanx Past and Present Members.*—The former made the Phalanx what it is; ours the task to maintain it.

Capt. E. F. Wyer was received with prolonged cheers. He was glad to be present, and grateful that there were 50 men with courage enough 39 years ago to petition for an organization. It was planted with difficulty, but it has achieved a vigorous growth. Twenty years ago in this hall he received his first lesson in the school of the soldier, and later he enrolled as a volunteer to put down the rebellion. You now have a more gaudy heritage than did the men of '35. Speaking for the company he said, we must feel proud of the town for what it has done, and we will maintain the high standard raised by our predecessors.

The Band played "Bully for you"—*The Grand Army of the Republic.*—Gone tried and true; should the occasion arise their ranks would be recruited by the militia of to-day.

Capt. C. K. Conner responded and referred to the pictures on the walls, which in militia and battle scenes were mingled. He hoped the time would never come when the tocsin of war should alarm them, but if it did, the Phalanx and the Grand Army would be found standing together. The Band played "Marching thro' Georgia."

—*The Citizen and the Soldier.*—True companionship and encouraging each other.

Hon. J. G. Pollard said he was wholly endorsed by the sentiment of the toasts, and since the war everybody seemed to sympathize with it. Military organization is a necessity, and without it the Sixth could not have gone through Baltimore. He referred to the money appropriated by the town for the army, and as the town was sick with economy at the time, he was glad that they had kept within the appropriation. He closed with good wishes for the company. The Band played "Star Spangled Banner."

—*The Press.*—Slow to censure, prompt to praise; an ardent friend and a generous foe.

H. N. Hastings of Lynn was expected to respond to this toast, but in his absence the captain called on Mark Allen, who made some remarks.

—*The Old Sixth.*—First, last and always.

Col. A. S. Follansbee was received with repeated cheers. He thanked them for the generous reception, but objected to the word "last," as his regiment was first in everything. Organized in 1777, first to offer their services, first to report for duty, first to shed blood, and first to draw blood from the Johnnies. He told the story of the march through Baltimore, giving his hearers a version entirely new to many of them, and which for want of room we reluctantly omit. The Band played "Hail Columbia."

—*Co. K. 30th.*—Its members proved their patriotism on some of the bloodiest fields of the war, now that they are citizens their patriotism is no less conspicuous.

A. P. Birrell responded briefly.

—*Co. B. 11th.*—In the last war "Harris Guard" was in the dead.

—*The Clergy.*—Advocates of peace, even though they have to fight to maintain it.

Rev. Mr. Kellogg responded and said there were some sorts of peace he would fight to maintain. In the long battle with slavery the clergy nearly all came to believe that slavery was opposed to the gospel, and in the war they were the best creators of public sentiment. He congratulated the company on its present circumstances, and hoped that if they should ever be ordered to attack an enemy they would show as much vigor as they had displayed in the attack on the chief.

The Band played "Hail to the Chief." The next toast was

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**SILVER VS POSTAL SCRIP.**—In a sensible and timely article on the subject of substituting silver change for the present wretched postal scrip, the Commercial Bulletin says:

"Let us say that one principal reason why this subject should receive the early and careful attention both of the public and of the authorities is the fact that the era of small paper money is the breeding season among counterfeitors. Men, in taking money scan large bills carefully, and the practiced eye soon detects the true from the false. But when a man buys a cigar or a car ticket, the rag that comes to him in change is too small, too dirty and too much creased and crumpled in its general effect to bear close scrutiny, and it is crammed into the vest pocket after the most casual glance, upon the theory that the next who takes it will receive it in the same careless manner."

Counterfeiting is shrewd students of human nature, and it is because of this, that since silver went out and paper dimes, quarters and halves come in, they have mainly devoted their energies in this direction.

Silver is abundant, and as compared with its relative standing with gold ten years ago, it has been demonstated in many of the leading countries of Europe, and is there a drug, its legal tender characteristics having been taken away. The East continues to absorb it, though not as ravenously as it did in years gone by, and the prospect is that the demand will still further decline.

Time was when the tea and other products of China, when wanted for European or American consumption, could only be had for the silver dollar of Mexico. Where they all went to no one could tell, but go they did, and the cry was ever for more. But of late years China and the other nations of the East have learned to use more and more of the products of more civilized nations, and the vessels which used Hong Kong and Calcutta for a cargo do not now carry silver ballast exclusively.

Meantime the supply from the mines has increased and is daily growing larger. The demand for silver for use in the arts is doubtless greater than it was, and the amount of silver practically destroyed by art processes is on the increase, but on the other hand it must be remembered that an immense amount has been thrown upon the market by the demolishing policy adopted by European countries, the grand result being an overstock in the world's supply.

The occasion is peculiarly opportune for silver resumption in this country, and the adoption of measures looking in that direction would be an important step towards true specific resumption, or rather the resumption of redeemer of our notes is the more precious metal.

As air seeks a vacuum always, unless restrained by an artificial barrier, and water its level, so silver seeks that market where it is most wanted, and in which a poorer currency does not occupy the field. Small money for purpose of change, is requisite. At present what is supplied with paper. Withdraw it, and a want will be created which will cause silver at once to begin flowing this way from Europe, where, as we have said, it is in overstock. Moreover, the hoards which in the aggregate are very large, but which individually are small in amount, stowed away in stockings, broken teapots and bureau drawers, would begin to come out. Canada and the lower provinces, where American silver is today at a greater discount than greenbacks, would send us our own coin by the ton. Shipments of silver would stop and before the whole of our paper fractionals could possibly be retired, we should have a superabundance of the metal.

"But," suggests a doubter, "I suppose the gold premium should rise again. Would not the silver premium follow it?" Is a rise of the gold premium probable? Is a rise of any importance, unless purely temporary and the result of a gambler's corner, possible? Is not the recent success of funding the loan at a low rate of interest and upon terms in every way favorable to the government, an indication of the nation's credit, and a bar to any increase in the gold premium, supposing no further inflation of the currency to be permitted?

Tied at the hands of the Secretary of the Treasury are by Congress, nothing can be done without legislation. But, supposing that obtained, and it is our belief that the matter can be so presented to Congress as to secure it, what would have to be done?

First, let the mints of the country be put to work on dimes, using the surplus gold and currency, or so much of it as may be necessary, for the purchase of the requisite bullion. A sufficient sum for a fair start having been accumulated, let the offer be made publicly to redeem ten cent pieces, in sums of five dollars or its multiple, in silver dimes, all redeemed paper to be destroyed at once. Meantime let the manufacture of silver quarters be undertaken, and the outstanding paper of that grade withdrawn and cancelled. Then do the same by the halves. Before the operation was half through the gold premium would fall to a point where silver would be on a par with greenbacks, the stock now hoarded within and without the country, would come into circulation, and to prevent a positive glut, the public would prefer to exchange to the last ten millions, greenbacks to silver. There would be a decrease of debt, but no contraction of circulating medium, and the country would then be on the high road to resumption.

"THIT ON IT!"—A good story used to be told of a lisping officer in the Union army during the war. He was victimized by a brother officer, noted for his cool deliberation and strong nerve, and waited to get square with him. The cool joker, the captain, was always quizzing the lisping officer, the Lieutenant, for his nervousness.

"Why," said he one day, in the presence of his company, "nervousness is all nonsense; I tell you, lieutenant, no brave man will be nervous."

"Well," inquired his lisping friend, "how would you do, if you were a shell with an inch fothould drop ittelf into a walled angle, in which you had taken shelter from a company of sharpshooters, and where it wath therin if you put your nothe, you would get pipped?"

"How?" said the captain, winking at

the company, "why take it cool and spit on the fuse."

The party broke up and all retired except the patrol. The next morning a number of soldiers were assembled on parade and taking in clusters, when along came the lisping lieutenant. Lazily opening his eyes he remarked—

"I want to try an experiment this morning, and see how exceedingly cool you can be."

Saying this, he walked deliberately into the captain's quarters, where fire was burning on the hearth, and, placing in the hottest centre a powder canister, instantly retreated. There was but one mode of egress from the quarters, and that was on the parade ground, the road being built up for defence. The occupant took one look at the canister, comprehended the situation, and in a moment dashed at the door, but it was fastened on the outside.

"Charlie, let me out, for your love of me," shouted the captain.

"Thip on the canithter," shouted he in return.

Not a moment was to be lost. He had wrapped a blanket to cover his egress; but now dropping it, he raised the window and out he bounded, sans calettes, sans everything but a very short under garment; and thus with hair allover on end, he dashed upon a full parade ground. The shouts which hailed him called out the whole barracks to see what was the matter, and the dignified captain pulled a sergeant in front of him to hide himself.

"Why didn't you thip on it?" inquired the lieutenant.

"Because there were no sharpshooters in front to stop a retreat," answered the captain.

"All I've got to thay then, ith," said the lieutenant, "that you might hafely have done it, for I'll swere there wath not a thing grain of power in it."

The captain never spoke of nervousness afterwards.

BENEFITS OF ADVERTISING.—Do I believe in advertising? asks M. Quad. Certainly I do; I have seen its benefits too often to doubt that it pays big. I remember the case of Cushman right here. He saw an advertisement of "A dog wanted," and while crawling under the bed to get hold of one of those numerous canines always to be found on the premises, he found his new axe, that had been lost three months, a keg of nails, and enough coal to last him a week—and that wasn't all. He sold the dog for three dollars, stole him back the same night, and re-sold him to a stranger for twice shillings.

A neighbor of mine once asked my advice about advertising for boarders, and I told him by all means to advertise. He inserted three or four lines in a daily paper, costing thirty or forty cents, and in two days after, his house was jam full of boarders. The crowd was composed of his brother's wife and nine children, who learned his address through the advertisement, and if that man wasn't satisfied with the field. Small money for purpose of change, is requisite. At present what is supplied with paper. Withdraw it, and a want will be created which will cause silver at once to begin flowing this way from Europe, where, as we have said, it is in overstock. Moreover, the hoards which in the aggregate are very large, but which individually are small in amount, stowed away in stockings, broken teapots and bureau drawers, would begin to come out. Canada and the lower provinces, where American silver is today at a greater discount than greenbacks, would send us our own coin by the ton. Shipments of silver would stop and before the whole of our paper fractionals could possibly be retired, we should have a superabundance of the metal.

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Now remember a young man who advertised for an easy situation, where a young man could render himself useful and receive a small salary. Some people laughed at him, but I advised him to stick to his faith in advertising. It was not long before he secured such a situation. I don't exactly remember where it was, but I think they called the place Sing Sing, or some such name. At any rate, all he had to do is to sit on a bench and drive pegs into shoes, and they think so much of him that they are going to keep him there for ten years.

There was the case of Taylor. He advertised for information concerning his long lost brother whom he had not seen for twenty-one years, and a Texas vigilante committee sent him one of the prettiest roses you ever laid eyes on—worth ten times the cost of the advertisement. They said it was all that was left of the long lost.

IRISH ONES THAT ARE NOT IRISH.—It is a Scotch woman who said that the butcher of her town only killed half a beast at a time; it was a Dutchman who said that a pig had no marks on his ears except a short tail; and it was a British magistrate who being told by a vagabond that he was not married, responded "That is a good thing for your wife;" it was an English reporter who stated at a meeting of the Ethnological Society, that there were "eats of the skull of an individual instead of periods of adult life, to show the changes produced in ten years," though Dean Swift certainly mentions two skulls preserved in Ireland, one of a person when he was a boy, and the other of the same person when he grew to be a man; it was a Portuguese mayor who enumerated among the marks by which the body of a drowned man might be identified in his speech; it was a Frenchman—the famous Caron—who, contentedly laying his head upon a large stone jar for a pillow, replied to one who inquired if it was not rather hard, "Not at all, for I have staved it with bay"; it was an American lecturer who solemnly said one evening, "Parents, you may have children, or if not, your daughters may have"; and it was a German orator, who, warning with his subject, exclaimed, "There is no man, woman or child in the house, who has arrived at the age of fifty years, but what has felt the truth thundering through their minds for centuries!"—New York Commercial Advertiser.

There is nothing pleasanter when in the declining years of life, than to have the boy who used to catch all the fish and find all the berries come to you for the loan of a half dollar. Time works its re-

verse. "Why," said Jones, "was Napoleon the Great less remarkable than Henry the Eighth?" Everybody in the room began to leave, seeing which he bawled out: "Because although Napoleon was a wonder, Henry was a Tudor." "How?" said the captain, winking at

"A bad habit to get into—a coat that is not paid for,

Oil and truth will get uppermost at last,

A DENIZEN.—A week or two ago one of our reporters had occasion to refer to a certain woman, whom we will call Hannah Smith, as a denizen of the Eleventh Ward. A day or two afterwards a huge man entered the office with his brow clothed with thunder. In his hand he carried a fearful club, and at his side trotted a bull dog whose hunger evidently had made desperate. With that quick appreciation of the situation which is creditable to the superior intelligence of an educated man, the editor of this paper and the proprietor darted to the window, and climbed outside, slid down the lightning rod, and waded across the street to watch the bloody fray through a spy glass. With the fearlessness of conscious innocence we sat still, merely inserting our legs in two sections of stove pipe to guard against any misapprehension of facts on the part of the bull dog. The man with the club approached.

"Are you the editor?" he asked, splitting on his hands and grasping his club. We told him that the editor was out; that he had gone to the North Pole with Captain Hall, and would not return before 1876, in time for the centennial celebration.

"I want to try an experiment this morning, and see how exceedingly cool you can be."

Saying this, he walked deliberately into the captain's quarters, where fire was burning on the hearth, and, placing in the hottest centre a powder canister, instantly retreated. There was but one mode of egress from the quarters, and that was on the parade ground, the road being built up for defence.

The occupant took one look at the canister, comprehended the situation, and in a moment dashed at the door, but it was fastened on the outside.

"Charlie, let me out, for your love of me," shouted the captain.

"Thip on the canithter," shouted he in return.

Not a moment was to be lost. He had wrapped a blanket to cover his egress; but now dropping it, he raised the window and out he bounded, sans calettes, sans everything but a very short under garment; and thus with hair allover on end, he dashed upon a full parade ground. The shouts which hailed him called out the whole barracks to see what was the matter, and the dignified captain pulled a sergeant in front of him to hide himself.

"Well, whoever you are," exclaimed the warrior, "my name is Smith!"

We told him we were glad, because, if there was one thing better than possession of the name of Smith, it was the privilege of knowing a man by that name.

"But Smith," we said, "why is this battle array?" It is absurd for a man to put on the panoply of war, and frisk into editors' sanctuaries, tumbling a club and accompanied by a dishevelled bull dog, simply because his name happens to be Smith.

He said he came in to bust the head of the man who had insulted his sister.

"It is impossible, Smith, that such a thing could have been done by any one in this office."

"Yes, but it was, though; and her name was published, too; Miss Smith—Miss Hanner E. Smith."

"May we be permitted to inquire, Mr. Smith, what was the precise character of the affront offered to Hannah?"

"Well, you see," said Smith, "the blackguard said that she was a denizen, and I want you to understand," exclaimed Smith, becoming excited and brandishing his club in a wild manner over our head, while the bull dog advanced and commenced to snuff up and down our stove pipe, "I want yet to understand that she is a decent young woman, with a good character, and none of your denizens or such truck. The man who says she is a denizen is a blackguard and thief, and I'll smash him over the nose if I get a chance."

The editor and proprietor, seeing that all was safe, immediately climbed the lightning rod, and soon appeared at the window, where they were introduced to Smith, with the remark that they had returned from the North Pole and the clime of the cundurango somewhat unexpectedly, in order to surprise their relations.

And now we suppose Smith will be mad because we have told a story about him, and will be coming down to interview us again in war's magnificent and stern array, with a fresh bull dog, but it will in vain. We have rented an office in the top of the shot tower, and have planted turbines and spring guns all the way up the stairs. We warn this incendiary Smith to beware.

Now remember a young man who advertised for an easy situation, where a young man could render himself useful and receive a small salary. Some people laughed at him, but I advised him to stick to his faith in advertising. It was not long before he secured such a situation. I don't exactly remember where it was, but I think they called the place Sing Sing, or some such name. At any rate, all he had to do is to sit on a bench and drive pegs into shoes, and they think so much of him that they are going to keep him there for ten years.

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of lighter texture. But in regard to the size of the feet, as before stated, climate or habit of life may be credited with such a change. Whatever it may be however, it is tolerably certain that both Southern men and women have smaller feet than the men and women of the North.

At the North, West and Northwest, the people of both sexes seem to regard comfort and excellence of make and fabric as most essential in the choice of boots and shoes. They wear about the same sizes and styles of boots and shoes as those in demand in New England, to be found ready made in our shoe stores. These goods are pegged and sewed, though mostly pegged. They are of good medium grades, are more substantial, and will last longer than the Southern boots and shoes mentioned. In fact, they are better fitted for the climate than the lighter grades. The heavier grades of men's boots have a tap sole, while the same grades of New England have the neater double sole. Broad heels, wide soles, and roomy at the toes, seem to be the pervading characteristics, though there are not wanting instances where there is a demand for larger, more stumpy, and wide-toed boots and shoes; but this is to some extent exceptional. The ladies' shoes for the West and North vary somewhat from the men's, being smaller in proportion, long and narrow soled, but otherwise solid and substantial.

The Middle and South Atlantic States—commencing on the coast with Delaware, and inland with Kentucky—the general style of men's and women's boots and shoes may be said to be a mean between the two styles just described. While partaking of the main points of those of the Gulf States, as regards size, finish, &c., they are yet more substantially built, of a somewhat heavier texture.

The styles in request in California resemble in many respects those worn at the South. There is, however, this difference to be noted—they are generally better made and more substantial. The proportion of pegged work sent to this market is very large. California, so far as the pedal extremities of her people are concerned, is not yet quite pronounced, though evidently inclining towards the Southern form.

Coming home to New England, we find in men's wear, an affection of extremely broad soled boots and shoes, though this is more in appearance than in reality—the projecting soles being thrown out as fenders seeming against "hard knocks," as well as a protection from turning over and spraining the ankles. They are generally long-toed, broad and low heeled, and comfortable, affording common sense quarters to even ambitious feet with aspiring toes.

The great trade, however, in boots and shoes South and West is in the coarser material for farmers, and field hands, miners and lumbermen.

Before the war, the slave-owners of the South were liberal patrons of our New England shoe manufacturer. The style of brogan ordered by them for their field hands was what is known to the trade as russet shoes. These were of uncolored tan leather, and were strong and durable, just the thing for the chocolate soil of the South. But since the war, when Sambo thinks he is as good as his former master, the demand for russels has not been revived, except only partially in Louisiana, and some portions of the adjoining Gulf States. Now the negroes generally wear brogans of wax, kip, and split leather.—In all cases begged.

The demand for this class of goods South is very large, the shapes partaking somewhat of one peculiarity of fine Southern wear, in being longer and narrower soled than that of the same quality sent West, the sizes running up to 15, while at the West 12 is the limit.

While at the South the great bulk of the trade in coarse shoes is in brogans, in the West a different kind of brogan known as the plough shoe is most sought after. This shoe is made in three styles, and comes up higher on the foot, like ankles. The upper has but one seam—in the back—and a gore in the corner. One style is made to lace up, and the others have a turn over flap, and one and two buckles, the design being to exclude the clay and sand from the inside of the shoe. They are not quite so cheap as the common brogans, but for the purpose which their name indicates they must be far superior.

In the Eastern and Northern States, the style of brogan in demand is the thick and short variety of medium grade—heavy in texture, and strong, with tap on the outside of the sole. The same peculiarities of style and texture also obtain at the Northwest, as in the West, in the farming and lumber regions.

In miner's and seaman's boots there is not that variety of style and peculiarity of shape which is to be noticed in the makes for the less exposed and hardworking general public. What these people want in boots is plenty of room, combined with the water proof qualities, and nearly the same grade of goods that suits the California miner will suit the miners in other sections, as well as the lumberers and seamen.—*Commercial Bulletin*.

**THE ATROCITY OF FEATHER BEDS.**—The cackling of the geese is said to have saved Rome. The feathers of the same bird are dealing death to America. We are reminded of this as the summer approaches, and the hospitality of rural friends occasionally introduces us to the "feather bed" which has come down, an heirloom in the family for five generations. It is a capacious bag, holding thirty or forty pounds of good, honest goose feathers, plucked a hundred years ago, and held in high esteem by succeeding generations until it has come into the possession of the present incumbent of the old homestead. Underneath this feather bed is the straw bed, filled annually with clean, sweet oat straw. This relieves the pressure upon the bed cords, which are annually tightened and the spring house-cleaning with the old fashioned wrench and pin until the tenser cord makes music to the stroke of the hand. This feather bed was tolerable in the days of log houses, with the free ventilation of a big fireplace and ribs in the roof through which the snow drifted in every winter storm. But now with tight houses and stoves that heat everything from cellar to garret, the case is altered. No amount of airing and sunlight will permanently redeem the bed from the odor of old feathers, which is anything but agreeable, and the more atrocious effect animal matter that has

escaped from the sleepers that have sought repose here for generations past. Think now of John Giles coming in from his day's work in the field where he has been following the plough, or driving the mower or reaper, his body all day long in a vapor bath, to repeat the process in the night watch as he stretches his weary limbs upon this unpeopled perspiration. Here he tries to sleep, but wakes often from fitful dreams, and tosses as if a fever were raging in his veins. Is it any wonder that he rises from unrefreshing sleep with the early dawn, that he grows lean and cadaverous, and becomes cross and dyspeptic? The poor wife, who shares his couch, has possibly, in addition to his discomfits, the care of a nursing child. Is it any wonder that she comes to the morning more dead than alive? Is it any wonder that so large a per cent of the inmates of our lunatic asylums come from our farms? The old proverb that "the rest of the laboring man is sweet," needs to be received with several grains of allowance. There is not much a season or refreshment on this pile of features in the sweltering summer. It is surprising to see how long it takes modern improvements to invade the agricultural districts, even with the help of railroads and newspapers. Hair mattresses and spring beds are unknown luxuries in many of these districts where the civilization is at least two hundred years old. "The age of homespun," supposed by some of our brilliant writers to have departed fifty years ago, is still continued in almost unbroken force. Something cold and soft, to sleep on and under, is still a desideratum in most farm houses. The apology for feather beds and cotton-quilted comfortable is not poverty, but convenience of manufacture. The feathers are a home product, and a tea drinking makes the quills and comfortable. Yes, John Giles owns his farm, is out of debt, has a good bank account, owns railroad stock and could buy mattresses, duvetines and blankets, if he understood their comfort and economy.—*Crit. American Agriculturist*.

**PROGRESS.**—We will venture to write that there is not another word in the English language more thoroughly abused, more commonly misapplied than the hackneyed one of Progress. From explosive illuminators to ponderous iron clad, from skin milk educational theories to the great liberal religious agitations our beloved country sees, both and bond and brogan, as the witches' cauldron in Macbeth. And may we not add the potency is equally baneful? Why is this so? Are we as a nation drunk with prosperity and delirious with morbid eximents? Men with photophore eyes rush confusely down the alleys and by ways long abandoned to sensual paganism with the enthusiasm of the followers of Siva, and the abomina of the votaries of the Euscan mysteries. So-political reasoning takes the place of demonstrative fact. Semblances and illusions abound on every hand and the numbers led astray make a queer satire on the researches of positive science and the moral of history. We do not propose to attack these conditions with slashing pen and dissecting hand. It is a theme for the Christian leader and philanthropic moralist rather than the journalist. We only ask why these things are so, and if there is no remedy for them that is applicable, will be received, will work a cure. See the papers with column after column of disgusting details written in gross literature with a pandering to the baser elements of human nature, to make the modest blush, and the pure veil their eyes in shame. See the details of murders, suicides, and crimes unfit to name, sought after by the news seeker with an intensity and gratification positively horrible. Hear sly platitudes from deceiving or self deceived media from dead philosophers, statesmen and poets, and keep your temper if you can. Listen to some liberal with insane eye and high pitched voice, as he denounces the basis of Law, Government, and stable society, the inspired book as a tissue of old world lies, and only a relic of bygone superstitions, not in harmony with the spirit and progress of the age, and be patient and hopeful if you can.—*Turk's Folly Reporter*.

**WOBURN.**—This mania for publishing letters is spreading. The New Bedford Standard prints an autograph letter by George Washington.

**FOR SALE.**

A modern style extension top Carryall, nearly new and in good order. Will be sold at a bargain. Inquire at Winn's Stable, Winchester. 170

**REMOVAL.**

L. W. OSGOOD

Has removed his LAW OFFICE into one of the offices of Mr. H. Collamer, Esq., Deputy Sheriff, in Wade's Block.  
NO. 172 MAIN STREET, Woburn.

**MEAT AND PROVISION STORE.**

For Sale at a Bargain.

Nicely fitted up with all the conveniences for a successful business. There is a large Ice Chest for Meats, a smaller one for Butter, Marie Callender's Puddings, &c. A large quantity of something NEW and FIRST-CLASS. Sickness and all the usual articles of a grocery store. It is all dressed out at private sale. It will sell at auction on MONDAY, August 1st, at 10 o'clock, At the Auction Room of Mr. C. M. SALMON, Nos. 244 and 246 Main Street, corner Fowle and Prospect Streets, Woburn, Mass.

**ICE CREAM**

—AND—

Fresh Oysters

Constantly on hand at 189 Main Street, Board by the day or week. Particular care is taken at short notice.

**ARNOLD, McLEARN & CO.**

Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in ODELL & HUDSON'S

**Elliptic Spring-Bed,**

Patented Feb. 11, 1873.

**Married.**

In Arlington, August 23d, by Rev. J. M. Finott Thomas Cutler and Honora Hurley.

**Died.**

In Woburn, Aug. 26th, Mary Abby P. Skinner, aged 34 years. Interred at Woburn, Aug. 26, 1874.

**Horse Found.**

A BROWN HORSE, left hind foot white, and other partially. White on back, as though made by a saddle. Weighs about 1000 lbs. The owner can have the property by calling on the undersigned and paying charges.

JOSEPH KELLEY,  
Church St., Woburn.

**NOTICE.**

The Annual Meeting of the Woburn Lycceum Hall Association will be held at the Directors room of the First National Bank, in Woburn, on Tuesday, the first day of September next, at 7:12 o'clock P. M., to choose officers for said Association for the ensuing year, and to transact all other business as may legally be made to approach to the sum named.—*Leeds Times*.

**Perham's Fourth and Last SELECT EXCURSION!**

Boston to Plymouth, from Battery Wharf, per steamer "Ulysses."

Tuesday, September 1st, at 9:30 A. M.

Leave Plymouth to return at 4 P. M. Round trip \$1.50. For seats in Woburn at the usual places; also at the depot in Winchester and West Medford.

We are particularly expected that the North Woburn band will accompany the party.

Do not fail to improve this last opportunity to visit the Pilgrim's Home.

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**NOTICE.**

This is the opinion of George William Curtis, in "Harper's Weekly" of the third term business, and it is sound: "The instant that the plan should be distinctly disclosed, the Republican party would be rent asunder, and its most powerful journals would unite in opposition. The proposition of a third term would be an issue greater and more immediate than any that are now contemplated; and since that has been suggested, silence is an unpardonable policy. The friends of the administration owe to it their most emphatic expression of opinion. Plain speech is their imperative duty. It is not enough that friendship for the President should assume that he cannot contemplate a third term. That friendship must assume that he ought not to contemplate him."

**JOHN L. WYMAN,**  
**Magnetic Physician.**

Rooms in J. W. Manning's Photographic Establishment.

**Main Street, Woburn.**

Office hours from 9 to 12, and 1 to 4. Other hours will visit the sick at their houses.

Residence on Pleasant Street, fourth door from Main on the left.

Forty-seven thousand Germans have gone back to Paris, to live.

Price \$5 to \$12 PER DAY. PARTICULARLY LADS FREE. We are giving away the best specimens of our work in the world. Samples enabling you to go to work at once on receipt of 50cts. J. LATHAM & CO., 222 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

**\$5 TO \$12 PER DAY.** PARTICULARLY LADS FREE. We are giving away the best specimens of our work in the world. Samples enabling you to go to work at once on receipt of 50cts. J. LATHAM & CO., 222 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

**ONLY.**

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, AUG. 29, 1874.

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**A French Corset-Maker's Gossip.**

During the period of the emperor's reign over France, it pleased his beautiful spouse to fit into notice a number of tradespeople who had never before been heard of, had no ancestry, (so to speak) and who were by an exclusive class deemed as thoroughly parvenu as the newly fledged nobles who frequented the imperial court. In our young and shifting country, if we don't visit our dress-maker for six months, we can't be at all certain of finding her shop in the same place; but in France, inspite of its terrible political revolutions, a business stand acquires its importance by steadfast clinging to its first quarters, and when it once receives the custom of a house, sets out not only to keep that custom, but to secure that of the descendants of the one for the descendants of the other. Firms that have been in existence over a hundred years are numerous in Paris; and for how long the house of Hippolite has ruled the stays of the body fashionable, when Eugenie came and touched with her fairy wand the house of Gringoire, and made it the rage, I cannot pretend to say. But at any rate, Gringoire became at once the corset maker of Paris, and not of Paris alone, for does not her sign to this day read "Patented Furnisher to H. R. H. the Princess of Wales?" Hippolite became *recooco*. No one could pretend to be well versed who did not patronize Gringoire. Her prices rose like the mercury in its tube on a hot day. She made no corsets for less than twenty dollars. "We always charged the Empress forty for hers," said my corset maker, scientifically bending my bones—my whalebones—to make them flexible.

Madame Gringoire was a pleasant mannered lady, who was assisted in her duties at first by her niece. The soiled linen of families is never I think, washed in these columns, and therefore I cannot explain why it was that the niece and the aunt parted company; but so it happened. Madame Maria Hamm (the niece) was perhaps hampered, or was she ambitious? Dependent sayeth not. But certain it is that she set up a shop for herself, and is to-day the mistress of a flourishing establishment. The exasperated Gringoire still kept the lead, however, and not to know the great figure improver was to argue yourself a figure unimproved. But alas for the destiny in store for us all. There is a fate against which nothing, not even stars, can brace us. Summoned to London about six months ago to attend "H. R. H." the Princess of Wales, Gringoire found that her own body was more in need of attendance than that of her noble customer, and in foggy London Gringoire bade adieu to a world of "false, vain show" in feminine outlines as well as all other things. To the wicked Maria Hamm she left not a penny of her large fortune, but gave it all to her sister, an unprofessionally lady, living in retirement in the country. Her former fellowwoman continues her business, and "GRINGOIRE" still glares its gold letters at you from a black marble sign, which looks like a tombstone as you pass; but the dynasty is now destroyed, and France is at once without its Empress, and without its corset queen. It stands to reason that all the workers employed by Gringoire were good corset makers, and there is not one of them of any importance, who is not in the enjoyment of a good cushion.

"I never should have left madame, if madame hadn't died," said one of these young women as she took the number of my waist inches, and wrote them down in a book. "Madame liked me to wait on the English customers, as I am English. Oh such fine ladies as did use to come to us! And such lovely figures. Did you ever see the Marchioness of Hastings, madame?"

"Never."

"Oh how beautiful her figure is! only eighteen inches around the waist,—with such a bust, and such sloping shoulders."

"Indeed, then," exclaimed the book-keeper, a fine looking French woman, with a positive manner, "she must be very different from the most of English women. The generality of them have waists so long they reach to the knees, and busts flatter than their backs."

"The Empress was a beautiful figure, was she not?" I asked of the *corsetière*.

"Magnificent. Very stout you know."

"Stout! I had seen her often, but never thought her stout."

"She is so beautifully proportioned. She measures twenty-seven inches around the waist, but her bust is so very large that her waist looks very small."

"Always coutil, madame. Never silk nor satin, as many ladies ordered."

"I suppose she scarcely chose the cut-off for economy's sake?" I asked.

"No, madame; but she liked coutil best. Then we made night corsets for her."

"Proud sire—" Stop, I say. Those adj—"

"Clip—" All right, dad. Little, less, least; big, beast; now, more, most—"

"Proud sire—" Hold on, sir; that's not right, you!"

"Clip—" Tore, tore, toast; snow, snore, snout. Go, gore, gow; root, root, root."

"Proud sire—" Stop, I say. Those adj—"

"Clip—" Drink, drank, drunk. Stink, stunk. Chink, chank, chank."

"Proud sire—" You infernal little fool—"

"Clip—" Good, better, best; wood, wetter, wet. Bad, wusser, worst. Bleib, bleib, bleib. Sew, sewr, sup, roar, door, pupoun; oh! genial dad!—o-o-o-W!"

The outraged parent had broken into the recitation with a bootjack.

"Clip—" A late Duke of Athole had invited a well known character, a writer of Perth, to come up and meet him at Dundee for the transaction of some business. The Duke mentioned the day and hour when he should receive the man of law, who accordingly came punctually at the appointed time and place. But the Duke had forgotten the appointment and gone to the hills, from which he could not return for some hours. A Highland present described the Perth writer's indignation, and his mode of showing it, by a most elaborate course of swearing. "But whom did he swear at?" was the inquiry made of the narrator. "Oh, he did swear at anything particular, but just stood in the middle of a road and swore at large."

"Night corsets! That is something I never heard of!"

"They were rather funny looking. All little tiny bones not thicker than a pin, and with straps and buckles in front instead of busts."

"What was the object in wearing night corsets?"

"To keep her figure always right. Her bust was so large that she was constantly in fear of losing her shape."

"Who had the next prettiest figure among Gringoire's customers?"

"The Duchess de Mouchy, the Emperor's cousin. She was the Princess Anna Murat, you know."

"Did you ever wash the Empress's corsets?"

"Oh yes, madame, frequently."

"Please tell me how it was done."

"We removed all the steel busks in the corsets, then ripped out what we call the 'fans'—those little clusters of silk threads which are at top and bottom of all bones; all lace and embroidery was taken off of course, and the whole carefully washed by special laundresses. We put in the same again in new silk, rearranged the lace and embroidery, and then the corset looked exactly like new. We charged her four dollars for each pair of stays washed."

"Does her ex-Majesty still order her corsets from Gringoire's?"

"She has never had a new pair since she left the throne. Madame Gringoire went and called on her once at Chiselhurst. She found her dressed in a plain gray merino dress, with linen collar and cuffs. She told Madame G. that she was very poor."

"She is a good deal richer now than she was when she was Mademoiselle De Montijo, I think," interpolated the blushing-eyed rosy cheeked French book-keeper. "She is a good deal richer than the most of us poor French are, whom her husband raised by his foolish way."

Neither the little English girl nor I had any inclination to dispute the point; it is so easy to begin by talking about a peaceful thing like corsets in France, and to pass by easy stages into a political quarrel of the bitterest description.

OLIVE LOGAN.

**A TREE THAT KEEPS A STANDING ARMY.**—Here's a story that a bright little humming bird told me the other day. As it started from somewhere in the tropics, it grew to be quite a long account by the time it reached me here in New York State. But it is founded strictly upon fact.

"What makes you the hummer bird to one of your neighbors, who always builds her nest on the bull's horn?"

"It's a capital place," said her friend; "the thorns keep the monkeys away from the mercury in its tube on a hot day. She made no corsets for less than twenty dollars. "We always charged the Empress forty for hers," said my corset maker, scientifically bending my bones—my whalebones—to make them flexible.

Madame Gringoire was a pleasant mannered lady, who was assisted in her duties at first by her niece. The soiled linen of families is never I think, washed in these columns, and therefore I cannot explain why it was that the niece and the aunt parted company; but so it happened. Madame Maria Hamm (the niece) was perhaps hampered, or was she ambitious? Dependent sayeth not. But certain it is that she set up a shop for herself, and is to-day the mistress of a flourishing establishment. The exasperated Gringoire still kept the lead, however, and not to know the great figure improver was to argue yourself a figure unimproved. But alas for the destiny in store for us all. There is a fate against which nothing, not even stars, can brace us. Summoned to London about six months ago to attend "H. R. H." the Princess of Wales, Gringoire found that her own body was more in need of attendance than that of her noble customer, and in foggy London Gringoire bade adieu to a world of "false, vain show" in feminine outlines as well as all other things. To the wicked Maria Hamm she left not a penny of her large fortune, but gave it all to her sister, an unprofessionally lady, living in retirement in the country. Her former fellowwoman continues her business, and "GRINGOIRE" still glares its gold letters at you from a black marble sign, which looks like a tombstone as you pass; but the dynasty is now destroyed, and France is at once without its Empress, and without its corset queen. It stands to reason that all the workers employed by Gringoire were good corset makers, and there is not one of them of any importance, who is not in the enjoyment of a good cushion.

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WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1874.

NO. 51.

## Poetry.

### OUR MENAGERIE.

We've got a whole menagerie.

At our house, I declare;

For yonder comes a little chap,

A hungry as a bear.

And I have heard the younger say

When an errant sent,

"I'm just as tired as a dog."

And doggedly he went,

It is but seldom that he cries

I'm wildly to confess,

And sedulously you care to hear

His signals of distress.

For like a mighty monarch who

In his robes to reign,

This monarch of ours will roar

With all his roar and noise.

As sly as any fox he

When mischievous he's about;

As innocent as any lamb

When you find him out.

And when correction's rod, perchance,

You've given the urchin feel,

He'll wriggle out of wisdom's ways

As slippery as an eel.

But there are days when order reigns

Supreme within the house;

No doors are banged—the child appears

As quiet as a mouse.

Till of a sudden through the bars

Opp're the will it will;

And scamper up and down the street

Like any other bolt.

But when a whole menagerie

We're anxious to enjoy,

We open wide the outer door,

And introduce that boy.

### Selected.

### THE MINISTER'S WOOD- SPELL.

BY MRS. HARRIET BECHER STOWE.

It was in the winter of this next year  
that the minister's "wood-spell" was an  
ounced.

"What is a wood-spell?" you say.

Well, the pastor was settled on the under  
standing of receiving three hundred dol  
lars a year and his wood; and there was  
a certain day set apart in the winter, and  
generally in the time of the best of sleep,  
when every parishioner brought the  
pastor a sled load of wood; and thus in  
the course of time built him up a mighty  
pile.

It was one of the great seasons of prep  
aration in the minister's family, and Tina,  
Harry and I had been busy for two days  
beforehand in helping Esther to create the  
wood-spell cake, which was to be made in  
quantities large enough to give ample  
slices to every parishioner. Two days  
beforehand the fire was besieged with a  
row of earthen pots, in which the spicy  
compound was rising to the necessary  
height, and Harry and I split incredible  
amounts of oven wood and in the evening  
we sat together, staving raisins round the  
kitchen fire, with Mr. Avery in the midst  
of us, telling us stories and arguing with  
us, and entering into the hilarity of the  
time like a boy. He was so happy in  
Esther, and delighted to draw the shy  
color into her cheeks, by some sly joke or  
allusion, when Harry's head of golden  
curls came into close proximity with her  
smooth, black, satin dress.

The cake came off victorious, and we all  
climed the merit of it and a mighty  
cheese was bought, and every shelf of the  
closet, and all the dressers of the kitchen  
were filled with the abundance.

We had a jewel of a morning, one of  
those sharp, clear, sunny winter days,  
when the sleds squeak over the frosty snow  
and the little icicles tingle along on the  
glistening crust as they fall from the trees,  
and the breath of the slow-pacing oxen  
steams like a rosy cloud in the morning  
sun, and then falls back condensed in the  
little icicles on every hair.

We were all astir early, full of life and  
vigor. There was a holiday in the acad  
emy. Mr. Rossiter had been invited by  
the minister's to chat and tell stories  
with the farmers, and give them high enter  
tainment. Miss Nelly Randall, more  
withered and wild in her attire than usual,  
but eminently serviceable, stood prepared  
to cut cheese and cake without end, and  
dispense it with wholesome nods and  
messages of comfort. The minister him  
self had two little old andronis red hot  
in the fire, and therewith, from time to  
time stirred up a mighty bowl of flip,  
which was to flow in abundance to every  
corner. Not then had the temperance  
reformation dawned on American, though  
years later Mr. Avery would as soon  
have been caught in a gambling saloon as  
stirring and dispensing a bowl of flip to  
his parishioners.

Every had recently preached a  
highly popular sermon on agriculture, in  
which he set forth the dignity of the farmer,  
the king himself is served of the field;" and there  
was a flood of professional enthusiasm  
as the minister's wood-spell this year  
should be the best. That's what I said  
first, and then I've followed y' up pretty close  
since, till I've got a good grip on it, and  
it's a good grip.

"Good," said Mr. Avery, "I'm glad to see  
you're doing well."

"Good," said Esther, "I'm glad to see  
you're doing well."

"Good," said Harry, "I'm glad to see  
you're doing well."

"Good," said Tina, "I'm glad to see  
you're doing well."

"Good," said Esther, "I'm glad to see  
you're doing well."

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"Good," said Tina, "I'm glad to see  
you're doing well."

"Good," said Esther





**"HOW DID IT HAPPEN?"**

The sweetest, most fragile blossoms are often found growing on the bleak mountain side, and Alpine flowers bloom under the very shadow of the icy glacier. This thought came indistinctly into your mind when you saw Myra Minton. A fair flower she was, truly, reminding one of the abutus of her native woods, with its wax like pink bells peeping from the russet setting of dead leaves which surround it in early spring.

In that old time in New England, everything seemed honest, rigid and uncompromising. Its people dived deeply into metaphysics, and, with their feet planted firmly on the "Cambridge platform" set themselves to work to suppress all droppings of the aesthetic nature. Of this class was Miss Priscilla, Myra's aunt, with whom the orphan made her home. And it would have been hard to imagine a greater contrast than the upright and severe spinster, and her shrinking niece, with her soft brown hair and eyes, and ever-changing glow on her cheek.

We are apt to find in almost every small village one youth in particular, whose pranks, misdeeds, generosity and daring, form a general topic of conversation; about whom the village gossips shake their heads over their tea cups; one regarded with trembling by the ladies and adored by the young.

It was a bright moonlight evening, and the scene was Baxter. He was a young man of twenty-three, handsome, kind-hearted, and accomplished, with no relatives living. The kind villagers seemed to have adopted him, and there was no house in Baxter to which he was not heartily welcomed by some members of the family at least.

However, I don't think that Jack's love of fun and adventure ever carried him too far, especially as he remembered a certain little maiden whose cheeks flushed rosy red if she heard of any new dangerous or lawless freak.

Myra never dared even think that Jack Chester was anything to her, but still knew that no quailing party or corn husking was complete unless he was present.

One of these gatherings was about to take place. It was an "apple paring" for which New England was so celebrated. The harvest of red and golden apples had just been gathered in, and the farmer's daughter had invited her friends to assist the household in preparing them for winter use.

Aunt Priscilla beheld in ominous silence her neice making her preparations. She considered apple paring a light and trifling amusement; but when Myra was arrayed in her sprigged muslin and blue ribbons, she looked so sweet and happy that even her stern aunt relented and wished her a pleasant time.

The time seemed long to Myra till she caught a glimpse of Jack's graceful figure entering the door. He did not come to her immediately, but at length he crossed the room and she welcomed him with a bright smile. He did not return it, but gazed at her, till suddenly his rather critical expression changed to one of sorrow and disappointment. The tide of life seemed to rush from his face, and leave it ashy pale. He turned abruptly and left the room. You may imagine Myra's surprise. To have a friend come and contemplate you, very much as if you were a Bengal tiger on exhibition in a menagerie, and then rush away without speaking a word, is enough to fill any young lady with astonishment.

Myra kept expecting him to return, but the evening passed on, and she went home sad and dispirited, without her expectations being realized. The next morning Jack's ländady electricized the whole village by informing them that Mr. Chester had gone away in the night, and left all his property behind him.

It was a nine day's wonder in Baxter.

Of course different surmises were made as to the cause of his sudden disappearance, —some said "suicide" others "eruption," but as the young man owned no man anything, and as all the neighboring trees and ponds were ransacked without finding anything, no reason could be assigned for his departure.

Finally the curiosity of the villagers was partially gratified by a curt note which arrived from Mr. Chester, saying that he had gone on board the Sea Mew as midshipman, and telling his ländady to keep his effects till he returned. He "might be gone ten years or twenty."

Poor Myra! It was all so incomprehensible. Her pillow was wet with tears every night, and visions of a gallant midshipman with blue eyes and yellow curly hair exposed to the greatest danger, disturbed her slumbers.

Well, the reason of Jack's and Myra's misunderstanding was the same one that drove our first parents from Paradise—envy.

I fear that our hero was somewhat inclined to be sentimental, and that he passed by the "Pilgrim's Progress" and the "Shorter Catechism" on his ländady's lower bookshelf, and perused some old romances lying in an obscure upper corner; such as "The Love Lorn," and "The Broken Hearts of Lovelace," &c.

At any rate, after he had decided that life was nothing to him without Myra Minton, instead of telling her his love like a sensible man, he went to the village and purchased a handsome sash and ribbons. These were placed in a box with a most impassioned note, begging her if she would become his wife to wear these ribbons to the party and thus acquaint him with his fate. Then he looked about him for a suitable messenger. The Mercury chosen on this occasion was Phillips the colored "help" of Jack's ländady. The box was given to her with strict injunctions to deliver it to Miss Myra alone.

Phillips started forth, but as she passed out of sight of the house, she turned the box over, peeped at the corners, and finally, the temptation being too strong, stopped, hidden by the shade of a large tree, and opened the box. Of course she was delighted with the ribbons (I never saw a negro yet who did not love red and yellow) and turned them over, then tried them on, and beheld with delight the contrast between her dark skin and white teeth, and the bright ribbon, all faithfully reflected in a brook which ran near by. Phillips could not resist the temptation to keep them for herself; so she tore up the note and threw the fragments into the

water, then rushed away to conceal her treasure in the little garret room which was her home.

Phillips did not dream of the harm she was doing. "Miss Myra done got so many ribbons, and dis chile ain't none." Thus she quieted her conscience, and it happened that she was not detected; and Jack, thinking that Myra had rejected him, rushed away without an explanation to bury his sorrow in the rough communion of a sailor's life.

Autumn faded into winter, and each month seemed to take with it some of Myra's life. She grew very quiet and feeble as time passed on, till even Aunt Priscilla wished to rouse Myra by insisting on her taking part in the village festivities, which were now mere weariness to her.

There was to be a "coasting party," an amusement which is rapidly passing away with the "good old times." Then, not only in the daytime did the hills resound with the shouts of the school boys and school girls with their sleds, but in the moonlight evenings the rosy maidens and young men assembled to glide over the snowy surface, and laugh over the falls occasioned by some treacherous sleds.

On a coasting party, the bright sun and snow, the fresh air and exercise, and the shrinking mien, with her soft brown hair and eyes, and ever-changing glow on her cheek.

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The hillside was a smooth white slope, glittering in the moonbeams. At the summit of the hill was a cluster of dark pines rustling under their icy burden; and in the distance could be seen the village church, its spire clearly defined, and seeming to point to a brilliant planet, which shone its mellow lustre above these pines.

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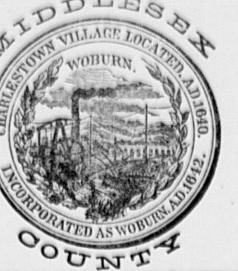
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# WOBURN



# JOURNAL.

VOL. XXIII.

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WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1874.

NO. 52.

## Poetry.

SPLIT MILK.

"It takes all men to make a world,"  
Says some wiseacre; and I greet  
That plucky clod who, downward hurled,  
Fall on their feet.

To such men happiness is chained;  
It's cannot reach them; they are born  
To pluck a genuine joy untold  
From misery's thorn.

They lose a fifty dollar bill,  
And break in twain some useful bone?  
At all—"Bad luck?"—why, yes—and still  
It's not an hundred."

Do they fall down when walks are bad  
And break in twain some useful bone?  
Surely they will say—"How glad  
That's our own!"

Is steak all burned? Is trout both dough?  
Are possums putting plainly round?  
Their appetite is not; they'll go  
And walk abroad.

Dress Anne, that capricious she,  
Give birth to a large mifling, and with naught  
They smile—"As good fish in the sea  
As ever were caught."

Does Mrs. Blank (their wife) give birth  
To twins, both kicking and alive?  
They say, while running o'er, with mirth,  
"It might be five."

Brave last!—with wit and sense combined,  
In the world's strife you're bound to win.  
Your oyster's lie; you'll always find  
Good cheer within.

## Selected.

### Through a Judas Window.

I am not cruel, I distinctly require that to be understood and believed. Granting, as I grant it, that I do possess the detective faculty strongly, and that I have cultivated it with advantage during many years of an arduous and responsible career as a bank inspector, I deny that I am thereby to be justly suspected of being unnaturally cruel. There are few men of whom I entertained a better opinion than of Michael Quinlan, who twenty years ago, was appointed manager of the Tubber branch of the Universal Bank of Ireland; an establishment which I served in the capacity of inspector. Michael was a jolly, hearty, big fellow, with a handsome face and a manly figure, which threatened to become rather too heavy for the moderate priced horses which he could afford to ride, this was, I believe, at that time, his only present gift or future apprehension. His salary was not large, but he was satisfied with it. He had a happy home, a pretty wife, and a contented mind. I was in the habit of thinking Michael Quinlan a decidedly enviable person. Michael had a strong affection for me, and an extensive belief in me. Mrs. Quinlan was a quiet little woman, endowed with a frank faculty for listening, or at least for being present while we talked, without either taking herself or looking affronted. It was the second day of one of my visits to Tubber, and the weather was delightful. I was Michael Quinlan's guest, and when I came down rather late to breakfast, found Mick looking ruefully at a cloud in an advanced condition of moistness, which he was hanging over the back of a chair by the fire. "It's raining wet," said Mick, "and so's her gown, I'm sure, and her stockings too. If she doesn't get her death some of these days, it's a wonder." You don't mean to say," said Mrs. Quinlan, "that she was out every morning in the year—hal, rain, or sun-shine. The devil himself would not keep her away from eight o'clock mass, we're a punctual pair, Rosy, aren't you, to mass and I to the hunt, and never miss a day?" There was no answering smile upon his wife's face, nor did she speak to him, but with a brief "good-morning" to me, she took the cloak off the chair and carried it out of the room. I could not quite make it out, for Mrs. Quinlan's manner appeared to me sad rather than sulky. I had forgotten all about it; for I bade Mick good-bye that evening, and started on the mail car for Dublin; but the little insignificant scene recurred strangely to me afterwards. \* \* \*

I was at Birmingham, in the ordinary course of business, six months later. I had gone to a small hotel, intending to sleep there and visit on Birmingham branch on the following day. The weather was very fine, and though the suburbs of Birmingham were not tempting, I could not remain in the dull inn parlor. I left, therefore, and as I went through the square hall, on one side of which was the bar, I glanced at a rack in which letters to persons staying at the inn were placed. The rack was secured by a network of wire, fastened with a small padlock. I did this accidentally. I was not expecting letters. I had not given my address at this hotel; and of the name which caught my remarkably quick eye, not one was known to me. Something suddenly made me think of Michael Quinlan. It was the post mark on one of the letters—Tubber. I had taken no heed of the address, but had a vague notion that it was a woman's name. "I must write to Michael," I thought, "one of these days," and I walked on and on, was returning, tired and sleepy, to the hotel, when a tall man, flashily dressed, with that peculiar gait which is the gall characteristic of third-rate sporting men. The fly remined, and as I passed it I perceived it had still a tenant—a lady, evidently young, and, as even the brief opportunity I had of looking at her showed me, handsome. I looked back once or twice before I reached my hotel, and on the second occasion the lady's buston was protruding

from the window. In the hall I perceived the man of sporting exterior who had got out of the fly. He evidently wanted something which was in the bar maid's power to procure, and about which she was in no humor to hurry herself. "Mr. Jackson will be here presently, sir," she said calmly; "he has got the key, James"—to a waiter hovering in the open door of the coffee-room—"take this gentleman's orders." I was the gentleman; so I explained that I had engaged a bed-room in the house, and named my requirements. Her previous interlocutor showed every sign of impatience while I was speaking. He was a man of about forty, with bushy reddish hair, small, keen, gray eyes, a hooked nose, and a harsh red complexion. While I was speaking to the waiter the florid young lady leaned against the bar with her hands folded, totally regardless of the impatient person near. When I had done, she said to the same person: "Here is Mr. Jackson; you can speak to him about your letter." In the meantime, Mr. Jackson—who was mine host, as I then discovered—unlocked the wine frame which covered the rack with letters, and was looking for an indicated address, the strange assisting him. I took my candle, bade the florid young lady good-night, and had turned towards the staircase leading to my room, when I heard the landlord say: "You're quite right, sir; here it is; Miss Kate Whelan; to be kept till called for; post-mark Tubber." Next morning I left Birmingham by the first train for Liverpool, and on getting out at the terminus I perceived that the impudent gentleman and the handsome lad were among my travelling companions; I don't think the man recognized me, but I have no doubt the woman did. "A daring woman, and a dangerous," I thought. My destination was the Rail Hotel, just round the corner, where I proposed to await the hour of departure of the Dublin boat; and I had arrived there, and was looking out of the caboose-room window, when I saw a fly, with the same batch of luggage on the roof that I had observed at the station, pass the hotel door. A waiter was standing on the lower step, and I saw him exchange a salutation with the driver. Immediately afterwards he entered the caboose-room, and began to lay the cloth for my dinner. "I wonder where those people are going with all that luggage," I said. "Just gone by in a fly, sir? Going to New York by Cunard line, sir?" On arriving in Dublin I found several letters awaiting my return. Only one was of importance. It was marked "Private—immediate." There were its contents:—

"Dear Jack—For God's sake come down at once! I am in dreadful trouble. Don't lose an hour—Yours truly—MICHAEL QUINLAN." "Don't lose an hour." Many an hour had been lost already, for Michael Quinlan's letter was three days old when I read it. The severity and urgency of it impressed itself upon my mind. I had closed the door; "tell me at once what ails you. Bank business of course?" I said. "Just gone by in a fly, sir? Going to New York by Cunard line, sir?" On arriving in Dublin I found several letters awaiting my return. Only one was of importance. It was marked "Private—immediate." There were its contents:—

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of the former day. Mrs. Quinlan had been informed of what had occurred, and, though overwhelmed with grief, was, as I had foreseen she would be, much relieved by the knowledge that I believed Michael to be innocent. "She only wants to know what must happen to me in case of the worst," said the poor fellow. "In case of the worst—that is, in case we don't find out the real thief—I must have you arrested," I replied, "as you are of course aware; but I have every hope of avoiding that. But you must tell me all about yourself—how you stand in every respect." Then Michael told me, in a simple, unaffected way, of his discovery of the robbery, of his narrative confirmed all that Quinlan had said, though I did not so direct my interrogatory as to make him acquainted with the particulars of the loss, supposing him not to be aware of them, nor did he evince the slightest knowledge of what was in my mind, beyond the reference of my questions to one special day. He remembered the incidents of it perfectly, the deposits and the drafts, and to what place he had been sent in pay. "Where are you in the habit of drinking of an evening?" "In the manager's room," he answered. "I conclude the person whom it does concern will avail himself of the opportunity you mention." "Do you mean Mr. Quinlan?" I said suddenly and fiercely. "I mean Mr. Quinlan. My cash being right and his being wrong, he is the accountable person, I believe. But you know best, sir. This is no business of mine; and, if you please I would rather not know any more about it." "I daresay, Mr. Duggan. That is a perfectly natural wish on your part; but unfortunately it cannot be indulged." "Duggan has been with you in the manager's room, then, under these circumstances?" "Only once—not twice," I answered, correcting himself. "I made a note of these questions and answers, and Quinlan took his place in the outer office. All that day I watched, and made it more irksome evident than before to Duggan that I was watching him. I wrote and received numerous letters, and I kept the door of the room in which I sat locked, and took away the key at night with me. During four successive days I steadily pursued this course of conduct, and I could perceive with satisfaction the clearness, progressive symptoms of Duggan's breaking down under it. On the morning of the fifth day it was reported to me that he had not gone to bed at all during the previous night, and I kept Quinlan out of it as much as possible. All day I had the three men in the bank and my eyes, and all day I made them feel that they were so. When the clerk this was probably a matter of indifference, and Michael Quinlan did not mind it much, but I was quite aware that Duggan was restless and uneasy under the combined severity and uncertainty of my scrutiny. Occasionally I drew the curtain over my Judas window, and then softly withdrew it, gathering the folds in my hand and preventing the warning tinkle of the rings upon the brass rod; at other times I pulled it sharply back, making them sound smartly. But whenever and however I maneuvered the curtain, I always caught sight of an unusual consciousness movement on Duggan's part, and once, when I put my face close to the glass suddenly, I saw him crumple up a sheet of note paper on which he was writing, and cram it into his pocket—as if I could have seen what he was writing at that distance. But I was now satisfied at least that he had something to conceal, and thought it might be nothing more than a love letter he was writing, and the concealment might have been instinctive, that was not an indication to be overlooked. I abandoned my post for only a brief interval in the afternoon, when I paid Mrs. Quinlan a visit, found her in her comfortable parlor, with her youngest child, an infant, asleep in her lap. I spoke of Mr. Duggan, and Mrs. Quinlan waxed eloquent concerning the man, who was a good man of business, she believed, but she did not like him, and she wished he had never come to Tubber. Michael was too easy, and too much inclined to take every one's eyes so full of misery and longing for assurance, that I could not resist the look. "Where does he live?" "In lodgings in the town; in the house with Rosy's brother, but they don't fit it together either. I'm bound to say that's Jim O'Brien's fault more than Duggan's. No; he can't have taken the money—he can't; it's impossible; and yet, good heavens, what can have become of it?" "I will see Mr. Duggan in the morning," I said; "and I will get into this matter." "Indeed!" Does Mrs. Quinlan dislike him?" "Yes; it's all a woman's nonsense; we need not mind that. The point is, I do not suspect him." "You are quite sure you were alone in this room at the time when you locked the safe?" "Certainly; I am quite sure," replied Quinlan; "Duggan left early that day and came late the next, because he was suffering from toothache." "He has no knowledge then, you think—no suspicion?" "Positively none." "And he has been going on as usual since this occurrence?" "Exactly as usual." "Where does he live?" "In lodgings in the town; in the house with Rosy's brother, but they don't fit it together either. I'm bound to say that's Jim O'Brien's fault more than Duggan's. No; he can't have taken the money—he can't; it's impossible; and yet, good heavens, what can have become of it?" "I will see Mr. Duggan in the morning," I said; "and I will get into this matter." "Indeed!" Does Mrs. Quinlan dislike him?" "Yes; it's all a woman's nonsense; we need not mind that. The point is, I do not suspect him." 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# WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1874.

## Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.  
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY  
At 204 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

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SATURDAY, SEPT. 12, 1874.

Reading notices 25 cents a line. Special notices  
15 cents a line. Business notices 10 cents a line.  
Obituary notices 10 cents a line.

The figures printed with the subscribers name  
on our front page show to what the subscriber  
is paid. If any error is observed, please notify  
the office at once.

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## THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

The Democrats opened the ball at Worcester on Wednesday, nominating Wm. Gaston of Boston, for Governor; and William L. Smith of Springfield; Good men, but Massachusetts is not quite ready to take Democratic Bills. The platform declares "unwavering devotion and fidelity to the Constitution of the United States as the only guarantee of safety and tranquility to the Union," which no one can object to; demands equal political rights for all, white and black, which is good Republican doctrine; denounces Federal interference with popular elections in every State as everybody does; condemns lawless acts against the colored people of the South, and who could do less; demands a speedy resumption of specie payments as the only sound and healthy basis of currency, which is the popular doctrine in the East; declares firm and unwavering opposition to sumptuary laws; denounces the prohibitory law and calls for a "stringent, judicious and efficacious license law" to be impartially and faithfully enforced, which is just what was expected they would do; declares for "a proper respect for the will of the people as expressed through their representatives as opposed to executive interference and arbitrary power"; demands a vigorous reform in State affairs, reduction of expenses and strict economy; and the "abolition of all useless and unnecessary rings and commissions, including the State constabulary," and winds up with commanding its candidates to the cordial support of the voters of the Commonwealth. It is a very fair platform, and with the exception of the rum plank, as good as one could ask for. Whether the Republicans will put a plank in theirs remains to be seen. But the probabilities that Mr. Talbot will be the nominee are very strong. His independence as well as his integrity command him to the considerate men of his party, and in this section of his district no other man stands so good a chance. Last year Gaston carried Woburn by nearly a hundred plurality, while the previous year Washburn was nearly two hundred ahead. This year there will be a larger vote, and it is not unlikely that the tables will take another turn. Party lines are not very strong in Woburn, and the voters below their suffrages by favor. All Democrats are not rum men, neither are all Republicans temperance men, and we fancy the division will be on the temperance issue rather than on the glittering platforms of politics.

**HIGHLAND MARKET.** — Mr. L. A. Sweetser's Highland Market is a great convenience to the families east of the railroad, and we are glad to know that he is having a good trade. We commend him to the residents of that part of the town. See advertisement.

(Communication.)

## THE EIGHTIETH CATTLE SHOW.

The season for Cattle Shows has arrived, and the announcement is out that the old Middlesex Agricultural Society will hold its 80th Cattle Show on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 28th and 30th of September. About \$2,000 are offered in premiums, for everything that interests the agricultural or rural mind. John Cummings, Esq., of Woburn, is President, and also chairman of the committee of seedling fruit and vegetables. Woburn is still further represented on the committees by J. R. Kendall and Stephen Dow; Winchester by Henry A. Emerson, S. A. Twombly and wife, and Wm. Adams; Arlington by A. L. Hodgeson, Walter Russell, John Fifehouse, J. W. Pierce and James M. Chase; Lexington by Webster Smith, W. S. Simonds, J. S. Munroe, R. D. Blinn; Burlington by Wm. Wynn, Edward Reed and Nathan Blanchard; Wilmington by Henry Sheldon; Bedford by Jonas E. Munroe; Holden, Wood, W. A. Lane, Augustus Wood, Aaron H. Marsh. The season has not been so favorable for some kinds of products as usual, but the inducements to exhibitors are considerable, and we shall expect a fine show. If the weather is fair on the 29th and 30th old Concord will be full of people. The races are not announced in the bulletin we have before us, but they will receive their due share of attention. Woburn and Lexington and Winchester generally name some of the prize animals, and we hope to see them do so again. We call the attention of our lady readers to the premiums for good bread. Here is a field in which the wife of the mechanic may shine beside the farmer's wife. The premiums for home made fine flour yeast, wheat bread, not less than two pounds, baked the day before the exhibition, are \$10 for best, \$5 for second, \$3 for third. The committee who will decide on the excellence of the bread is Mrs. S. W. Twombly of Winchester, Mrs. Albert Wynn of Arlington, Mrs. G. M. Brooks of Concord.

## New Railroad Regulations.

Mr. Editor:—In your last week's paper is an article under the above heading, making some very pertinent suggestions and inquiries in regard to the arrangements that take effect October first, upon the railroad and branches. With your permission I will state what are the views of some of the railroad men upon the subject. Of course they are not official, but are thought to be the correct answers to some of the points raised.

If the passenger fare is to be increased, and contracts made only to be broken;

and all were sure precursors of the ruin we now find on all sides, attested by the daily record of ruined fortunes, blighted hopes, misery and suffering, robberies, murders, suicides, and crimes of every name and grade that ever marred the pages of history, and dimmed the lustre of a people possessing the ability to gain a higher point in the temple of fame, for all that is pure and good, than any other nation on which the sun shines. From the pulpit, the press, the rostrum, the notes of warning have been sounded, but the deluded devotees at the shrine of mammon have given no heed, and thousands who have striven to stem the tide, and roll back the waves, are found engulfed in the ruins, or stranded on the rocks which a too extended credit, false ideas of moral honesty, and overtrading have placed in the pathway of commercial life.

Monday night a bushel of very nice peaches was stolen from Mr. Edward Spaulding's (the Harrington place), East Lexington.

Such conduct is expected only from the lowest of the low, and the actors should feel that they forfeit the respect and esteem of every good citizen, when they stoop to such things. There is nothing of smartness in it.

HEARING.—The County Commissioners had a hearing on Thursday last, Sept. 3d, on the widening of Main street, and the removal of the obstructions abreast the estate of Asa Crittell, Esq. Mr. Gould conducted the case for the petitioner, and Mr. C. Hudson opposed the latter clause of the petition, on the ground that it was too expensive a measure, and also that the petition was not drawn in accordance with the statute. After the examining of sundry witnesses, who testified in favor of removal, it was agreed that the widening be ordered, and that the question of removal of obstructions be referred directly to a vote of the town at a regular meeting.

THE HEARING.—The winter season approaches and what shall we do for amusement and instruction, has been asked by a number.

Are there to be any dramatic, lectures, concerts or anything else of a public nature. Is the Statue fund to be increased or the Centennial fund enlarged by any series of entertainments. These are questions concerning which all should evince a lively interest. Let us hear from those of our readers who have any plan to suggest when change hath wrought." TRAVELLER.

WINCHESTER.

REBUILDING.—J. B. McDonald has commenced rebuilding his coal sheds to be occupied by F. H. Gould & Co.

ROBBERY.—H. E. G. Andrews informs us that last Monday night two canvas wagons covers were stolen from him.

V. P.—At the Democratic State Convention last Wednesday, D. N. Skillings, Esq., was one of the Vice Presidents.

WIDENED.—Last Friday the County Commissioners were here, and will widen Main street from Woburn line to Symmes Corner.

RUNAWAY.—Thursday evening Varum Locke's team was frightened by the cars at the depot, and the horse ran away with some children in the carriage. They escaped unharmed.

SCHOOL BOOKS.—A change in school books having been ordered, our citizens are providing themselves with the books, with more or less patience. A change in very text books should not be made except for very good reasons.

PHILADELPHIA.—Lyceum Hall was engaged for Sept. 30th, when the Adelphi Quartette of Boston, and Miss Mary D. Wyman, with Mr. W. B. Jones in a reading, will offer an entertainment well worthy the patronage of our citizens.

BALTIMORE.—The third of a series of games between the Actives of No. Woburn, and the Passives of Woburn Center, was played at No. Woburn, resulting in defeat of the Passives by a score of 23 to 11.

PERSONAL.—Rev. M. M. Parkhurst and bride were in Boston on Wednesday, on their way to Chicago, where they will hold their wedding reception on the 17th. The ladies were unable to visit Woburn at this time.

EXCURSION.—Those who went up to the Lake last week, speak in high terms of the treatment they received from railroad, boat and hotel people, and enjoyed their trip very much.

LYCEUM HALL.—G. W. M. Hall is President of the Association, and the Hall soon will receive a new fresco, and other improvements.

CUT AND DRIED.—Roots and Herbs of all kinds, selected and cured with great care, always fresh, at Dodge's Drug Store, 165 Main street.

BASE BALL.—A match game was played here last week between the "Heights" of Billerica and the "Bedfords," resulting 4 to 4 in favor of Bedfords. This club was organized this spring, composed of young men who have had little opportunity for practice, but they will compare favorably with any club in this vicinity. We commend them for their perseverance, for their ardor was not dampened by a failure in the first match game of the season, but determination was aroused, and success crowned them now. A. E. B.

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ACCIDENT.—Last Saturday James Doherty sprained his ankle jumping from a fence.

No. 199 is taken by Jul. Cohen, for a hat and cap store. See advertisement.

In the Sixth Senatorial District it has

long been the custom to send Senators for two terms. Following this precedent Hor. B. T. Batcheller, of Lexington, will doubtless be the choice of the Republicans, and his election would not be a matter of much doubt.

Our people have hardly got warmed up to the work of the campaign, but the coming two months will see some pretty lively engineering. Already the subject of representative is being discussed, and the exciting contest of last year will make the struggle for the position one of no ordinary interest.

CHINESE LECTURE.—Mr. Wong Chin Foo, at the request of some of his Woburn friends will lecture in Lyceum Hall, next Thursday evening, at quarter of eight, on "Confucius and the Chinese." Mr. Wong will treat his subject from the Chinese standpoint. Henry A. Emerson, S. A. Twombly and wife, and Wm. Adams; Arlington by A. L. Hodgeson, Walter Russell, John Fifehouse, J. W. Pierce and James M. Chase; Lexington by Webster Smith, W. S. Simonds, J. S. Munroe, R. D. Blinn; Burlington by Wm. Wynn, Edward Reed and Nathan Blanchard; Wilmington by Henry Sheldon; Bedford by Jonas E. Munroe; Holden, Wood, W. A. Lane, Augustus Wood, Aaron H. Marsh. The season has not been so favorable for some kinds of products as usual, but the inducements to exhibitors are considerable, and we shall expect a fine show. If the weather is fair on the 29th and 30th old Concord will be full of people. The races are not announced in the bulletin we have before us, but they will receive their due share of attention. Woburn and Lexington and Winchester generally name some of the prize animals, and we hope to see them do so again. We call the attention of our lady readers to the premiums for good bread. Here is a field in which the wife of the mechanic may shine beside the farmer's wife. The premiums for home made fine flour yeast, wheat bread, not less than two pounds, baked the day before the exhibition, are \$10 for best, \$5 for second, \$3 for third. The committee who will decide on the excellence of the bread is Mrs. S. W. Twombly of Winchester, Mrs. Albert Wynn of Arlington, Mrs. G. M. Brooks of Concord.

FOUR MILES OF STOVE POLISH.—Sun Stove Polish, Canton, Mass., received orders for and shipped thirteen and one-half tons of their product Aug. 3rd. This sale of a single day, placing one cake of the Rising Sun Stove Polish, four inches long, in line, directly after and touching the other, would extend four miles, two hundred and forty-seven rods and nine feet, which gives an idea of the enormous demand for and consumption of this justly celebrated article. No good housewife can afford to be without it.

ANOTHER sign of the decided improvement in business in town, is manifested in the fact that the morocco manufacturer formerly owned by Wm. Hurd, and which has stood idle for some time, is about to be enlarged, refitted, and put into running order as a curving establishment. We understand that Fitzgerald of Wilmington has or is negotiating for the estate, and that he will commence business at once. — *Stoneham Independent.*

MR. GEORGE E. WHITING, the organist, is about to abandon the position he has so long filled at the Roman cathedral, and devote himself more entirely to his art. The noted publisher, Novello, has recently made a proposition to bring out his works, which include two masses, a "Te Deum," a cantata and many compositions for the organ.

N. E. FAIR.—At the New England Fair, which closed last Friday at Narragansett Park the 3d premium was awarded to J. R. Kendall for Ayshire calves. And to James Conney, of Lexington, \$20 for best twelve varieties of greenhouse and stove plants, and \$5 for best collection of cut flowers.

HON. JOHN WINNING once the tall young man of Phalanx, now resides in Fort Plain, N. Y., where he is foreman of a horse company. But as that wasn't honor enough, a company in the neighboring village of Cooperstown have taken his name, and are known as "Winning Horse Co. No. 3." Long may they wave!

HONORABLE.—Mr. Talbot will be the nominee of the Republicans, and he is having a good trade. We commend him to the residents of that part of the town. See advertisement.

X. Y. Z.

New Publications.

THE GAZETTEER OF RAILWAY STATIONS, published by the National Railway Publication Company, is before us. It is a volume of 440 pages, of dimensions most convenient for use, and contains much valuable information. The first pages after the general index are devoted to a "List of the Railroads in the United States and the Dominion of Canada," also showing the names of the Express Companies delivering and receiving on each; also showing the gauges of the several roads, and a "List of Old and New Names of Roads," naming over 600 titles by which certain roads were formerly known, with their proper designation at the present time. This last is a feature of no little importance.

FORMING our own course, if the holder of a season ticket wishes to ride on every train, each way, and use up his ticket in one month or less, he can do so, and purchase another at the same rate for the balance of the quarter, or pay the regular fares. A season ticket will be good for as many round trips on regular trains as there are week days in the quarter, and no more, but will not be good for rides in any other quarter whether punched or not. The R. R. Company agree to give so many rides only, during the quarter specified on the ticket, and a new ticket must be purchased at the commencement of every quarter, as has been the rule.

Yours Respectfully

X. Y. Z.

RE-APPOINTED.—State Constable John E. Tidd has been re-appointed, and on Thursday, qualified for the position.

When the force was reduced he was left off, but the recent decision that the old law was still in force, has resulted in the re-installment of Mr. Tidd.

GOOD HAUL.—We met the jolly captain of the Woburn Fish Market yesterday, and he was rejoicing over the news of some 600 black fish being driven ashore at Truro, and the town thereby enriched over six thousand dollars.

PHILADELPHIA.—Lyceum Hall was engaged for Sept. 30th, when the Adelphi Quartette of Boston, and Miss Mary D. Wyman, with Mr. W. B. Jones in a reading, will offer an entertainment well worthy the patronage of our citizens.

BALTIMORE.—The third of a series of games between the Actives of No. Woburn, and the Passives of Woburn Center, was played at No. Woburn, resulting in defeat of the Passives by a score of 23 to 11.

PERSONAL.—Rev. M. M. Parkhurst and bride were in Boston on Wednesday, on their way to Chicago, where they will hold their wedding reception on the 17th. The ladies were unable to visit Woburn at this time.

EXCURSION.—Those who went up to the Lake last week, speak in high terms of the treatment they received from railroad, boat and hotel people, and enjoyed their trip very much.

LYCEUM HALL.—G. W. M. Hall is President of the Association, and the Hall soon will receive a new fresco, and other improvements.

CUT AND DRIED.—Roots and Herbs of all kinds, selected and cured with great care, always fresh, at Dodge's Drug Store, 165 Main street.

BASE BALL.—A match game was played here last week between the "Heights" of Billerica and the "Bedfords," resulting 4 to 4 in favor of Bedfords. This club was organized this spring, composed of young men who have had little opportunity for practice, but they will compare favorably with any club in this vicinity. We commend them for their perseverance, for their ardor was not dampened by a failure in the first match game of the season, but determination was aroused, and success crowned them now. A. E. B.

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ACCIDENT.—Last Saturday James Doherty sprained his ankle jumping from a fence.

PERSONAL.—Rev. G. W. Cutler, pastor of the First Congregational (Unitarian) church, has returned to his labors among his people. He preached last Sunday morning, having for his subject "The Head and the Heart in Religion."

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she is safe; and she has betrayed me." "Not so," said I; "accident or rather justice, has betrayed you; the finding of this envelope was only an episode in the story of your detection?" "But what you saw at Birmingham is the fulness and completion of it." He rose, and, standing upright, addressed us both, with a singularly forlorn voice and manner, as follows.

"I listened without any external sign of emotion, while Quinlan, who was made of more yielding stuff, had tears in his eyes:—"I confess my crime; I committed the robbery; and I did it in precisely the way in which you, sir, have described, though how you found it all out I do not know; I did it for her, for Kate Whelan, and I sent her five hundred pounds in large notes; one a Bank of England note for one hundred pounds, a second a Bank of Ireland note for £100, the rest of the money in twenties and tens, all of them Banks of England and Ireland, according to her express directions; she was to have left England for Jersey on the receipt of the money, and I was to have joined her there; there is no use in talking of my guilt or my misery, nothing can repair either; so I will say no other word about them; she has betrayed me; she has taken the proceeds of my crime, and given them with herself to my rival; she will have my blood upon her head and the heads of her children; gentlemen"—he looked from me to Quinlan, who turned his head away and could not bear to look at him—"I give myself up to justice." "What have you done with the rest of the money?" I asked him. "I will place it in your hands without leaving this room, if Mr. Quinlan will take a message to Mrs. Rourke for me?" Mrs. Rourke was his ladylike. I interrogated Michael by a glance, and he replied by a nod. "Mr. Duggan drew a letter from his breast pocket, and wrote upon the back of it, in pencil:

"Please give the bearer, Mr. Quinlan, the mahogany box which stands on the chest of drawers in my bed-room. J. DUGGAN."

He handed the memorandum to Quinlan, who left the room without a word. I locked the door, and silently stood by the window. The minutes passed slowly, but they did pass, and Michael Quinlan returned. Under his arm he carried a brass-bound mahogany box, which he handed to Duggan in silence. Duggan took a key from his waistcoat pocket, and opened the box. When the lid was lifted, a pair of large pistols, of the old-fashioned dueling order, disclosed themselves. As Duggan took one of them in his right hand, both Quinlan and I started involuntarily; Duggan smiled—such a wan wild smile. "I am not going to do either of you harm, gentlemen; what good could that do me?" Then, holding the pistol towards me, he said, "The stolen notes are in the barrel." I took it eagerly; Quinlan and I bent over the weapon and turning up the barrel, found it was indeed plugged with a tight roll of paper, so artfully compressed and rammed into it that we could not extract it with our fingers, and had to resort to the blade of a desk-knife. Quinlan was pushing aside some papers on the desk in search of the requisite implement, and I was looking at the barrel of the pistol in my hand, half oblivious of Duggan, in the interest of the question, Is this wad of rolled paper really the missing notes? when the attention of both was awfully recalled to the figure on the sofa with the mahogany box open on his knees—recalled by an explosion, a gush of smoke, a horror of ghastly bloody confusion, and the fall of the dead man upon the ground, his head blown to pieces by a ball from the other pistol, which he had cocked and turned to his mouth unseen. In another instant the house resounded with the screams of women, and the terrified clerk in the outer office had dashed his hand through the Judas window, and was looking upon the awful scene.

Michael Quinlan is now manager of a more important branch of the Universal Bank than that of Tubber. He has given up hunting and whisky punch; but he adheres to his opinion that I am a fellow whom nobody can deceive and whom nobody can beat. He is not far wrong, but I sometimes wish that I had been beaten by James Duggan, that he had deceived me, and that I had never watched the slow surrender of his nerves through a Judas window.

**HE CAME UP TO BE A REPORTER.**—He came up the four pair of stairs Saturday morning. As soon as he recovered himself he wanted to know if the Free Press would like to engage another reporter. He said he hadn't much experience, but he said it in a tone which was meant to convey the idea that he knew his business.

He was tall and thin, had on a plug hat which looked as if it had been run over by a drove of mules, his hands had sweat through, and his bandana handkerchief was remarkable for the many creases in it. His boots were red with old age, and his pants were stuffed in the tops. Nevertheless, his face was one to command attention, and his tones were respectful.

In reply he was told that there was always room at the top of the profession, just as Daniel Webster told a young lawyer once upon a time. He said he thought four stories high was about as near the top of the profession as a fellow could get, but his joke was too old to laugh at. He didn't want much pay, he said, his object being to identify himself with some growing journal, and let the fledgling years bring him wealth and laurels. He was but nineteen years old, and he had plenty of time. He said he could sit up three nights running, ingratiate himself into the affections of the police in one brief hour, and he knew the firemen and the captains of the ferry boats would love him on sight. He could report any thing, he said, from a dog fight to a regatta, and he wrote a lightning hand.

He was used to religious meetings and knew all about medical conventions, and would go for woman suffrage or become a granger, just as the paper desired. He preferred, he said, to work all day and night; but, if the office had a rule requiring a man to sleep three or four hours out of the twenty-four, he would obey.

He promised much more, and his tones grew more serious as he talked. He was being consumed by a burning ambition to wield a lead pencil, and ice water had no effect on him. He was "up" in grammar

mar, posted on the poets, and as to history, he could repeat every important event from the hour the boy stood on the burning deck down to Eli Perkins' fight with the "Fat Contributor." He had brought along a few specimens of what he could do—faint efforts scratched off with chain lightning velocity. He handed one over. It read:

"MURDER!!—About 10 o'clock last night the cry of murder was heard on one of our main streets, and as usual the police were not in site. The cries were repeated several times, being enough to curdle the blood of the bravest man that ever lived. Our new reporter at once—"

The item was quietly handed back to him, and he was informed that Detroit was not his home. His talents were too much for the town—too many years in advance of it. They couldn't appreciate him here, but in Chicago—nearer the setting sun—they were standing around on the corners looking for such a man.

"You bain't a foolin', stranger," he said, his face expressing the gravest anxiety.

No—he could depend on it. It was a solemn thing to fool with a young man just starting out in life, and it was also against office rules.

"And Chicago is—is?"

"Just two hundred and eighty-four miles west of Detroit."

"Good-bye, stranger," he continued; he rose and picked up his big cane under the strap; "I'm very much obliged to you, and if I don't walk it in four days it's because the railroad bed gives out."

—Detroit Free Press.

**THE PANAMA RAILROAD.**—The length of this line from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean is nearly 48 miles; the summit ridge is 287 feet above the mean tide of the Atlantic. The distance from New York to Hong Kong via Cape Horn is more than 17,000 miles, but by this rail-road across the Isthmus it is less than 12,000, a saving of 5,000 miles. To the Pacific coast of America the opening of this railroad in January 1853, was as a light in the darkness. In the last twelve-month 152,000 tons of freight were carried over the line. It is now proposed to furnish it with steel rails. Starting from Apia (otherwise called Colon) on the Atlantic side, for Panama, on the Pacific, the traveller is soon in the midst of a scene of tropical beauty hardly to be surpassed in the world. Cocoas, palms, and bread-fruit trees wave their branches on either side, and from the fastnesses of murky swamps richly colored aquatic plants rise in luxuriant wilderness. The cries of gorgeously plumaged birds are heard on all sides, and now and then the discordant notes of monkeys, parrots and other natives of the woods. On the low muddy banks of streams, yellow than the Tiber, can be seen the huge, unwieldy forms of alligators, sunning themselves, and awaiting some unlucky object of prey. Almost all the towering trees are clasped in the vice-like embrace of plants of parasitic growth, and many tottering trunks attest the effect of such close companionship. Along the sides of the road and upon the woody banks of the streams passed over are to be seen the thatched habitations of the mongrel specimens of humanity that live on the Isthmus. The rainy season commences in May and lasts until October, and it rains "hot water," according to the statements of residents. The wires of the Isthmus Telegraph Company run alongside the tracks. The dampness of the earth is guarded against by setting the telegraph poles in concrete; the railroad ties are made of lignum vita, and laid on a stone ballast. The telegraph poles cost \$5 each, and the railroad ties \$1.50 and \$2 each. Enterprise along the line manifests itself occasionally in clearings and a better style of dwellings. Mr. Wm Thompson, who for many years was a conductor on the Panama railroad, has leased 60 acres of land from the company for a term of 35 years. Upon this clearing he proposes to plant 35,000 India rubber trees and furnish a marketable article therewith. The rubber trees are brought from Darien by negroes and Indians, and are from two to three feet in height when planted. In four years time the trees will have attained full growth. The trees are tapped in the same way as maple trees are, "a' a' sugar"; the rubber juice being caught in a basin dug in the earth and lined with lime. From 15 to 30 lb. of rubber are obtained from a tree at a tapping, the market price of which on the Isthmus, is from \$22 to \$30 per 100 lbs. One of the New York Times correspondents, who sends this statement to that journal after a recent visit to the Isthmus, adds that the railroad and rolling stock have probably cost \$12,000,000.

**TRANSFERRING PRINTS AND LEAVES TO WOOD.**—To transfer pictures to sycamore or white pine, you must first plane your wood perfectly smooth, and give a few coats of French polish; then take your picture, and damp it with a sponge soaked in spirits of wine; place the picture on the wood, and then place a piece of thickish cloth over the picture; then get a warm iron and rub gently over the cloth, being careful not to shift the picture. You must keep rubbing the iron backwards and forwards for ten or fifteen minutes, then take off your cloth and leave it for some hours. Then you must get some cold water and damp your finger in it and rub the paper. Great care must be taken in this, or you will disturb the impression. Keep damping your finger as you go on. When you have it all off again, lay it flat on the wood, and when saturated with water makes a valuable fertilizer. The fineness of the dust, continually ground by the iron tires and horse shoes, is one cause of its favorable action upon crops. That gathered from a clay soil is best—indeed sand, whether from the road or elsewhere, is of little use as a deodorizer or absorbent.—Agriculturist.

A MOSQUITO HUNT.—At about half-past nine o'clock last night, a lady living at 116 London street, East Boston, listened to the dulcet tones of a mosquito for just four minutes and a half. At the expiration of that time she got out of bed something after the fashion of a torpedo, except, fortunately, she remained whole. A candle and lucifer were brought into the room. The irrepressible mosquito scented the brimstone and buried himself in the netting about the bed, which immediately began to undergo investigation. In went the candle, followed by a hand, with digits a-kimbo, ready to send anything short of the American eagle to eternity in two shades of a lamb's posterior appendage. Lo! there was a great light, the netting and bed were in flames. The attention of the household was turned to the extinguishing of the flames. When the flames were subdued and the bed changed, the lady retired with the remark, "I'll see if I'm to be kept awake by a mosquito."

ROAD-DUST.—Road dust should be gathered before the season closes. This is often the most convenient absorbent the farmer can command, and a few barrels of it will save a large amount of ammonia in the laundry, the privy, and the stable. Hens should have a large open box full of it under cover, where they can dust themselves at their pleasure. It is an excellent thing to have in the stable, and when saturated with urine makes a valuable fertilizer. The fineness of the dust, continually ground by the iron tires and horse shoes, is one cause of its favorable action upon crops. That gathered from a clay soil is best—indeed sand, whether from the road or elsewhere, is of little use as a deodorizer or absorbent.—Agriculturist.

A FLASHY DRESSED FELLOW WHO PERMANENTLY ANNOYED SOME PERSONS ON A HORSE-CAR, WAS SILENCE BY AN IRISHMAN, WHO QUIETLY REMARKED: "UNDoubtedly you're a gentleman, but one would never suspect it."

If Ralph Waldo Emerson said,

as reported, that he never had a trouble or a sorrow which he could not forget in fifteen minutes in the pursuit of some favorite author, he must have had a life singularly exempt from trials, or an epidermis a little thicker than the calf cover of his favorite volume.

## XING

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YEAR

# WOBURN JOURNAL.



VOL. XXIV.

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Bouquets and Cut Flowers furnished at short  
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Orders for Jobbing of all kinds promptly  
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Stand at the Woburn Centre Depot.

TEAMING, JOBBING, FURNITURE AND  
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Orders left with A. Ellis, Stewards, Brown & Co.,  
J. B. McDonald, H. Calef, or at his residence, 5th  
house on Beacon Street, will receive immediate attention.

JOHN C. BUCK,

TEACHER OF

PIANO-FORTE & REED ORGAN

AT GREEN'S MUSIC STORE,

NO. 6 RAILROAD STREET,

WOBURN.

## Poetry.

### SOMETIME.

Well, either you or I,  
After whatever is to say is said,  
Must see the other die,  
Or hear, through distance, of the other dead,  
Sometime.

And you or I must hide  
Poor empty eyes and face, wan and wet,  
With life's great grief beside,  
The other coffin, sealed with silence, yet  
Sometime.

And you or I must look  
Into the other's grave, or far or near  
And rest, as a book  
Written in the dust, words we made bitter here,  
Sometime.

Then through what paths of dew  
What flush of flowers, what glory in the grass,  
Only one of us two,  
Even as a shadow walking blind may pass  
Sometime.

For both must lose the way  
Wherein we walk together, very soon—  
One in the dusk shall stay,  
The other first shall see the rising moon,  
Sometime.

Oh, fast, fast 'twend of mine!  
Lift up the voice I love so much, and warn  
To ring faint hands, and pine,  
Tell me I may be left forlorn, forlorn,  
Sometime!

Say I may kiss through tears  
Forever falling, yet forever cold,  
One relic from sweet years,  
One dear, dead heart, one precious ring of gold,  
Sometime!

Say you may think with pain  
Of some slight grace, some timid wish to please  
Some eager look half vain  
Into your heart, some broken ribs like these,  
Sometime!

### Selected.

#### Those Awful Pants.

Hercules was seven; a small boy of his age and shockingly freckled. He was the eldest of four, all small of their ages, and shockingly freckled; moreover, and very much moreover, Mrs. Gump thought they were terribly hard on their hats, shoes and clothes.

Hercules knew they were pitifully poor, and did his very best, and always examined his rents with a woebegone look quite affecting to see; yet, somehow, they would tear, those thin old clothes, and his mother had to sit up and sew late into many a night, so that he might not go to school in rags.

What I shall do for another pair of pants for that Hercules I don't know," she said to Mr. Gump one night, after putting in a large patch on the right knee of the old trousers. "Then comes there won't bear any more patches, I'm sure. The stitches'll hardly hold now."

"Very well, m'm," said the red-armed girl, laughing again as she went back to the kitchen.

In spite of his hurrying, poor Hercules was late, and had to run the gauntlet of sixty pair of eyes and sixty giggling mouths. The teacher didn't like tardy scholars, but she couldn't look cross when she made such a garment as that?

Mrs. Lane did not know, and did not take the trouble to think that perhaps his mother was thinking how wretchedly poor they were when she made those awful pants.

"I had a letter from your mother to day, Bessie," she said, after a while, "and she is coming after you in about two weeks. I shall be very lonely without you."

"Never mind, auntie, I'll come again," said pretty, careless Bessie. "I wonder what mamma will bring me. I hope she will bring me a little胎, white dog."

"What nonsense!" laughed her aunt; but that very evening she wrote to her sister to be sure to bring their petted darling a little dog, as fat and white as she could find.

He reciprocated with the most innocent little smile on his freckled face, whereupon the teacher had to laugh a little, and the sixty giggling children laughed a great deal.

"You may take your seat," she said, unable to say more; and he did so, wholly mystified.

At recess time, however, poor Hercules was enlightened, for he was tormented as only boys can torment a helpless and defenseless creature.

After school, Bessie Lane, whom he loved, and had cared for to and from school for nearly a year, ran away from him, and the boys ran after him, and laughed at him, and he arrived home in tears.

"What's the matter, Herkey?" said his wife.

Mr. Gump shook his head and answered mysteriously:

"No use, my dear. They're very good yet."

"If you could get a new pair, I could get a pair for Hercules, and one for Alexander, out of yours."

Mr. Gump said nothing, but shook his head, and smoothed down a crease in his well-worn pantaloons, as if they had realized that they had been in danger.

Mrs. Gump took up a sock, a very small one, and fenced up with cotton an immense hole in the heel. Meanwhile she taxed her brain. She went over in her own mind every piece of woolen cloth, large or small, good, bad or indifferent, that she had in the house, and questioned whether it would or would not cut Hercules a pair of pants.

Her husband patted his leg, and watched her. He didn't tax his brain; he was confident that she would think of something.

After a while the clock struck twelve as she was doing it. She folded up the socks and put away the basket.

"Going to bed?" suggested Mr. Gump.

"Yes; it's about time, I guess, seeing I've got to wash to-morrow," was the tart reply.

"Thought of anything?" pursued her.

"No, I haven't!"—this was somewhat tarter—"leastwise of nothing that does any good. I wish you'd think of something."

Mr. Gump sighed heavily and nothing more was said.

He was somewhat astonished, therefore when he came home the next evening, to be told with a triumphant air that "them pants of Hercules were entirely out and most done."

"What did you get them out of, dear?" he asked, thinking for the hundredth time what a manager Mrs. G. was.

"Guess!"

"Couldn't?" he said.

"Well, you never would, an' that's a fact. I cut 'em out of that old green table-cloth. Just got 'em out as pretty as you please and only had to piece 'em in three places."

Upon this she brought them out for Mr. Gump to see.

An awful pair of pants they were for a poor little seven-year-old to be victimized with.

Some faint idea of this kind crept thru' Mr. Gump's mind as he looked at them, and he almost wished that he had "managed" some way to buy new ones for himself; they were such an awfully vivid green, with such a preposterous back figure.

"You could not, don't you know, have 'em dyed or something, I suppose?" he suggested, mildly.

"No, I could not!" she answered knowing better than he did how ridiculous they were, but determined not to ac-

sknowledge it even to herself. "Besides, green is a very fashionable color, just now, so it just happens lucky."

The next morning Hercules was prepared for school with unaccustomed care. He usually washed his face and hands and brushed his hair himself, but this morning, "seeing as his pants was new," his mother said, she did it all herself, and a dreadfully clean, polished, uncomfortable-looking boy he was when started.

"Run as fast as anything, or you'll be late. Here, stop! give mother a kiss. Good-bye."

Hercules ran "as fast as anything" for a couple of blocks, when he slowed up, and wiping the perspiration from his face he opened a white gate, walked up a pretty garden, and rang the bell of a pretty cottage.

A servant girl with very red arms came to the door. She smiled very broadly when she saw him, but Hercules was in too much of a hurry to notice anything.

"Has Bessie gone yet?" he asked.

"No," she said, "she went with the Linden boy a good half-hour ago; and sure and you must be late."

"Good morning, marm," said Hercules—"he always tried to be polite—and he rushed down through the gate and up the street like the wind."

The red-armed girl went back into the sitting-room. Mrs. Lane was laughing by the window, as she watched the green pants fly up the road.

"An' shure, m'm," said the girl, "and you ever see such looking things in your life?"

"Never!" laughed pretty Mrs. Lane. "I can't let Bessie go with him any more; he looks too ridiculous; ask Harry to call for her every morning after this."

"Very well, m'm," said the red-armed girl, laughing again as she went back to the kitchen.

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It was a poor time, indeed, to complain at home, for his father had as yet no steady work, only an odd job now and then, which barely kept them from the poorhouse; and his mother, "managing" her best, grew thinner and gaunter day by day.

It was some little comfort that the children at school at last became tired of laughing at and tormenting him, and with the exception of a few attacks from street-boys he wore his pants in peace, though never without a crushing sense of their conspicuous ugliness.

One day, walking home behind Bessie and Harrie Linden—Hercules would have envied Harry had he known how—he heard Bessie telling, in glee-filled tones, that her mother was coming home soon, and she did hope that she would bring her a little white dog, "neat and clean and fat," as she could find.

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# WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1874.

## Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.  
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.  
At 204 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

Subscription \$2.00 a year, payable in advance.  
Single copies 3 cents.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 19, 1874.

Reading notices 25 cents a line. Special notices  
15 cents a line. Religious notices 10 cents a line.  
Obituary notices 10 cents a line.

The figures printed with the subscribers name  
is paid. If any error is observed, please notify  
the office at once.

**Index to New Advertisements.**

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Johnson & Barber Shop,	3	1	1
Chase's Spring Bed,	3	8	1
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Initial Stationery,	3	1	7
New Goods,	3	2	1
Two Tenelements for Rent,	3	1	2
Tape Worm,	2	8	1
Woolen Yarn,	1	1	2
Whistler, do	3	2	2

## VOLUME TWENTY-FOUR.

We herewith present No. 1 of volume 24 of the *Journal*. For twenty-three years it has been a welcome visitor to the households of Woburn, and nearly all of the survivors of the original subscribers are still readers of its columns. The past year has not been a prosperous one for the town, but the people now-a-days must read, and the newspaper from being a luxury has come to be regarded as a necessity. Our list has been increased more than half the past year, and still they come. We shall in the future as in the past, give our readers all the news, fearlessly discuss current topics, heartily advocate local improvements, and encourage home enterprise. We believe no one patronizes this paper through fear of our displeasure, as we mean to treat every one with fairness. Holding strong opinions, we accede the same right to others, and are willing to accept, as all should, the consequences of their expression. The bond of union which now unites the *Journal* and its readers is a strong one—it may grow stronger as the years glide by.

**THE TICKET QUESTION.**—Our correspondent last week semi-officially stated that "A season ticket will be good for as many round trips on regular trains as there are week days in the quarter, and no more, but will not be good for rides in any other quarter whether punched or not." This may be the way the Railroad looks at it, but it seems to us that this class of tickets will be subject to the same legal construction as others. Some railroads print on their ticket "good for this day only," but the courts have decided that notwithstanding this announcement the ticket is good until used. And such a decision is equitable. The annoyance of having to show a season ticket every time should be compensated for, and if every square will command a ride, the holder has an equivalent for his money which is no more than his right. If the railroad would take this view, they would sell a great many more tickets, as persons who are in the habit of buying packages would secure the commutation tickets because of the saving in cost.

**SHOT THE WRONG MAN.**—We are credibly informed that the editor of the *Advertiser* keeps a loaded shot gun in his office, full cocked, and ready for use. Whether in the event of an attempt to coerce him by any of the victims of his libelous pen, he would be able to so far overcome his natural timidity as to discharge the piece, may well be doubted. But Mark has an apprentice named Daniel Lynch, whom he is instructing in the business of sweeping out the office.—While engaged in his peaceful task, the other day, the boy took the gun to move it, when the charge went off, shooting poor Dan in the hand. We are glad to learn that the damage was slight.

**ROUSING RECEPTION.**—To General Kilpatrick. We would call attention to the opening lecture in the G. A. R. course at Winchester, on Monday evening, Sept. 25th, by General Kilpatrick. An invitation has been extended to the G. A. R. Post of this town, to co-operate with that of Winchester, in giving the General a "rousing reception." By reference to the Winchester items it will be seen that ample arrangements have been made for a grand time. We hope that our town will be well represented on that occasion as the object is a most worthy one, viz: the erection of a suitable monument on their soldiers lost in the cemetery.

**THE ORCHARD OF OUR FRIEND** William Winn, Esq., appears to have brought forth bountifully, and he has shown the finest peaches seen in this market. He carried some to Boston on Saturday, where they sold readily for 75 cents a dozen at wholesale. His Bartlett pears have also turned out well, they not only look well but taste well. Mr. Winn knows how to raise good fruit.

**HALF A CENTURY.**—The friends and neighbors of R. Brooks Richardson met at his house on Fowle street, last Tuesday evening to celebrate his 50th birthday. It was a pleasant gathering and the greeting of old acquaintances and renewing former friendships afforded a great deal of enjoyment.

**RACE.**—The great stallion race at Mystic Park, Tuesday, was witnessed by nearly 30,000 people. It was won by Smugger, owned by Colonel H. S. Russell, of Milton; Phil Sheridan second, H. W. Gend third and Commonwealth fourth. Best time, 2:29—made in the third heat, Woburn contributed several hundred spectators.

**BEECHER IN WOBURN.**—Rev. H. W. Beecher announced to lecture in the First Congregational Church, Oct. 12. The whole house is reserved and the tickets placed at one dollar. They will be for sale by Fosdick & Bass on Monday next.

**SELECTMAN.**—At the meeting of the Selectmen, the bill of G. L. Hunt for \$284 for the use of his house in the small pox panic, was received and referred to E. E. Thompson. The use of the engine house hall on Railroad street was granted for a school.

**ACCIDENT.**—As C. A. McDonald was setting up one of his patent "Grease Jacks" last Saturday afternoon, at P. W. Kinney's shop on Main street, the thumb of his left hand was severely crushed by the shaft, which had not been fully adjusted.

**MECHANICS FAIR.**—The twelfth exhibition of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association opened Wednesday morning. The departments are all full, and the show as a whole, and in every particular, surpasses any previously held.

**FALL.**—Dr. R. M. Gage fell into a trench dug for water pipes at Rufus Pickering's house a few evenings ago, and sprained the muscles of his left arm so as to render the use of it quite painful for several days.

**ACCIDENT.**—L. G. Richardson, Esq., of this town has been appointed by the Governor and Council, Coroner for Middlesex County.

**BOWEN BUCKMAN'S FRUIT** compe favorably with any in town, and Clarence Littlefield's garden is beyond compare.

**TELEGRAPHIC.**—The Western Union have opened telegraph offices in Wilmington and North Billerica.

**ACCIDENT.**—On Wednesday last as Frank Dea born was rolling leather through a rolling machine he caught the fore finger of his left hand between the rollers and crushed it severely.

**MRS. AMES.**—Mrs. Ames, wife of Rev. J. A. Ames, formerly of this town, will lecture upon Beauty, in the M. E. Church, Oct. 1

## New Publications.

SEVEN DAUGHTERS. By Amanda M. Douglass. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Price \$1.50. pp. 368.

This is a story of a clergyman's home and family, which consisted of the mother (a lady in every sense of the word, who brought her children up love goodness and made herself one of them), and seven daughters. The principal characters are two older girls, Rose, one of the domestic, stay-at-home-kind, and Fannie, a bright, attractive, one. The father, Mr. Endicott, and Stephen Duncan, have been appointed guardians of two of Dun can's younger brothers. Stephen Dan, who is obliged to go to Europe, wishes to leave the boys at Mr. Endicott's home. After a family consultation it is decided that they shall come. The life of the Seven Daughters has been very uneventful until disturbed by these boys, but it all comes out very pleasantly. At a picnic Fannie receives two offers of marriage, one from a neighbor's son, and the other from a city gentleman. The first she does not love, and the other she finds is trifling with her. At last she finds out that the latter is in earnest, when there is joy. Rose thinks it is Stephen Duncan whom Fannie loves, and is rendered unhappy for a time. But all ends well with the marriage of Rose and Stephen Duncan, and Fannie and Winthrop Odgen. It is the story of a true home, and true girls, who made and will make true women. The story is well written, and all who read it will be sure and gain some good.

How MARJORY HELPED. By M. Carroll. Boston: Lee & Shepard. pp. 355. Price \$1.50.

This is a book for girls. The heroine of the story is Marjory Dana, a doctor's daughter, who lives in the country until she is fifteen years old, when she goes to Boston to school and stays a year. Boston is a good many miles away, and she is obliged to make the journey alone. Before she goes her aunt gives her her guide this verse, "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength." While her way, the cars are detained, and she makes (what afterward proves to be) lifelong friends of two ladies, one of them a lame girl about her own age. It tells of the ups and downs of her school life, and the good she did, and friends that she made, by doing as her motto taught her. The story ends with her at her own home, still trying to make every one happy. It is very interesting, and will benefit any boy or girl who reads it. It will teach them how to do much good if they follow Marjory's example.

**SLIGHT FIRES.**—On Saturday morning last, the chimney of Shaw & Taylor's tannery caught fire and the sparks from the same ignited the roof of the tan yard. It was extinguished without sounding an alarm. About five o'clock the same morning the key to one of the pulleys on the main shaft in S. Simon's grist mill became loosened and the pulley worked along the shaft until it came in contact with the floor timber, and would have caused quite an extensive fire but for the timely discovery by the watchman.

**WARREN ACADEMY.**—The Fall term of the institution opened this week quite satisfactorily. More than twice the number of students desirous of fitting for the Institute of Technology, that entered last year, have entered this year. While the whole number of the students is double that who presented themselves at the beginning of the Fall term 1873. Although the present is the day of small things, still the friends of the institution feel much encouraged.

**BATH ROOM.**—We are glad to know that the wish for a bath room in Woburn is met, and all who desire to enjoy the luxury can do so at Mr. William Leath's rooms, in Sole's Building, Railroad St., three doors from Main street. Mr. Leath has two rooms neatly fitted up with bathing tubs, in which hot or cold baths may be taken. We hope his enterprise will receive a good support.

**IN THE OFFICE.**—We notice in our exchanges that the wish for a bath room in Woburn is met, and all who desire to enjoy the luxury can do so at Mr. William Leath's rooms, in Sole's Building, Railroad St., three doors from Main street. Mr. Leath has two rooms neatly fitted up with bathing tubs, in which hot or cold baths may be taken. We hope his enterprise will receive a good support.

**TRAVELLER.**—

**POLITICS.**—The Boston *Globe* is giving considerable attention to politics, and publishes correspondence from all quarters, from which an opinion may be formed of the state of the public feeling. Last Saturday appeared the following:

A Woburn correspondent speaks thus of the size of the old building originally built as a skating rink, and is two stories high, offering in the galleries splendid facilities for the display of carriages, harnesses, pianos, dress goods, and sewing machines and sewing machine machinery. This immense building is literally crowded with goods, (all display is restricted to Newark manufacturers) and, in point of variety, exceeds the display usually seen at the New England Exhibition in Faneuil and Quincy Market Halls. There is scarcely a branch of industry that can be named that is not carried on extensively here, and most of the manufacturers are making good displays.

The 16th annual fair of the New Jersey State Agricultural Society commenced on Monday at their grounds, at Waverly, about two miles south of Newark, and was well attended.

**TRADE.**—

**DAMAGES.**—In the Supreme Judicial Trial "Newark Industrial Exhibition" opened its 3rd annual exhibition in the Rink. This immense structure is one of the large buildings of the country, having a front on Washington street of 238 feet, and varying in depth from 177 to 190 feet, and covering an area of over two acres. The new part erected by the company after the successful exhibition of 1872, is more than double the size of the old building originally built as a skating rink, and is two stories high, offering in the galleries splendid facilities for the display of carriages, harnesses, pianos, dress goods, and sewing machines and sewing machine machinery. This immense building is literally crowded with goods, (all display is restricted to Newark manufacturers) and, in point of variety, exceeds the display usually seen at the New England Exhibition in Faneuil and Quincy Market Halls. There is scarcely a branch of industry that can be named that is not carried on extensively here, and most of the manufacturers are making good displays.

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**THE DUMB PRINCESS-A CEYLONIAN STORY.**—Long ago, a king—or, as some say, a very wealthy man, but it does not matter which, though a king sounds better—had an only child, a daughter, the heiress of all his wealth, who could not or would not speak. He tried all means to cure her, but in vain. At last he sent forth a proclamation that whoever, being in fitting degree, could restore speech to his daughter, should marry her and eventually be lord of all his mother's wealth. Many tried, but all failed. At last a prince who had a magical gift, that of causing things inanimate to talk with him, came forward, and was admitted to the hall where the princess was. He spoke to her and tried to induce her to speak, but answer he got none!

Now a lamp was hanging in the hall, and to it the prince good humoredly addressed himself. "Lamp," said he, "I will tell you a story."

"Say on," replied the lamp.

"Well," went on the prince, four travelers—a carpenter, a painter, a cloth merchant and a jeweler—set out on a journey. By-and-by they came to a rest house, halted there and prepared their food. The keeper of the rest house had laid on the floor a log of wood, very suitable for carving. The carpenter, seeing this, pulled out his carving gear and carved the log into the shape of a woman, life size, and exquisitely beautiful. The painter next took his brushes and colors and painted the figure till it shone as brilliantly fair as a goddess! Then the cloth merchant opened his packages, chose the finest silks and embroidered, and dressed the figure in his choicest bravery. The jeweler took gems, earings, necklaces and bangles, and all such things, and bedecked the figure with them. Last of all the figure was endowed with life. I do not take upon me to explain how that came about, but it was the fact!

"No more do I," said the lamp; "but pray go on. I hate digressions!"

"When," continued the prince "that, exquisitely beautiful being burst into life, all the tour fell violently in love with her, and each wished to make her his wife.

"Why, I shaped the matchless figure," said the carpenter.

"And I bestowed on her that beautiful complexion," retorted the painter.

"And I robed her," exclaimed the merchant.

"But what are your choicest robes to the costly gems, which were my gifts? A woman is of little account without jewels!" cried the jeweler.

"Thus they went on clamoring and disputing. Now, O lamp! who was to declare the rightful owner?"

First, the lamp said one, then another, giving reasons—and whatever the lamp said the prince contradicted. The dispute waxed hot and furious, but seemed never to come nearer to the end. The princess heard all the dispute, and held her peace a long time. At last she could bear to keep silent no longer. So she cried: "You are both silly! The true owner was none of the four, but the keeper of the rest-house, for to him the wood she was made of belonged!"

"Ah, yes," said the prince you are in the right my princess. And now that you have spoken, let me claim my reward, and take you for my wife." So they went before the king, who was enchanted with the scene; and they were married straightway, and lived happy ever afterward—at least, it is said, the princess never gave her husband any cause, after marriage, to reproach her for too persistently holding her peace!"

**DECIDEDLY COOL.**—Quite late on Saturday evening, a tramp, seeing a light shine through a window in a dwelling near the railroad station, made bold to enter the house, and, finding none of the family stirring, deliberately disrobed and retired to a chamber, where he found an unoccupied bed, and quietly "turned in" for the rest of the night. It appears that a regular lodger was expected, and the door was left unfastened for his accommodation. So when this stranger entered, the people residing in the house supposed it was their boarder returned, especially as he proceeded directly to the boarder's lodging room, and they heard nothing more from him. But when the man in the house arose the following morning he noticed certain irregularities that induced him to call his boarder's name, but the tramp coolly responded that there was no such person in the sleeping room. The strange voice attracted the attention of the family, and upon investigation it was found that the regular boarder did not come, but the stranger did. The fellow accepted an invitation to take breakfast, and left quite well suited with his entertainment.—*Newton Journal*.

**KEEP IT FROM THEM.**—Don't give liquor to children. Possibly you can do it with safety, but the chances are against it. One of the first literary men in the United States died to the writer; "There is one thing, which as you visit different places, I wish you to do everywhere,—that is, entreat every mother never to give a drop of strong drink to a child. I have had to fight for my life, all my days to keep from dying a drunkard, because I was fed with spirits when a child and acquired a taste for it. My brother, poor fellow, died a drunkard. I would not have a child of mine to take a drop of liquor for anything. Warn every parent wherever you go, never to give a drop to a child, they value its future happiness."

The question is often asked by careful mothers, "What will remove grass stains from children's clothing?" An exchange says that simply wetting and rubbing the stained cloth in cold water will remove all traces of the grass. Faint stains will disappear on the application of boiling hot water. No soap should be used in either case.

**JOHN L. WYMAN,** Magnetic Physician. Rooms in J. W. Manning's Photograph Establishment.

**MEAT AND PROVISION STORE** For Sale at a Bargain.

A St. Louis reporter has got a happy "nack" in this direction. Says he, concluding a recent turf meeting: "As the darkness of night gradually usurped the light of day, and the stars, the bright emblazonary of God, began to glitter in the heavens, the assemblage began to disperse, and each turned his face homeward, at peace, it is hoped, with the world."

A minister once prayed: "O Lord we thank Thee for the godly number here-to-night, and that thou also art here, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather."

**J. E. MCCLURE & CO.**  
DEALERS IN  
**FANCY AND STAPLE DRY GOODS,**  
123 Main St.,  
**WOBURN.**

**THE OLD WALNUT ST. PAINT SHOP.**  
James Partridge, Proprietor.  
Painting, Graining, Gilding,  
—AND—  
PAPER HANGING.  
Also—Whitening and Tinting.  
Sign of the Eagle, Walnut Street, Woburn, Mass.  
NEAR POST OFFICE. 105

**EF'S Sign Writing and Lettering a specialty.**

**ONLY**  
**\$2.00 A YEAR.**  
**Shingles,**  
**Shingles,**  
**Shingles.**

**A LARGE LOT OF NO. 1 Shingles for sale**

**CHEAP FOR CASH.**

Please call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

**J. B. McDONALD,**  
93 Main St., Woburn.

**HOME FIRE**

**Insurance Co.,**

OF NEW YORK.

Abstract of the 42d Semi-Annual Statement, showing the condition of the company on the first day of July, 1874.

1 Extension Table, 1 Parlor Desk, with drawers each side and Book Case on top, 1 Sink, 1 Cupboard with wire doors, 1-2 dozen nice Office Chairs, 1 Weed Sewing Machine, One Lounge, 1 Baby Carriage, &c.

**INQUIRE OF**

**G. W. POLLOCK.**

**JOSEPH B. McDONALD,**

DEALER IN

**Hard & Soft Coal,**

WOOD, LIME AND CEMENT.

ALSO

**A Large Assortment**

OF ALL KINDS OF

**STEAM COAL**

CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

**Wood Sawing**

By Steam.

The subscriber has a Circular Saw in operation

**At his Wood and Coal Yard,**

No. 93 Main Street.

With which he is prepared to

**SAW WOOD,**

For his customers, and deliver it to them ready to the stove, at a slight advance upon the price of the wood. Customers invited to call and examine the new improvement.

J. B. McDONALD,

93 Main St., Woburn.

**Commonwealth of Massachusetts.**

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the Honorable Law, next of Kin, and other personal representatives of deceased persons, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased,

WHEREAS, a certain instrument of writing to the law and testament of said deceased persons, late of Woburn, in said County, Probate, by Origen B. Darling, who pray that letters testamentary may be issued to him the executors of the estate of the said deceased persons, late of Woburn, in said County, to sell and divide the same, for the payment of debts, taxes, and expenses of administration, and giving a surety or sureties on his bond pursuant to said will and statute. You are hereby cited to appear before the Probate Court, at Woburn, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth Tuesday of October, 1874, at 10 o'clock A.M., to show cause if any have, against the same, to show cause if any have, against the said petitioners, to be directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation on a week, for service successive weeks, in the office of the Clerk of the Probate Court, at Woburn, the last publication to be two days, at least, before the date of trial.

Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esquire, Judge of Probate, this first day of September, in the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy-four.

J. H. TYLER, Register.

**JOHN L. WYMAN,** Magnetic Physician.

Rooms in J. W. Manning's Photograph Establishment.

Main Street, Stowham.

Office hours from 9 to 12, and 1 to 4. Other hours will visit the sick at their homes.

Residence on Pleasant Street, fourth door from Main on the left.

**MEAT AND PROVISION STORE**

For Sale at a Bargain.

Nicely fitted up with all the conveniences for doing business. A small one for Butter, Marble Counter with convenient Meat Rack over it, every kind of meat, and a large one for Fish, Game, &c., all that brings this place into the market. It is all disposed of at private sale will be sold at public sale on the 1st of October, 1874, at 10 o'clock A.M. For further information call on THOMAS SALMON, Nos 244 and 246 Main Street, or corner Fowles and Prospect Streets, Woburn, Mass.

**ONLY.**

**\$2.00 A YEAR.**

We would especially invite the people of Woburn to call on us before purchasing elsewhere.

Our assortment is full and complete.

9 Marshall Street,

114 Blackstone Street,

AND

151 Hanover Street,

Corner of Marshall, Boston.

Wm. P. B. Brooks, Levi Walbridge.

Fred. G. Walbridge.

16

**THE OLD WALNUT ST. PAINT SHOP.**

James Partridge, Proprietor.

Painting, Graining, Gilding,

—AND—

PAPER HANGING.

Also—Whitening and Tinting.

Sign of the Eagle, Walnut Street, Woburn, Mass.

NEAR POST OFFICE. 105

**EF'S Sign Writing and Lettering a specialty.**

16

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# WOBURN



# JOURNAL.

VOL. XXIV.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1874.

NO. 2.

G. R. Gage & Co.

Are showing

FALL

STYLES

in great variety.

Coatings,

Pants Goods,

Vestings,

AND

GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS!

171 Main Street,

43

WOBURN.

THOMAS S. BANKS,  
FLORIST,

Wian Street, Woburn, Mass.  
Has a specialty on hand, at his Greenhouse, a division  
of greenhouse plants.

Bouquets and Cut Flowers furnished at short  
notice.

E. K. Willoughby,  
HOUSE & JOB ARPENTER,

Walnut St., Woburn, | Near Main  
Street.  
For Orders for Jobbing of all kinds promptly  
attended to, and satisfaction guaranteed, as heretofore.

WARREN CUTTLER,  
JOE WAGON

Stand at the Woburn Centre Depot.  
TEAMING, JOBBING, FURNITURE AND  
PIANO MOVING, ETC.  
J. B. McDonald, proprietor, and his residence, 5th  
house on Beacon Street, will receive his immediate attention.

JOHN C. BUCK,  
TEACHER OF

PIANO-FORTE & REED ORGAN  
AT GREEN'S MUSIC STORE,  
NO. 6 RAILROAD STREET,  
WOBURN.

JOHN R. CARTER

Civil Engineer and Surveyor,  
Surveys, Plans and Divisions of Estates accurately made, Grading, Leveling, and Public and Private Grounds ornamental laid out.  
Also, attention given to Conveyancing.

OFFICE, NO. 168 MAIN STREET,  
Monday and Thursdays, 7 to 9 P. M., and at  
other times when not engaged on outside work.

G. F. HARTSHORNE,  
Civil Engineer & Surveyor

Surveys, Plans and Divisions of Estates accurately made, Grading, Leveling, and Public and Private Grounds ornamental laid out.  
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OFFICE, 159 Main Street, over A. Buckman's Shoe Store. Office hours 7 to 9 P. M., except Wednesdays and Fridays.

C. P. JAYNE,

Real Estate Agent

and Auctioneer.

No. 2 Wade Block, Woburn.

D. M. H. ALLEN,

DENTIST,  
127 Main St., Woburn, Allens' Block

G. F. SMITH & Co.,

Watchmakers & Jewelers,

DEALERS IN

Watches and Jewelry.

NO. 187 MAIN STREET,  
WOBURN, MASS.

Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry promptly repaired  
and satisfaction guaranteed.

PLUMBING

T. J. KINNEY,

106 Main St., Woburn.

Particular attention paid to fitting up houses  
with Water Pipes. Jobbing in all its branches  
promptly attended to.

PUMPS and WATER PIPES REPAIRED.

or Hardware Too!

CALL AT BUEL'S BLOCK 131 MAIN ST. 15

L. THOMPSON, Jr.

STRAW MATTINGS.

A large line of Straw Mattings, just received  
and sale at the lowest prices, by

100

WM. WOODBERRY.

## Poetry.

### THE LITTLE VAGRANT.

The village Squire, a stern old man,  
From whose very presence the children ran,  
Walked stately and pompous, grave,  
With a stately and pompous gravity, meet  
In one of his wealth and consequence,  
Proud of his standing and hard cold sense.  
He turned a corner; right in his way  
Asleep on the walk's vagrant lay,  
Bagged and bare, foot, a little lad,  
Whose face was pinched and worn and red.  
The village children had gathered round;  
The Squire came up, but they stood their ground.  
For the boy's thin face was streaked with tears,  
And their pity was stronger than their fears.  
The old Squire looked, and was passing by,  
When the boy awoke with a pitiful cry;  
And the old man's face grew suddenly white;  
"Good God!" he muttered; "what ails my sight?  
It cannot be. Are these eyes her own.  
Your name, my boy?"—Her very tone;  
Stand back, you children, and let me talk  
To the lad.—"Are you tired? Can you walk?  
Don't be afraid; come take my hand."  
None of the children can understand  
What has come over the Squire to-day,  
Why he so tenderly leads away  
The wandering little vagrant, clad  
With red-clad coverings, though he clad.  
Dreadful to see, but the story is true.  
Was the old Squire suddenly sick at his heart?  
But the gossip remembered a fair young face.  
A daughter, once the pride and grace  
Of the old man's home, of whom no ill,  
Save that she wedded against his will,  
Was ever whispered. He drove her thence,  
And bid her abide the consequences.  
Of her willful love; and never a word  
Of her fate thereafter in town was heard.  
But now it was plain, the gossip said,  
She had lived in misery, and was dead,  
And the vagrant boy whose look and tone  
Woke the old Squire's heart, was indeed her own.  
And God, who hears the widow's prayer,  
Had led the little wanderer there.

### Selected.

#### Children's Molar Teeth.

Dr. R. M. Gage, of New York read an interesting paper at the recent Dental Convention, at Saratoga, from which we make the following extract:—

I am aware that the question of the treatment of six year molars has been the occasion of much controversy and the cause of more diversity of opinion than any other in the dental science, and with good reason; for I look upon the proper treatment at an early period of such cases as being the foundation of and keystone to the patient's future comfort and welfare. It is an unquestionable fact that parents are too apt to neglect the care of children's teeth to such an extent, that when the young patient reaches us for treatment, the case is such as to require very serious and careful consideration on the part of the operator. On the other hand, where there exists in a measure the certainty of the patient being in a condition and having the means to command proper treatment at a later period, and where there is no evidence of undue pressure or overcrowding in the mouth, then I should consider it my duty to make every effort to save the sixth year molars; and here let me add that I would seize such an opportunity, and endeavor to press upon the mind of the parent the necessity of a certain diet, in fact, as would tend toward the development of good, sound, strong, and handsome teeth.

In conclusion allow me to say, that as a profession, we are brought every day in contact with people of all classes of opinion, of mind and of peculiarities, and endeavor to show, in a straightforward, common sense way, the benefits of the rapid changes and obvious improvements in the newer methods of treatment now generally adopted by the more eminent of our professional brethren:

Col.—"Allow me to inquire, Captain, what kind of a uniform that is that you have on?"

Capt.—"Certainly, Colonel. It is the new uniform for the line officers in the field, and recently ordered for the officers of this command."

Col.—(A little mystified.) "Ah, indeed! And pray, Captain, where do you get your authority for wearing such a gait?"

Capt.—"In General Orders No. —, through these headquarters, dated April 18, 1864; and as you see, I have acted accordingly."

Col.—"You must be mistaken, sir; there was nothing in that order that could be so constructed."

Capt.—"No mistake about it, Colonel; here is an official copy of the order signed by your own Adjutant in due form" (producing it).

Col.—"Well, Captain, be kind enough to point out the clause that refers to this new uniform of yours."

Capt.—"Certainly, sir,"—and he read the part of the order relating to the baggage allowed to company officers, ending with,—"and all unnecessary baggage and superfluous clothing will be immediately packed up and sent to the rear."

"Now, Colonel," continued the Captain, "it is very evident that the tail of a uniform coat must come under the head of superfluous clothing; and, for want of transportation, I have had mine cut off entirely."

Col.—"Well, Captain, be kind enough to tell me what are the reasons for this?"

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# WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1874.

## Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

At 204 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

Subscription \$2.00 a year, payable in advance.

Single copies 5 cents.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 26, 1874.

Reading notices 25 cents a line. Special notices 15 cents a line. Religious notices 10 cents a line. Obituary notices 10 cents a line.

The figures printed with the subscribers' names will show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the editor at once.

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G. A. R.	2	1	5

From Woburn to Portland Direct.

Last Tuesday we visited Wilmington, where a gang of men are at work upon a new railroad. From the Boston & Lowell track, just above the Wilmington station, the old road bed of the Boston & Maine may be seen, and following a nearly straight course, the Boston & Maine is reached in three miles and a half. The bed is being used by the Lawrence & Boston Railroad, and the track will run as above, and striking the Maine a little south of the Wilmington Junction, go along parallel with it until it makes a junction with the Lowell and Saltonstall, and then to the Lowell and Lawrence. Workmen had already commenced laying the rails on the Lowell railroad end, the bed was cleared nearly to the Maine road, sleepers were laid about one-half the distance, and the prospect of having the road in running order by the first of November, was quite good. It is some twenty odd years since the rails were taken up. The bed is in very fair condition, about all that is necessary is to cut away the growth of wood. The sleepers are laid on the ground, and rails will be placed on them, and the filling done with gravel trains. There are three small culverts, one bridge, and several small crossings. This road will give us direct communication with Lawrence and the Maine road. It is claimed that Portland is 14 miles nearer Boston by this route than any other. When it is completed passengers for Portland, who now must go over to Boston, for miles, or to Boston, ten miles, can now take cars at the Watering Station in Woburn, and save an hour's riding. Whether there will be a saving of fares remains to be seen. The opening of this new route cannot fail to benefit us, both as to freight and passenger business.

The Lawrence American, speaking of this matter, says:—

The Boston & Lowell is contemplating at an early day the formation of a line to Portland. The last legislature of New Hampshire gave a charter to a company known as the Spicket River Railroad, Building under the charter of this road, the Lawrence, through the Woburn and the Lowell railroad bed. No alarm had ever been struck from this box, and it was not certain that it would work satisfactorily. It worked splendidly, the response being heard instantly. We timed the appearance of the department, but as we are not aware of the distance the teams had to come, we cannot speak of the merits of the performance. The time was as follows:

Hose No. 1,	3 minutes.
Hose No. 2,	3 " 48 seconds.
Steamer No. 1,	5 " 46 "
Steamer Hose,	5 " 55 "
Hose No. 3,	5 " 50 "
Hose & Ladder,	7 " 42 "

The truck got nearly in when the pole chain broke and they stopped to fasten the truck. The truck is too heavy for two horses, and the city should have a lighter one or more motive power. After the trial we visited the tower of the First Unitarian Church, and inspected the striking apparatus, and tested its capability. The machinery was ingenious yet simple, showing that the chances for it to be deranged were small. The expense of keeping it in order is slight. Mr. Burns, one of the permanent men of the Department, having entire charge of it. Our next point was Union Square, where the party were welcomed to a generous Somerville collation. Here various matters concerning fire business were discussed and the company separated with pleasant remembrances of the day and the Somerville gentlemen who exerted themselves to make the visit an agreeable one. The Somerville department is well organized, the men and material being all excellent, and the exhibition of their efficiency was very satisfactory. In Chief Engineer Hopkins they have a man in love with, and thoroughly posted in his business, and the city may safely confide in his management of the Department.

MILE IN 4:53.—James W. Horner, of Woburn, went to the Scotch games at Lowell, on Thursday of last week, and entered in the mile running race. There were four entries. The Lowell Times says:—At the start Horner took the lead, going at a rousing pace, with McCready in the second place, McCarty next and Boyle in the rear. These positions were maintained to the half mile which was made in 2:21. At the three quarters, McCready fell to the rear, and finally dropped out. Boyle then passed McCarty, and went for Horner, gaining steadily on him to the last part of the home stretch, but Horner had got too long a lead, and came home a winner by several yards. Time 4:53. Horner got first money, \$10, and Boyle second. \$8. The result was quite a surprise to Boyle's friends, though it is stated that he was in poor condition for running.

ON Tuesday Horner went again to Lowell and entered in the walking and running races. The former was for a half mile, and was won by Horner in 3:55. The running match of one mile was also won by Horner in 5:30. The walking prize was \$8 and the running prize \$10.

JONES.—A pedestrian party at the White Mountains contained one from Woburn, one from Chelsea, one from Lowell, and one from Manchester. A gentleman met them in Conway, and after a little preliminary conversation, asked he of Woburn what was his name. "My name is Jones," said he. Then spoke up Chelsea, "And my name is Jones." The stranger glanced toward Lowell, who said "My name is Jones." "And what may your name be my Manchester friend?" "Jones," was the amusing reply. "Well, cousins," remarked the genial stranger, "my name is also Jones," and then took a bowl of mush and milk.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.—A few days ago a mother whose paleness was well nigh exhausted with the conduct of her little daughter, said with some bitterness, "I declare, Sophronia, you are the worst child I ever saw in my life." The little miss repeated in a low tone as if talking to herself, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want."

TRAINING SCHOOL.—Miss Sabra J. Jaquith has returned and resumed her place at the head of the Training School. It began this week Tuesday, and is open to graduates of our High School.

CATTLE SHOW.—The Middlesex Cattle Show at old Concord next Tuesday and Wednesday will undoubtedly be a grand affair. There will be considerable material from this part of the country. Probably Mr. Cummings, Mr. Soles and Mr. Twombly will exhibit horses, and perhaps others. We advise all to go who can.

CEMETERY LOTS.—Our attention was called the other day to the lot of W. D. Warren, in the Cemetery, situated not far from the receiving tomb. It has been curbed by Andrew James, with Milford Granite, and presents a very tasteful appearance. The curbing is cut to represent a T rail of railroad iron. The letters of the owner's name are cut raised and the surface polished, producing a fine effect. The lot of W. D. York also fitted up by Capt. James, looks very well. His lots compare favorably with any in the Cemetery.

NORMAL SCHOOL.—Miss Charlotte Woodman and Miss Helen L. Brown, graduates of our High School, have entered the Boston Normal School, passing a very full attendance.

REPORTS.—Any one who may have copies of our Town Reports prior to 1860, and for 1865, 1866 and 1867, will confer a favor by leaving them with Nathan Wyman. They are wanted for the Town Library, and for the Boston Public Library.

SWEET.—The largest assortment of choice Confectionery to be found in Woburn, is at Dodge's Drug Store, No. 105 Main Street.

Mrs. Ames, wife of Rev. J. A. Ames, formerly of this town, will lecture upon Beauty, in the Methodist Church, Oct. 1st.

BUCKLEY'S.—The mirth provoking Buckley troupe appear in Lyceum Hall next Monday. They are strongly organized, and present a bill of unusual attractions. They never have failed to draw in Woburn, and next Monday is not likely to prove an exception to the rule.

The Science of Health for October opens with an important article on the Causes of Infant Mortality in Cities; and

POOLS.—A good many persons who read the accounts of the wonderful feats performed by horses in these days of great speed, are at a loss as to what the information respecting "pools" means. They have a vague idea that it is some sort of betting, but how it is done they know not. We have inquired of a gentleman whose experience on the turf makes him an authority on all matters pertaining to the subject, and we give our readers who are not posted the benefit of the information. Pools are sold at places in Boston, well known to those who are interested, and on the parks, whence the races come off. The pool seller, who possesses the qualifications of an auctioneer, offers the horses who are to start in any given race and calls for bids for the highest bidder. The amount is, say \$100, and the choice Mambrino Gift. That is, the bidder bets \$100 that Mambrino Gift will win the race. The second choice is then offered in the same way, and may bring \$50, the bidder selecting Thomas Jefferson. The third choice might bring \$25, and Smugger named. Out of seven horses the others would be sold very low, or if no offers were made the four would be offered together as "the field" and sell for say \$10. The pool is then closed, the money \$185 put away, the four bidders getting a ticket bearing the name of their favorite or a number to which will answer, and the amount of the pool. The auctioneer then goes on and sells another, continuing the process so long as he can get a bid. The horses comprising the field will call Abdallah, Commonwealth, Sheridan and Genet. At the close of the race the man who has named the winning horse, presents his ticket to the pool seller, and takes the \$185 less the seller's commission which varies according to the size of the pool from 2 1/2 to 10 per cent. If he should have bought "the field," any one of the four horses in that class winning would entitle him to the money.

The Paris pools are a different form of gambling lately introduced. In this all the horses in a heat are posted up and numbered, and tickets bearing their number are offered for \$5 each. There is no limit to the number of tickets that may be sold. The pool is closed when the horses get the word, and another one opened, which is closed when the horses start in the next heat. The money in the pool is divided by the number of tickets which hold the name of the winning horse, and each holder of such tickets gets an equal share, less the commission. For instance in the case supposed above, there were in a pool, Mambrino 20, Jefferson 10, Smugger 5, and the field 1, each making in all 39 tickets representing \$185. Smugger won the race, and accordingly each of the holders of Smugger's tickets received \$30. But suppose all bought the favorite, then each one would get back his \$5 less the commission. This seldom occurs, but it often happens that the favorite leads so much, that the result of the investment is not very satisfactory to those who want to make money rapidly. The less favored horses are sold separately or as "a field" just as in the other pools.

NEW ENGLAND DIRECTORY.—Sampson, Davenport & Co., the enterprising directory publishers, are now engaged on the canvas for the New England Business Directory for 1875. It will be the most valuable reference book ever published, for the low sum of six dollars. To supply this knowledge fully and accurately, their agents will visit the various towns and cities, to carefully collect the names, occupations, and post-office addresses of all merchants, manufacturers, professional and other business men throughout the entire New England States. The work will be alphabetically arranged, and so classified that the name of any person can easily be found, whatever may be his occupation, or whatever his location. This volume will also contain a full and complete list of the banks, insurance, manufacturing and other incorporated companies, post offices, news papers, academic, express, railroads, population of each city and town in New England, etc., together with other useful information often required in the counting room. Also a new map of New England, with each county separately colored and representing a part of all the adjoining States prepared expressly for this publication, from late and authentic surveys, measuring about 16x22 inches, showing plainly all the towns, cities, villages, railroads, streams, lakes, etc. It will form a large octavo volume of about 1600 pages, handsomely printed on fine paper, and strongly bound. Their agent visited Woburn this week and called upon our business men for their patronage. The extended circulation of this Directory makes it invaluable for general advertising, and every counting room should have a copy for reference. Parties wishing to subscribe or advertise can address Sampson, Davenport & Co., 344 Washington Street, Boston.

S. S. CONFERENCE.—The ninth annual meeting of the Woburn sabbath school conference, will be held with the First Congregational church, Woburn, next Tuesday. From 9:30 to 10. In the morning will be the opening exercises and business. From 10 to 11, reports from the schools of the conference, not to exceed three minutes each, will be heard. This will be followed by a discussion, or "The pulpit and the sabbath school." Their mission will be introduced by Rev. A. G. Hale, of Melrose. How they may aid each other will be introduced by Rev. A. B. Dacombe, of Winchester. The afternoon will open with reading and answer to questions. At 3:30, Rev. J. W. Wellman, D. D., of Malden will give an address on "The Home and the Sabbath Schools," followed by a discussion by the Conference. At 6:30 there will be a Sabbath School Concert, a which a Blackboard Exercise Singing by a Choir of Children, and brief addresses will be given. The exercises closing at 8 P.M.

ONE HARDLY KNOWS WHETHER TO INTRODUCE THE SONG MONARCH as a new Glee Book, or as a Singing School Text Book. As it has all the variety and sprightliness of the first, and is quite easy enough for the second, it may very properly make its home in both characters. As a Glee Book, it may very warmly be recommended to the notice of all who like social singing, and will be a welcome visitor in musical families, and in the meetings of choirs and musical societies, where its light melodies may furnish an occasional relief to severe and classical practice. In turning over the leaves, one's eye first encounters, perhaps, "Chiming Bells of Long Ago," a song with chorus, then the lively "Hark to the distant Drum," and then in strong contrast "Sweet and Low," the words of Tennyson. On another page the boys are invited to "Whistle and Hoe." There are about 150 of these harmonized songs in the book, in addition to sacred tunes, anthems and chants, and a sufficiency of singing school exercises. As a book for singing classes, it must be a most agreeable one from which to learn, and the well known skill of the compilers is sufficient guarantee of its fitness for the work for which it is designed.

WOBURN.—The mirth provoking Buckley troupe appear in Lyceum Hall next Monday. They are strongly organized, and present a bill of unusual attractions. They never have failed to draw in Woburn, and next Monday is not likely to prove an exception to the rule.

The Science of Health for October opens with an important article on the Causes of Infant Mortality in Cities; and

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BITTEN BY A MORSE.—Last Saturday James Madden, who has driven John Cummings & Co's hide team for the last twenty years met with a singular accident. One of his wheel horses was cross all day on account of changing her mate, and going from the shop to the stable commenced kicking, and got over the thin pole. Madden got off to replace her, when the vicious animal bit his arm in the teeth, blinding him severely. Mr. Ward and son went to his assistance, and unlatched the horse, when the mare took Madden's arm again, and twitched him, lost her balance and fell over the pole, but keeping her grip broke his arm badly in two places. The flesh was badly macerated, and bled profusely, and it was at first feared he would have to lose his arm.

GENERAL KILPATRICK.—We would again remind our readers of the opening lecture by General Kilpatrick, in the G. A. R. Course, at Winchester, on Monday evening next.

ST. ALBANS.—The St. Albans

contains also, The Mysteries of Druggopthy; Hydrophobium Medicorum; Our American Girls; Popular Physiology, with illustrations; Ventilation; A Dystrophic Appetite; Graham Flour against Fine Flour; How to Keep Fruits Fresh, with practical directions; The Food Question; Rest and Sleep; Life Under Ground; The Candy Curse; The Doctors on Alcohol; with the information contained in the Talks with Correspondents and Voices from the People, making up an excellent number of this useful and popular magazine. Only 20 cents, or \$2.00 a year. The publisher uses a "TRIAL TRIP" of three months, including the present number, for 25 cents. Address S. R. Wells, 389 Broadway, New York.

Nellie Grant's Wedding March by E. Mack, comes to us from the publishers, Lee & Walker, Philadelphia, illustrated with a fine likeness of the bride, from a photograph by Sarony. Destined to be the wedding march for all future occasions, it is well worthy a position on every piano in the land. Price, 40 cents.

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SCHOOLS.—Our new School Committee have taken hold in earnest and have introduced such reforms and changes in the studies of the several schools this term as cannot fail they think to advance their usefulness. Pupils belonging to the mixed and intermediate school are now required without exception to attend the schools in the districts where they reside.

REAL ESTATE CHANGES.—Mr. E. A. Eaton has exchanged his house for one in Upton street, Boston, and removed with his family to the last named place.

Mr. John A. Magee has bought the house and land on the corner of Cambridge and Church streets, and will occupy the same

ALDINE.—The October number blooms like an American autumn scene. Four full-page pictures of surpassing beauty are given, and a large number of minor illustrations. The literary contents are very rich, and the whole forms a magazine of unsurpassed value. Mr. Fred W. Ellis is the agent in Woburn.

NURSERY FOR OCTOBER is bright as an Indian summer day. The pictures, "Gathering Apples," "The Cat and Watkins," and "Gold Locks," not to speak of the others such as the children will delight in, while those who are old enough to read will find it full of stories and poems that will please and interest.

CHORAL SOCIETY.—This society have chosen W. H. Bailey as its President, and will meet hereafter in the hall in Richardson's block, on Main street, on Thursday evenings of each week.

UNITARIAN NATIONAL CONFERENCE

Rev. Mr. Metcalfe gave last Sunday morning, an interesting account to his people of this Conference held at Saratoga last week.

NEW WATER WORKS.—The residents on either side of Arlington Avenue, between the residence of Mr. George Phillips and the shop of Mr. Thomas Higgins, have secured the right to draw water from a never failing spring on the land formerly owned by Mr. Davis Locke, and Mr. P. B. Goodsell, of Boston, has taken the contract for trenching and laying pipes to the houses of the water takers. There will be a head of about one hundred feet, and the water is as good as from any of the springs which abound on the Highlands. Mr. Jacob F. Hobbs is superintending the work of trenching, which is being done by some twenty men, and the whole will be completed before the frost closes the ground.

TOURNAMENT.—Two gentlemen rode out of Pleasant street Wednesday as the cars were approaching, when their horse suddenly turned three times out, inflicting some slight bruises. The horse ran to Winn's stable.

CHORAL SOCIETY.—This society have chosen W. H. Bailey as its President, and will meet hereafter in the hall in Richardson's block, on Main street, on Thursday evenings of each week.

COFFEE PARTY.—A Coffee Party for the benefit of the Methodist Society was given at the residence of John C. Mason, on Thursday evening of each week.

## Special Notices.

## NOTICE.

On the 1st day of October next: the office of the Woburn Gas Light Co. will be removed to 130 Main Street, Soles' Block, opposite Orthodox Church. A. THOMPSON, Treasurer.

Woburn, Sept. 16th, 1874.

Mrs. Lillian Harmon will be in town to receive piano pupils Sept. 16. From that time till Sept. 20, can be seen at No. 2 Auburn Street, Woburn.

## NOTICE.

Bancroft Encapsulation, Post 23, G. A. R., have invited an invitation to go to Wimberley and attend a lecture to be given by Kiplikarick, on Monday evening, 28th inst. Comrades wishing to attend are requested to meet at the hall, at 6 o'clock, with cap and sword.

W. C. COLEGATE, Adj't.

Woburn, Sept. 24, 1874.

## NOTICE.

The Bostonians of Woburn are requested to meet at Lyman Hall, on Thursday, Oct. 1st, at 7 o'clock P. M., to nominate delegates to the State, Congressional, County, Councilor, and Senatorial Conventions. Also, to choose a Town Committee for the ensuing year. The number of delegates to which each delegation is entitled, is fixed. Voters are requested to prepare themselves with the several delegations.

## E. THOMPSON,

## JACOB BROWN,

## JOHN L. PARKER,

241 Republican Town Committee.

Woburn, Sept. 24, 1874.

THE MOST WONDERFUL DISCOVERY OF THE 19TH CENTURY.

DR. S. D. HOWE'S

ARABIAN MILK-CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

And all Diseases of the THROAT, CHEST, and LUNGS. (The only Medicine of the kind in the world.) A Substitute for Child Liver Oil.

For Consumption, Loss of Voices, Shortness of Breath, Catarrh, Coughs, Coughs, &c., in a few days, like magic.

DR. S. D. HOWE'S

Arabian Tonic Blood Purifier, Which DIFFERS from all other preparations in IMMEDIATE ACTION upon the

LIVER, KIDNEYS AND BLOOD.

It is a pure, clear, transparent fluid, free from all impurities, builds it right up, and makes Power, Rich Blood.

It cures Scrofulous Diseases of all kinds, Pneumonia, Consumption, &c.

For "GENERAL DEBILITY," "LOST VITALITY," "WEAKNESS," & "EXHAUSTION."

It cures the "CANCER" of the human body.

Every bottle is worth its weight in gold. Price \$1 per bottle.

## —ALSO—

DR. S. D. HOWE'S

ARABIAN "Sugar Coated" LIVER PILLS.

They cleanse the Liver and Stomach thoroughly, remove all the poisons from the system, cure many other infections and gripes, and act quickly upon these organs, without producing pain or weakness. Price 25 cents per bottle.

CONSUMPTIVES

use should be made of the three above medicines, Sold by DR. S. D. HOWE, 14 Main St., sole agent for Woburn.

DR. S. D. HOWE, Solo Proprietor.

115 Exchange St., 161 Chambers St., New York, Mrs. LANE'S infallible cure for ingrowing nails.

**V**ISITING CARDS—To seal bright board cards with your name beautifully printed and a sample sheet of 50 different designs for price \$1.00. Send to Dr. S. D. Howe, 14 Main St., Woburn, \$500 within a week's time; neither can I warrant delivery before that date. I am a regular circuit, with particular care to those who have not come to me before. I furnish more than 40 kinds of visiting cards, have the largest assortment of designs in the country, and my prices are the lowest ever shown, and no finer impression can be had than from NICKEL SILVER PLATED TYPE. Now all you must have pleasure in sending me could fill this paper with compliments my cards have lately received. Address, W. C. ANTHONY, Box 183, Boston, Mass.

Established in 1861.

**GUILD CHURCH & CO. MANUFACTURERS BOSTON.**

Bass Profound and Baritone Artists.

GEORGE H. CUMMING, President.

JAMES R. MOORE, Secretary.

CHAS. THOMPSON, Treasurer.

24 LYCEUM HALL, - Woburn,

## ONE NIGHT ONLY.

Monday, Sept. 28th.

LYCEUM HALL, Winchester,

## ONE NIGHT ONLY.

Tuesday, Sept. 29th.

The original and only

**BUCKLEY'S SERENADERS AND BRASS BAND,**

The largest and best Military Company IN THE WORLD.

Prominent in the grand constellation of stars.

G. SWAINES BUCKLEY,

The Veritable Comedian.

JAKE BUDD,

Comedian.

SMITH and WALDRON,

Song and Dance Artists.

GEORGE H. CUMMING, Bass Profound and Baritone Artists.

VERNON SYDNEY, Primo Tenor.

HARRY BLANCHARD, Burlesque Prince Domine.

ALBERT RUSSELL, Alto.

MR. J. THOMPSON, The Celebrated Alto.

HARRY SPAULDING, The Great Solo Basso.

HARRY FRENCH, JOHN W. SAYLES, JAMES S. BROWN, W. M. T. BOYD.

Fall and efficient ORCHESTRA and BRASS BAND.

The whole under the immediate supervision of G. Swaine Buckley in a

NEW AND ORIGINAL PROGRAMME.

ADMISSIONS, Reserved Seats, 50 cents.

Doors open at 71 Commerce St., Woburn.

CHAS. A. JONES, General Business Agent.

Established in 1861.

**SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.**

The best and largest Stock of

**Pianos & Organs**

Ever exhibited in Woburn, is now offered for sale at greatly Reduced Prices for Cash OR INSTALLMENTS.

Look at the following list of manufacturers I represent:

**Hardmann, - New York**

## McCammon, " "

**Guild, Church & Co., Boston**

## W. F. Emerson, "

**Vose & Sons, " "**

**New England Organ Co., " "**

## &amp;c., &amp;c.

**STOOLS & COVERS, all Varieties**

**Second-Hand Pianos & Organs,**

FOR SALE CHEAP.

**O. GREEN, 6 Railroad St., WOBURN, MASS.**

FROM THE

**BOSTON DAILY GLOBE**

SEPTEMBER, 1874.

Speaking of the Mechanics' Fair now being held at Quincy and Faenell Halls, it says—

"In Section X, the proprietors of 'Oak Hall,' Woburn, have a large building, 100x120 feet, inclosed capable of cutting nearly a thousand garments daily—a simple attachment for doing the work of many tailors, and a very good one. It contains a cloth-cutting machine, a most ingeniously constructed piece of metal work, with a steel frame, which cuts the pieces of cloth, a star, occupying space not more than six inches square. It does it work in a neat and uniform manner, and is a great convenience to a machine for trifling sum. All the cumbersome and expensive machinery of a tailoring establishment is dispensed with this little affair, which originated in 'Oak Hall,' as did the two machines before mentioned. The cutting machine is a great convenience, and is used as a work shop, packed by sizes and found ready for use when wanted. The button-hole machine, a small one, is also a great convenience, a star, occupying space not more than six inches square. 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